

# THE LEATHERNECK



E. A. FELLOWES.  
- 1926 -

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# \$120.00 Dawson Amateur Picture Contest

EVERY ONE OWNING A CAMERA HAS AN EQUAL CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF  
16 PRIZES—Costs Nothing but the Joy of Taking a Picture

## Why Dawson is holding this Contest:

Pictures of your shipmates, the posts in which you serve, the unusual events you may witness, never to occur again, will some day—more likely after you are paid off—be numbered among your most valued possessions. We want to arouse greater interest in good pictures, and create a better standard of amateur photography. We want more marines, short-timers and old, to acquire the habit of always having a loaded camera at a moment's notice. And we want more marines to have better pictures to send to their relatives and friends, and submit to their magazine. Expensive equipment is not necessary. Catching a good picture with the most inexpensive camera is as thrilling and pleasurable as if it were snapped by high speed lens.

## An Equal Chance for Every Marine

Every Marine, regardless of rank, may enter this contest. It makes no difference whether you use a little box camera, a vest pocket camera or whatever camera you have. Pictures of your barracks, camp, favorite scenes and views, pictures of your football and baseball teams, your favorite chow hound, your company or battalion in drill formation, parades, reviews, guard mounts—every day you see people, places, things or events that are well worth photographing. Have your camera handy—take pictures often and enter the best of them, as many as you like, in this contest. There are sixteen prizes.

## Pictures With News Value Stand a Very Good Chance of Winning

One of the most important prize winning classifications is the "News Picture." The visit of a well known person to your post, an accident, a fire, a flood, an inspection lay-out, etc. These are but a few of the hundreds of subjects that have news value, that other people will want to look at, too. Pictures of this kind stand the best chance of winning, so always have your camera ready to snap news pictures for The Leatherneck.

## Dawson Better Picture Prize Contest

A grand Prize of a \$30.00 Autographic Kodak for the best picture, regardless of type, and fifteen additional Prizes.

The following prizes will be awarded for the best pictures in each of the following classes:

CLASS NO.	FIRST PRIZE	SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE
1. Pictures of Persons or Animal Life.....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
2. Scenic or Nature Picture.....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
3. Sports or Action Pictures.....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
4. A Subject with News Value.....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
5. Indoor, Shade, or Cloudy day Picture.....	\$3.00 Cash	\$2.00 Cash	\$1.00 Cash

Persons Eligible: Any amateur photographer, except members of the staff of The Leatherneck and employees of the Dawson-Kraft-Shop. Dawson-Kraft-Shop representatives are not considered as employees in this contest.

Closing dates: All pictures must be received by the Dawson-Kraft-Shop, care The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C., before 12 M. Monday, January 10, 1927.

The Best Pictures Entered will be published in each issue of The Leatherneck, and honorary mention given to the sender

## Contest Conditions

1. Finished and developed prints up to any size may be submitted.
2. Contestants may submit any number of prints.
3. Every print submitted to the contest must bear on the reverse side the name and address of the sender printed in ink.
4. Prints entered in this contest, and the negatives that might be made from them, become the exclusive property of the The Dawson-Kraft-Shop, which reserves the exclusive publication rights to them, as well as re-

print and sale rights to them.

5. Photos will be returned only if requested and postage accompanies them.

6. Awards will be made as soon as possible after closing date of contest.

7. Honorary mention will be awarded to all contestants.

8. The judges will be a committee appointed by the editors of The Leatherneck. Their decision will be final.

Make it a rule to enter at least one picture for each issue of The Leatherneck in this contest. Do not forget that there are five classes, three prizes each, and a Grand Prize. The more pictures you send us the greater chance you have of winning.

Note: Send all pictures to The Dawson-Kraft-Shop, care The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C.



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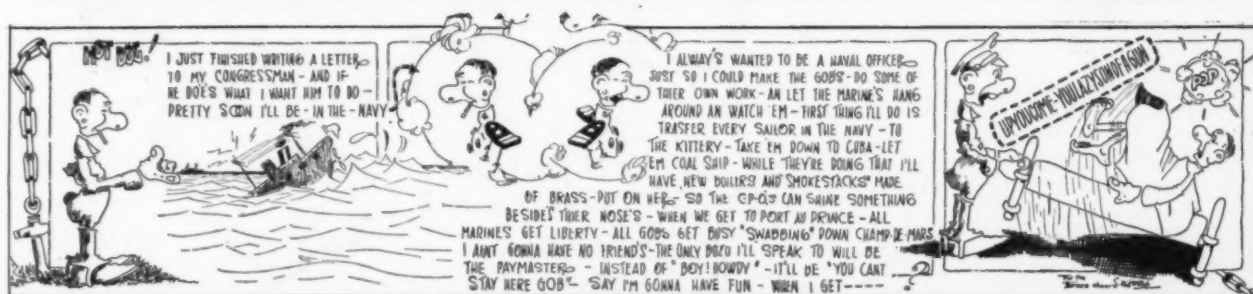
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# THE LEATHERNECK

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The Director,  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

*Publisher and Editor*  
Lieut. Gordon Hall  
U. S. M. C.

THE TYPE DESIGN BY E. A. FELLOWS

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Number 12

## THE AMERICAN FLAG HOISTED AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, JULY 7, 1846



THE AMERICAN FLAG went up at Monterey, California, on July 7, 1846—never to come down. About one hundred sixty-five Bluejackets and eighty-five Marines were landed on that date. The Marine officers present were Captain Ward Marston and Second Lieutenant Henry W. Queen, both of the "Savannah," and Lieutenant W. A. T. Maddox of the "Cyane." Orderly Sergeant John McCabe was in charge of the "Levant's" Marine Guard that was included in the landing party.

This force landed at ten o'clock in the morning under the immediate command

By E. N. McCLELLAN

of Captain William Mervine, U. S. Navy. Upon arriving ashore, the force was immediately formed and marched to the Custom House, where Commodore Sloat's proclamation was read. The Flag of the United States was raised amid three hearty cheers by the Marines, Bluejackets, and foreigners present. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired by all the ships. The Bluejackets returned aboard ship at eleven o'clock in the morning. A

detachment of Marines, under Lieutenant Maddox, was left ashore to garrison Monterey.

This hoisting of our Flag at Monterey saved the Pacific Coast and the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, and averted a disastrous collision between the United States and Great Britain.

The illustration above shows the Flag going up over the old Custom House (which is still at Monterey); the Marines rendering honor to it; the native Californians in their picturesque costumes; and the "Savannah," the "Cyane," and the "Levant" lying in the bay.



# WHERE THE BUZZARDS FLY

By

Thomas A. Kearney

"Of all the chuckle headed fools, deliver me from ever being shipmates with an 'I think' cabin orderly."

The statement was definite: the wish positive. Inferentially there was a something new, and a something old, behind the outburst.

Corporal Brill—for by the voice of him it was none other—Corporal Brill of the United States Marines, was on the air; broadcasting from his favorite station, on top of an arms chest in the Marine Guard quarters.

It was to be accepted that the corporal had both an audience and a grievance; and that in his own way was contributing to the broader education of certain rookies who are, with the usual and to be expected personal discouragements, undergoing incorporation in the ship's guard.

One hears, inadvertently and otherwise, many things through the thin metal bulkheads on board ship.

"In the old days out in the Pacific . . ." Certainly the introduction was promising and the wonder grew, just how far back and where, Bill was going for his point of departure. He was an old timer, and the seven seas and all the countries of the world had been his playground. As Kipling would have said—he'd taken his fun where he found it.

"Can't you stop fooling with that breech block? The next thing you know you'll have the threads all burred up and the ship will be getting a penalty for an interruption during target practice . . ."

There was a muttered explanatory reply that wasn't overly convincing; and then all was still again.

"Out in the Pacific, when I was on the Colorado, in the Armored Cruiser Squadron . . ." We were off, with an atmosphere and a background that were unmistakably identified and established.

"It was the year, let me see, yes, the year after we had been over cruising on the China coast, up Chefoo way, where we had blown the muzzle off one of our forward turret guns. Yes, that's right, for we were down in Magdalena Bay, holding squadron target practice and fishing, when these things that I'm to tell you about happened.

"Man, but that Magdalena Bay place used to be God's own private fishing grounds. Yellow-tail, big ones; bonita, pompano, skipjacks, mackerel, turtle—never had to use any bait, just trail a line and pull them in. And as for the hunting . . ."

"The squadron had just about finished battle practice, and according to our way of reckoning, taking the Colorado s. p. g. p. m., which means 'shots per gun per minute,' and her h. p. g. p. m., which, by the same token, meant her 'hits per gun per minute'—just like it was written in the rules—the answer was so close to a perfect score that we modestly accepted the fact, among ourselves, that we had won the gunnery trophy. All that remained to be done was to secure that bronze plate to the quarter-deck bulkhead where the whole world could see it when they came on board, and then to give a party.

"Some day, if you will only learn to do

what you are told to do, and answer with a cheerful 'Aye, Aye, Sir!' every time you get an order, you'll be seeing that self same trophy on this ship. Teddy Roosevelt gave it to the Navy when he was President and told us to everlastingly remember that in time of battle 'only the shots that hit count.' When I was on the Oregon we won the trophy twice, two years in succession. She was a bulldog of a ship—just like Teddy.

"On the Colorado we had the same sort of a ship's spirit, the same sort of a bunch of officers and men as we used to have on the old Oregon; and the Oregon was, as everybody knew, a natural born winner. The department had to finally put her out of commission before they could get the trophy away from her, and give the rest of the Navy a chance to see it.

"It's just possible that the crew of the Colorado were a bit boastful, sailor man fashion, when we were ashore. Didn't we have reason to be, with the ship that happy that everyone was asking for a transfer to her? On board, among ourselves, we would argue, friendly like, as to which was the best division, and it was always my contention that it was the Marines—barring, of course, my mental reservations as to this one cabin orderly that I'm telling you about, and he wasn't so bad now that I come to think of it, keeping in mind some of the others that I've recently met; present company not excepted."

There was a faint suspicious sound that would have warranted the belief that the corporal's last salvo had straddled his target; that somebody had been hit and the shot would be counted.

"As a preliminary to the big smoker that we expected to give when the trophy was received on board, we staged a rehearsal party all our own, and the Paymaster had served out, free, gratis and for nothing, a lot of this fancy smoking tobacco that nobody would buy of the store. They had a rule in those days, some sort of a rule it was, that for every bag of Bull you bought, you had to take a bag of something else—Old Crow, Green River, Robinson County, or White Horse."

Brill was mixing his tobacco with the memories of bibulous days; but bottle names that were once famous, apparently meant nothing to his audience.

"In between pictures that night, or maybe it was in between boxing bouts, we'd have a sing song. Have you ever heard an old time ship's company sing?—a happy, well fed, ship's company? But of course you haven't, being new and inexperienced like you are.

"I remember we started off with the squadron song, 'The Armored Cruiser Squadron.' There were parts of it that went something like this. I'll just be saying the words instead of singing them, out of respect to the wet days that are no more: 'Here we come, full of

rum, looking for some one to put on the bum, the Armored Cruiser Squadron' . . . there was a lot more of it but I don't recall it like I used to do.

"Along about the fifth verse of the Squadron song somebody tipped off the bandmaster and we shifted four bells into the smoke stack song—that, too, was a good song as ship's songs went. It told how 'around her stack she wore a yellow ribbon, she wore it in the spring time and in the month of May, and when you asked her why the h— she wore it—she wore it for a trophy won in Magdalena Bay.' There were other verses and a fine singing chorus that we all knew."

Another pause; this time longer than before. Manifestly, Brill was reminiscing of other happenings long ago and far away.

"One song led to another, natural like, and we were just finishing up a full power run with 'The Gang's All Here' when I got the high sign from Sparks that he wanted to see me, important.

"The Colorado wasn't the flagship of the Squadron, but we used to listen in all the time on the radio, expecting some day that a message would come slipping through telling us to head north to San Francisco for a liberty. Most of the messages that we had caught didn't mean nothing, but this one seemed to be different. It was in code, and Sparks said it had come through direct from the Navy Department in Washington. That's where all the big orders come from you know. Anyway, he handed out a rough copy of it and I'll admit that after I had looked it over it didn't spell anything to me.

"There was a fellow up in the carpenter's gang that used to be always boasting that he could pick anything that was ever locked, so we hunted him up and turned the message over to him. It was funny the way he played with that jumble of letters. First, he put them all in a line, there must have been a hundred of them—AKCLEGXYZ like. Then we rewrote them in another line, starting with the last letter, reverse order, like marching to the rear. That didn't make no more sense than the first line, so far as I could see; but he kept on a juggling them, and in about half an hour he handed us the answer. It read: 'Detail one vessel proceed dispatch Altata.'"

A doubting Thomas in the Corporal's audience revealed himself; for a strange voice had ventured the query, "Do you mean to say he picked the Navy code that easy?" The answer came forth unhesitatingly. "Sure he did; anybody can do that's a cryptanalyst."

In the pause that followed you could almost feel that last word slowly sinking in—but the opportunity was too great to be disregarded. The Corporal was going to prove his assertion; one has to at times in the Navy.

"Have you a pencil and paper about you? Well, then, write the message down, running the words together: DETAIL ONE VESSEL PROCEED DISPATCHALTATA. Rewrite it, turning it around, so that the last letter is first:



ATATLA HCTAP SIDDEE CORPLES-SEVENOLIATED. Assemble it in groups of six letters each so as to get it into squad formation, single rank: ATATLA HCTAPS IDDEEC ORPLES SEVENOLIATED. Now write it out again so that the A's are B's, and the B's are C's. What have you got?" The voice started to repeat the jumble of letters but was interrupted.

"Well, that's what we intercepted that night—or something very much like it." The doubting Thomas had been convinced and unquestioning belief had once more been re-established to the satisfaction of the story teller.

"Of course there in Washington, where they shuffle and cut, it's harder to decipher; and when there is a joker in the pack the message just can't be undone without the code books.

"But to go on with my story. It was while I was making the second round of sentries and had gone up on the fore-castle, that I happened to see the flagship's blinker calling the Colorado. I had an idea that perhaps it was nothing more than the signal boys talking to one another in their efforts to keep awake; but I was curious and started in reading the message, saying to myself, 'it would be good practice even if it didn't mean anything.' When I caught the first word, I kept right on reading to the end, and this is what I got: 'Prepare to get under way. Commanding officer report on board flagship.'

"It certainly did begin to look as though we were going somewhere; and that radio message hadn't been made to spell San Francisco any way we tried it.

"This Montmorency boy that I'm telling you about was on cabin orderly watch when the Skipper returned from the flagship. Honestly, that orderly might just as well have been in the brig asleep for all the news he picked up, standing there at the open cabin door. When I turned out the next morning—I'd slept in until six bells on account of having had the midwatch—we were underway all alone, outside the harbor, and it was our stern and not our bow that was pointing toward the Golden Gate.

"After having steamed to the southward all day, we sighted Cape San Lucas Light—that's the tail end light of Lower California. We kept holding on to it like a snubbing post; twice we had it abeam; and then when I'd look again it would be up forward bearing off the port bow, so I knew for a certainty, being a bit of a navigator on my own account, that we were going into the Gulf of California—possibly up to Guaymas. I'd summured there once before when I was on the Thetis. When I met the Quartermaster at the scuttlebutt he told me that the course was 85, which is just a little north of east; east a half north say. We were steering straight across the gulf—it was Altata for us!

"There is a personal satisfaction in always knowing where you are going, even if your shipmates do happen to be acting under secret orders; and sure enough, just as I'd doped it out, we dropped kilter hook in front of Altata; right off the city water front. I won't describe the place—I haven't time, and anyway, most of those towns look so much alike one picture post card will do for all of them.

"Before many days had passed it began

to seem as though we had been at that anchorage for months. We were playing the old well-known 'waiting watching game' with a bunch of insurrectos who were casually engaged, except on holidays, in making that neck of the woods unsafe for everybody except their own party.

"We'd wait, and they'd watch on the even days. On odd days, it was our turn to watch, so they'd wait; sort of a gentleman's agreement. Full and by, the game was as exciting as nothing. All hands were beginning to guess the answers. When we were going home? Who was coming down to relieve us? Why were we there? And the ship was that full of rumors and galley yarns you'd have thought they were winged ants coming on board of a summer night—thousands of them flying right up to the light, only to shed their wings and scurry away.

"One morning about three o'clock—it's funny how many things happen at unearthly hours—we received a sizzling radio. Sparks had the watch and slipped me a carbon copy as I passed the radio shack, whispering that it was hot from the flagship up in Magdalena Bay. There's a lot of static down in that part of the world, at times, and the operators have to put a big kick in a message to get it through. Some of the messages, in coming through, sound like tearing clothes, or the snap of a big black snake whip. Sparks said this one had nearly burnt us up, it was so hot.

"Before the amateur safe crackers had made much progress at unofficially decoding the message, the buglers and the boatswains mates were proclaiming the answer: 'Away landing party, three companies of infantry, one company of artillery!' which included, of course, the usual trimmings and auxiliaries like the pioneers and the hospital squad.

"Again, as luck would have it, it was all that Montmorency boy's fault that we didn't know what we were going to do. If he had only been curious minded when he saw the Skipper talking with the Commander and the Major at three o'clock in the morning—and all of them in their pajamas and smoking cigarettes—we could have had the low down of the story in the first editions and it would have helped the rank and file of us a lot in doing what the Old Man wanted us to do. But no indeed; not this Montmorency boy. You'd have thought he thought he was posted outside the cabin door for ornamental purposes only. No good Marine ever gets that way—we've all got to do our bit to help run the ship.

"While I was slipping an issue of ball cartridges into my belt, hurried like, and stowing away a few extra clips in my pockets for an emergency, all the time hoping that my old tin can wouldn't leak, and keeping an eye on my squad to see that they were equipping proper and had their first aid packs, I succeeded in picking up an odd assortment of misinformation and was about as confused in my 'estimate of the situation' as those fellows who charged with the Light Brigade would have been had they been allowed to 'reason why'—I believe that was what the poet called it.

"Montmorency, which wasn't of course his real name, was in my squad, more's the luck, and right then and there I made up my mind that he was going to be detailed as cook's helper permanent. I was

disgusted with him for not having lived up to the best traditions of the Corps.

"Truth to tell he didn't know nothing, but he says cautious like, after I'd been pumping him hard, as how 'he thinks'—and there was a world of scorn in the sound of the Corporal's words—as how he thinks, mind you, 'that the Skipper was worried some, because he was all mixed up in his talk.'

"Mixed up how?" says I, sharp like, and then Montmorency spills his story—that the Skipper had said something about his mother, and had said as how she was the sister of his classmate there at Annapolis, and how he had taken her to her first June ball, and how he was mighty fond of her, how he used to walk with her in Lover's Lane, and then how he went away to China, and how, when he came back when his cruise was ended, she was in orders or under orders, and how here she was a Superior Mother up at Culiacan and the insurrectos were shooting her up, and we were going up there to get her, hell to pay and no pitch hot.

"It certainly was all messed up like a dog's breakfast, for if what that orderly had repeated to me was true, then the Old Man had a right to be worried—and he usually wasn't.

"It was a fine bit of getaway that we made; quick and snappy, like everything else the Colorado's crew ever did. Into the boats, through the surf, onto the beach, wet to the waists. You'll be learning how it's done when you are older.

"We headed inland, up the main line of the railway, which was narrow gauge and rusty, with a dinky sort of a big stacked, wood-burning little bit of an engine pushing half a dozen dilapidated flat cars on which we were riding. The black gang pioneers had commandeered and snaked them out from the siding. Big Rafferty was acting engineer because he'd run passenger out on the Frisco Line west of St. Louis. Riccadilli, what came from Brooklyn, just outside the Navy Yard, was tending fires, possibly because he'd run a peanut roaster before the desire to see the world, or the blarney of the recruiting officer had induced him to sign his name on the dotted line. Me—I was riding the first flat, keeping a bright lookout ahead and on both bows—as a squad leader should.

"Have you by any chance ever read Mark Twain's story about the jingling rhymes—the rhyme that goes like this: 'Conductor when you receive a fare Punch in the presence of the passenjare A blue strip slip for an eight cent fare A buff trip slip for a six cent fare A pink trip slip for a three cent fare Punch in the presence of the passenjare,' and the chorus of it:

'Punch brothers, punch with care, Punch in the presence of the passenjare.'

"Mark and I were townies—or at least we came from the same state, so that accounts for my knowing more about his writings than you all seem to do."

"What state was it?"—and the inquiry seemed genuine.

"What state?" I'm surprised at your ignorance, and you having passed the literary test for admission into this man's Navy, and been further educated at the expense of the Government at the post school. I'll be telling you just this once; see that you don't forget it—Missouri! And for your further edifica-

(Continued on page 58)

# The Yarns of "Hell's Bells" O'Neil

## How The Cub Subs Insulted Six Admirals

By James Warner Bellah

Reprinted from AERO DIGEST

"OF COURSE," says Hell's Bells, "these Admirals weren't what you might call regular full-sized Admirals. They were sub-caliber Admirals—practise size. It was after one of those wars that we used to have, had stopped, and for want of a better job, the squadron had been sent to the Battle of London to do what was called experimental flying. We experimented on everything. We experimented on staying in town for ten days running, without regular passes. Then we experimented on mixing bacardi and absinthe with martinis. Then we'd experiment on dancing with some of the girls in the neighborhood.

"We were getting along famous until one day the Major blows into the mess with a 'messages and signals' form in his hand and yells for the Adjutant. 'How many pilots you got sober enough to fly?'

"The Adjutant scratches his chin, 'I'll count 'em, sir, and I'll send out a search party for the missing ones.'

"'You better jolly well bleeding had,' yells the Major. 'We've got an inspection party unloading on us at three p. m. to see some flying. A bunch of four ringed scabs from Bolo House with six foreign Admirals and if I don't see the squadron dressed, polished and sober by noon there'll be another Adjutant in hell by twelve-ten. I have spoken. May God walk with you, my boy.'

"Well, the dust flew thick, I can tell you," says Hell's Bells. "There was more paint, shoe-blackening, button polish, shaving soap, bromo-seltzer and heifer dust slung around that camp in the next two hours than the whole Guards Brigade would sling in a month of Church Parade Sundays with the King on parade.

"By eleven-thirty we were looking like staff officers on Paris leave. Then comes the Adjutant with another 'messages and signals' form. 'B' Flight which was me and five cub second lieutenants, was to be the escorting party while 'A' and 'C' were to fly. I swore, I prayed, I threatened excommunication but he leaves me flat. There was nothing for it so I call the five cubs and line them up on the mess porch. 'Listen,' I says, 'you know me. O'Neil of the Black Tyrones was the weak sister in my family. You and me are going to escort six Admirals this afternoon and by St. Anthony's Fire we're going to do it! You're going to stand right on this porch till they come! If I catch any of you telling 'em that the wheels on the undercarriages are run by fan belts, I'll draw your tonsils with fishhooks. If you tell 'em the prop is to keep the engine cool I'll pull off your arms and beat your brains out with them. You're not to say anything but 'yessir' and 'nosir'

and you're to say it quick and loud. When you're standing still keep your heels together and your eyes to the front. Keep your gloves on, don't smoke, don't trip over your sticks and if anyone of you calls me Bill I'll nail his tongue to a stump and kick him over backwards. Am I lucid? I am. Shut up. That's all. Stand here at attention 'till three o'clock and don't smile or scratch.'

"Well, the Admirals came—and you could've knocked me down with a back-firing prop—they were Japs! Little, dinky, four-and-a-half footers, all smiles and gold lace and little six-inch ivory swords. Death why hadn't thou smitten me on the Menin Road?

"Off we go, two by two with the Major and the Adjutant and the Doctor and the Equipment Officer up ahead with the be-monocled O. B. E. dressmakers and milliners from the Air Ministry, while I followed next with Admiral Number One and my cub subs follow behind me with Admirals Two to Six. Well by the

time we had gotten through the first hangar I discover what my cubs had discovered long before which is, that all these Admiral blokes can say in English is 'yes' and 'no' and the pens of my aunt are lost.

"In Hangar Two, I hear one of the cubs say to his Admiral, 'You little shrimp, your father and mother weren't married were they?' And the Admiral grins and pops back, 'No, I thank you.'

"Well, I damn near died. But before I had time to, the next sub says to his Admiral, 'Pick up your feet you little wart or you'll stumble over the seat of your pants.'

"Well, I damn near wept. But before I had time to, the next sub says to his Admiral, 'How'd you like to take a flying zoom at the moon?' And the Admiral grins and says 'If you please, honorable, I think.'

"At that I stops in the hangar door so's the rest of the gang ahead get well out of earshot. Then, pointing to one of the engine benches, I proceeded to demonstrate to the Admirals in the following vein: 'There are five subs doing duty in this Flight who are going to take five of the worst lickings a man ever got. There is going to be blood on everything and it begins running at six p. m.'

"Meanwhile the Admirals examine the engine I am pointing to, and nod and grin and say, 'Yes, if you please, no.' Well, I couldn't stand it very long. I pointed at the carburetor and laughed and the subs laughed and the Admirals laughed and we all laughed 'till the tears ran down our chins. In fact it was the funniest carburetor God ever made. We thought we'd die. Finally we got off our backs and continued on the route without further mishap except that I withdrew the offer of lickings and accepted a concerted offer of drinks for the week, to be paid for by the subs.

"I never got the drinks though, for when we got back to the mess the interpreter steps up to the five Admirals my subs had escorted and passes the word. 'Excellency wishes thanks to be made personal to you, Colonel' (this to each of the subs in turn), 'for very pleasant time had in Honourable company this p. m. during which airdrome are inspected with great pleasure and pleasant enjoyment of Honourable courtesy.'

"Me?" says Hells Bells, "I got nothing. My Admiral wasn't an Admiral at all. He was a bleeding ensign who came along as aide and he didn't dare open his mouth no more than my subs oughtn't to have!"



Dick Thompson

"How'd you like to take a flying zoom at the moon?" And the Admiral grins and says, "If you please, Honourable, I think!"

## THE BLACK PHANTOM

By DON HYDE

## 1. THE AFFAIR AT LA CHAPELLE

"So you're the man they sent out to take over La Chapelle?" Captain McFarlen regarded his new sub-district commander with evident disfavor. "Don't seem to remember you," he continued, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Ever done duty in the hills before?"

"No, sir. I have been in Port au Prince ever since I joined the Gendarmerie."

"And they send a greenhorn like you out to La Chapelle!" McFarlen's gruff voice vibrated with contempt. "If some of those swivel chair soldiers in Port au Prince would only try a few months in the hills, they'd soon change their policies." The Captain bent forward and picked up a paper from his desk. "Who's this Private Pierre-Francois?"

"My orderly, sir."

"Orderly!" exploded the Captain. "Ye Gods! Since when did second lieutenants rate orderlies?"

"He is a very good man, sir, and wished to accompany me. The Department Commander approved it."

"All right, all right. But understand, I won't have any fancy gendarmes with superior ideas around these barracks. Now, let's get down to business, Lane. What instructions did Colonel Hubbard give you?"

"None, sir, except that he told me the situation at La Chapelle is very delicate and will require a great deal of tact in handling it."

"Tact," snorted McFarlen, jumping to his feet, "tact—hell. What's needed at La Chapelle is some one to put the fear of the Lord into these people. I tell you, Lane," he continued, pacing up and down the small office and punctuating his remarks with short slaps of his riding crop against his booted leg. "I tell you there is too d—much tact used in handling these bandits. The only tact one of them can understand is a good hard crack on his thick skull!"

"It has been my experience, sir," ventured Lane, "that if you treat these natives at all decently, they will do anything in the world for you. Besides, you must remember that—"

"You're not in Port au Prince now," McFarlen turned and shook his riding crop in Lane's face, "you're in St. Marc. Now, listen carefully." McFarlen seated himself at the desk. "The situation at La Chapelle is ticklish. I believe that somewhere near La Chapelle the bandits have a reserve store of arms and ammunition. We've combed that section and can't find a trace of it, but still the rumors come in. They're a bad lot up there, from the Magistrat on down and you want to show them that you're boss."

"A gendarme was killed up there a month or so ago and I have every reason to believe that the chap who was up there before was poisoned!"

"That's partly the reason I brought Pierre-Francois with me. He will see that I am not poisoned."

"Not such a bad idea," grudgingly admitted McFarlen, "but watch him, too. You can't trust any of 'em. Ah, here's Lieutenant Johnson. He's been up at

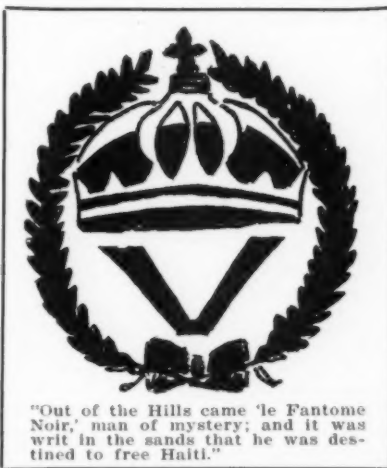
La Chapelle for the last ten days."

Lane looked up and surveyed the newcomer. He was above average in height and lean and bronzed from his tropical service. His face frankly revealed his natural good nature, but there was a certain tightness about the jaws and a gleam in his eye that boded no good for anyone that crossed his will.

Lieutenant Johnson in turn noted a slender, nervous young man with a fresh, boyish face. The eyes of a dreamer and the fingers of an artist, he thought.

Tossing his helmet on a chair, he turned to McFarlen, "Well, here I am, Skipper, back again safe and sound. What's the dope?"

McFarlen shook his head and waved towards Lane, "Johnson, this is Lieu-



"Out of the Hills came 'le Fantome Noir,' man of mystery; and it was writ in the sands that he was destined to free Haiti."

tenant Lane. He's going to take over La Chapelle and is fresh from the Port. Give him all the information you can. I'll see you both again this afternoon—" and picking up his helmet he strode from the room.

"Glad to know you, Lane," said Johnson, giving his hand a firm clasp. "Has old 'Results' got you snowed?"

"No, no, but he wasn't over cordial. Really, once or twice I thought he was going to snap my head off. I am afraid I may have a difficult time in pleasing him," and a serious look came into the gray eyes.

"Oh, his bark is worse than his bite. You'll find that he'll give you a square deal. No use sticking around here." Johnson picked up his helmet. "Let's take a walk down to the Hotel and get a glass of cold beer."

The hotel, Lane found, was little more than a glorified cafe, run by a Jamaican.

"Hey, Steve," called Johnson as they entered. "This is Lieutenant Lane; give him anything he wants any old time."

The little old negro behind the bar grinned a greeting as they seated themselves at a table. "Beer," ordered Johnson, "lots of it and ice cold."

"I am sorry, Mr. Johnson, but I never drink. Please order me a bottle of Cola," said Lane, apologetically.

"How are things in the Port?" asked Johnson, wiping the foam from his lips.

"Why, I don't know. You see this is the first time I have ever been outside of Port au Prince and I have no way of telling what has changed since you were there last. Oh, yes, the American Club has built a new bathing beach out beyond Bizoton; surely that will interest you."

"Not particularly," remarked Johnson, dryly, "when I go to Port au Prince, I usually get as far as the American Hotel and there I stick."

Both men drank in silence for a moment, and then Lane asked, "Just what is the trouble at La Chapelle? Everyone tells me that the situation is serious, but that is about all I can learn. The Captain did tell me something about a store of arms and ammunition."

"Frankly, Lane, none of us know much more than that. I've been up there for ten days and I couldn't learn a thing, though I did hear a rumor about a ruined palace, castle or something. No one knew where it was, or if they did they wouldn't tell me. You'll hear a lot about 'le Fantome noir,' too."

"The 'Black Phantom!' Who is it?" asked Lane, eagerly.

"He is supposed to be the real power behind this caco uprising, but nobody knows him. Personally, I don't believe there is such a person." He paused a moment to refill his glass. "The natives are bad. They'll try to make it as hard for you as possible. Don't raise too much hell. Did the Skipper tell you what happened to Miles?"

"Yes, he said something about his being poisoned."

"Righto. Watch your food and keep your ears open; that's all I can tell you."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen"—both men glanced up and saw a small, neatly dressed, dark skinned man who regarded them shrewdly out of deep set, jet black eyes.

"Hello, there, Verault," cried Johnson, jumping to his feet. "Want you to meet Lieutenant Lane. He's going out to La Chapelle." He paused a moment while the two men shook hands. "Grab a chair. What're you drinking?"

Verault seated himself and then ordered a whiskey and soda.

"So you are going out to La Chapelle, Lieutenant Lane?" he enquired politely. "Really, I can't say that I envy you. It is very lonely there and is a good five-hour ride from St. Marc over devilish bad trails. You will like the climate, though. The town is away up in the hills and it is always cool, but pardon me, you must have heard all these details before."

"Yes," replied Lane, "but I am glad to find someone that will give the place a little credit. You, at least say that it is cool."

"It's cool enough," put in Johnson, "you'll appreciate your blankets. Say, Verault, while I was up there I heard something about a ruined French palace that is supposed to be used for an ammunition storehouse and meeting place



for 'le fantome noir' and his chiefs. You've been all through that section. Ever run across it?" Then he noticed Lane's questioning look. "Oh," he laughed, "Verault is absolutely o. k. You can tell him anything. Besides, he gives us a lot of hot tips."

"Yes," smiled Verault, turning to Lane. "You see the natives are more free in talking with me than they would be with one of you. By the way, Johnson, who told you about these French ruins?"

"Let's see—oh, yes, that carpenter—what's his name?"

"Jacques Fils?" hazarded Verault.

"Yes, that's the man."

"Don't pay any attention to it. It is just another one of those weird tales you hear—this one about 'le fantome noir' for instance."

"Then you don't believe there is such a person as 'The Black Phantom'?" queried Lane.

"No, I do not. It isn't natural for a Haitian to put himself in the background when there is an opportunity to be in the limelight. Please excuse me," he continued, draining his glass and rising to his feet. "I am pleased to have met you, Lieutenant Lane. By the way, Johnson, I plan to leave for Port au Prince tonight. If there is anything you want, let me know. Good-day."

"Who is he?" inquired Lane, after Verault had left.

"Claims he's an American. He's in the exporting business, coffee, sugar, logwood—anything. Also imports some on the side. Nice sort of a chap and heart and soul with the occupation. You can't go wrong with him." Johnson glanced at his watch. "Come on over to my shack and we'll eat. Then we'll go back to the barracks and see what old 'Results' wants us to do. By the way, don't say anything to him about 'le fantome noir.' He boils over every time he hears it mentioned."

Captain McFarlen was already in his office when Lane and Johnson arrived at the barracks.

He greeted them without ceremony. "Sit down. Lane, you understand how to make out all the routine reports? Good. Get all your junk together and be ready to leave for La Chapelle at daybreak tomorrow morning. Johnson, you go with him and show him all you can. Now see here," he turned to Lane, "I'm not giving you any special instructions. You'll have to run things as best you can. Don't come in again this month. I'll have your money and supplies sent out."

He rose to his feet, put on his helmet and picked up his riding crop. "That's all; but remember, young man, what I want is results, understanding, results."

The town of La Chapelle, Lane found, consisted of little more than one main street, the inevitable chapel facing the market place and the Gendarmerie Barracks. He had quarters in a small house a short distance from the barracks, and all together he had to admit that everything was much better than he had anticipated.

The trip out from St. Marc had been without incident. Lieutenant Johnson showed him around the town, introduced the native officials, and returned to St. Marc in the morning.

It was again evening and darkness had fallen swiftly. Lane reclined in a steamer chair in the yard behind his

quarters, talking with his orderly, Pierre-Francois.

"You have learned nothing?" he asked in Creole.

"No, Lieutenant. These people will not talk. There is something strange here. All are afraid, but I will listen."

"Bien. I am going to bed," and he arose and entered the house.

Three days passed, then Pierre-Francois heard that a man named Jacques Fils, a carpenter, had been found with his throat cut. Some spoke the name 'le Fantome noir' in whispers, but that was all. Try as he would, he could learn nothing more.

Lane had been conscientious about carrying out his duties. Every morning he had his handful of gendarmes on the drill field. Promptly at nine o'clock he was at his desk ready to listen to any and all complaints. These were many and varied. He would first try to settle disputes himself and then if necessary send them to the Judge de Paix.

Every evening he would put on a white uniform and stroll unarmed through the town. Unknown to him, Pierre-Francois would follow like a faithful dog, ready to spring forward at the least sign of foul play.

Lane had called on the Magistrat, expressed his desire for fair dealing, and had outlined a few projects he had considered necessary for the welfare of the commune. The Magistrat had listened courteously; was very valuable in expressing his willingness to cooperate with the Lieutenant—and had done nothing.

The Judge de Paix also, had told Lane of his high ideals of swift, impartial justice, but even in the most flagrant cases presented by Lane, the prisoner was invariably acquitted.

Yet he still felt that McFarlen was wrong and that he was right. That kindness and courtesy were the best policies, and that in the end he would win out.

Meanwhile in St. Marc, Captain McFarlen and Lieutenant Johnson were frankly worried about the situation at La Chapelle.

"It's a d— shame, Johnson, to send a fine young lad like that out to La Chapelle," growled McFarlen. "He'll never be able to handle the situation. He's too trusting."

"Guess you're right, Skipper," replied Johnson. "Before I left La Chapelle, he had several plans made for beautifying the town and improving the living conditions of the natives!"

"Beautify La Chapelle! Is he crazy? What the place needs is a beautifier in the form of a machine gun."

"All I can do is let him work out his own salvation. I'll play square with anyone," and McFarlen turned to the large pile of correspondence awaiting his attention.

The next morning, Lane decided to start a systematic search for the French ruins. In spite of what Johnson and Verault had said, he had felt that there must be something behind the rumor.

Packing a day's rations in his saddle bags he set out alone on a trail that led north, which he followed for several miles. Noon found him on a little plateau and looking down he could see spread before him the valley of the Arto-bonite, the garden spot of Haiti.

A sudden snort from his horse and he

turned just in time to see the animal disappear in the underbrush. He gave chase, but made slow progress through the thick, matted growth. He came to a small clearing and saw the horse standing quietly on the far side. Advancing slowly, he was soon near enough to grasp the reins and leap into the saddle.

At this point there was an opening between the trees and as he turned to leave, an object on the opposite side of a small valley caught his eye. It appeared to be a small portion of masonry rising a few feet from the ground. Instantly he thought of the old French ruins. After carefully tying his horse, he walked across the little valley and found that he was not mistaken. There, almost hidden in the dense, tropical growth was a stone column, evidently all that remained of a once imposing gateway. Beyond, he could see traces of a paved drive. Looking closely, he decided that someone must have passed that way recently for here and there the grass and weeds were crushed and broken. Beyond a doubt, he had stumbled on the ruins.

For a moment he considered the wisdom of venturing further alone. He finally decided that he would have a much better chance of exploring the place by himself than he would if accompanied by several gendarmes.

Resolutely he passed across the fallen gate and walked swiftly but silently along the driveway. Originally it must have been beautiful, he thought, for on either side were rows of stately palms, and now and again he came upon a fallen pillar crowned with the rusted iron frame of a lantern.

The drive was fully half a mile in length, and he had almost despaired of finding the ruins of the villa, when he suddenly arrived at what must have been at one time a beautiful garden. It was now overgrown with grass, weeds, and young trees, but here and there he could see fragments of marble benches and almost at his feet a broken piece of statuary lay like a ghost amid the matted roots.

The ruins of a once magnificent villa stood in the midst of the garden. Only a small section of the building was still standing and it was towards this that Lane directed his attention. Crawling cautiously forward, he was soon within a few feet of this portion of the ruins and listening intently, he heard the unmistakable sound of human voices.

There was a small window in the wall, but to his disappointment he saw that it was several feet above the ground. Unless there was some foothold on the wall, it would be impossible to reach the window. In one place he noticed that a small portion of the masonry had fallen away and the niche left might provide the necessary foothold.

Placing his foot in this niche he grasped the window ledge on either side and cautiously pulled himself up. Looking within, he saw two men plainly and the dim outline of a third. Then as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he saw that the third man was dressed in a flowing black robe, his face and head covered with a hooded black mask and his hands were cased in black gloves. On his left breast he bore a strange device, wrought in gold thread—a wreath encircling the letter "V" and surmounted by a small crown. One of these men



he recognized as the Magistrat of La Chapelle.

The black robed figure was speaking in Creole. "It is understood, then. At seven o'clock the men will be here. Then we will arm the rest of our troops and fall upon La Chapelle with a small force, while the main body goes on and takes St. Marc."

The voice sounded vaguely familiar to Lane. Now the tone, then the inflection stirred his memory.

The Magistrat was speaking, "I, then, will lead the attack upon La Chapelle?"

"Yes," replied the strangely familiar voice, "disarm all the gendarmes and kill those who refuse to join you. Above all, make certain that the Lieutenant dies."

"With pleasure. The white fool tried to tell me how to spend the communal funds. I will cut his heart out and feed it to the dogs."

"Bien. When we have St. Marc we have the railroad. Then Port au Prince and Victory."

Lane had heard enough. First he must get word to St. Marc and have them warn Port au Prince. Then return here with his own men and surprise the bandits before they had an opportunity to fall on La Chapelle and if possible, prevent the attack on St. Marc.

Suddenly the crumbling masonry gave way beneath his foot. Involuntarily he cried out in alarm and clutched frantically at the wall but to no avail. He fell sprawling on the ground and his head hit a loose stone with a sickening thud.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself in darkness. Groping about, he discovered that he had been stripped of everything but his clothes and that he was lying on a hard stone floor. Rising unsteadily to his feet, he reached above him but could not touch the roof of his prison. With outstretched hands he moved forward and had only taken a few steps when he came in contact with a blank wall. Following the wall, he found that he was in a small chamber, about fifteen feet square. On one side he had found a door but it was either locked or heavily barred from the outside.

Since he had not been killed outright, he felt certain that sooner or later, some one of his captors would visit him. He therefore groped his way to the corner behind the door, resolved to wait there and if anyone did come to at least make an attempt to overpower them.

He had no means of telling how long he had lain unconscious. It might have been only a few minutes—possibly hours, or even days.

That voice he had heard. Who was it?

It seemed familiar, yet rack his brain as he would he could not remember.

After what seemed an eternity of waiting he heard a stealthy footstep outside the door and the slight grating sound of a bolt being drawn back. Crouching tensely in his corner he waited for the person to enter.

The door was pushed open a few inches. "Lieutenant, are you there?" a voice asked in Creole.

"Pierre-Francois," cried Lane, in amazement.

"Oui, Lieutenant. I am glad you are safe. I feared that possibly they had killed you."

"I am very much alive, Francois," replied Lane, slipping through the door, "but how did you ever find me here?" Outside the cell he found himself in a vaulted passageway, dimly lighted by a single candle.

Pierre-Francois held a cautioning finger to his lips. "When the Lieutenant left this morning, I followed him. When his horse ran away it was I who unintentionally frightened the animal. I followed the Lieutenant here and saw him fall. Three men came out and looked at him. Then one of them picked the Lieutenant up and carried him to this place. I had to wait until darkness before I could come to the Lieutenant, because they had a man outside watching."

"There are three doors in this passage. I opened the first one but the chamber was empty, but in the second I found the Lieutenant."

"Fine work, Francois. By the way, how late is it?"

"It is nearly seven o'clock, Lieutenant!"

"Then I was unconscious for hours," groaned Lane, his hopes and plans shattered. Then turning to his orderly, "What is in the other chamber?"

"I did not look."

Beckoning for him to follow, Lane walked down the passage to the third door and drawing back the bolt pulled it open. As he had surmised, it contained a large store of arms and ammunition. He selected a revolver, loaded it, and filled his pockets with ammunition. As he turned to leave, his glance fell upon a box of dynamite, caps, and a short length of fuse. This was an unlooked-for find and enabled him to alter his plans considerably. He judged from the conversation he had heard, that only a few, if any, of the bandits were armed. If this store of munitions was destroyed it would beyond a doubt prevent the attack upon St. Marc. Without arms the bandits would be powerless.

Carefully he attached the caps to the sticks of dynamite and ran the fuse out

under the door. Only the touch of a match and all would be blown to atoms.

He stepped back and suddenly there came to his ears the sound of a tom-tom. The bandits were assembling.

Together they went to the top of the steps leading down to the passage and looked cautiously around. Several fires had been lit and the tom-toms throbbed incessantly. A rude platform had been erected on which stood a chair, draped with a heavy black cloth, on which blazed the device he had seen on the breast of the black-robed figure. Before the chair, which evidently represented a throne, stood this same figure addressing the assembly in an impassioned voice.

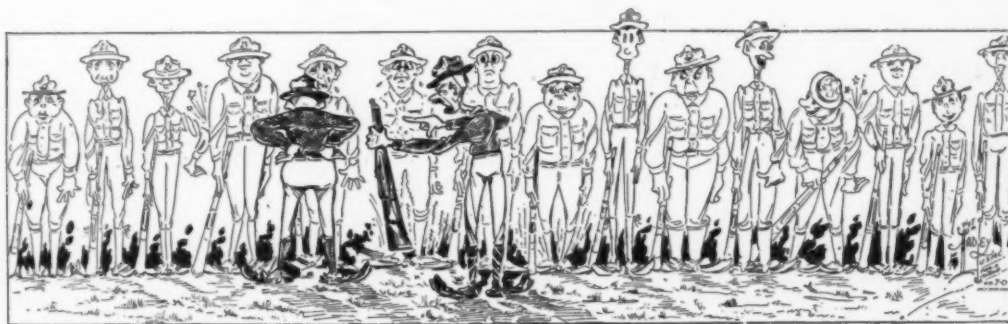
Fully a thousand men were gathered before the speaker. A few words came to them "... a glorious victory ... in an hour Benoit will arrive with two thousand more patriots ... liberty ... drive the white men into the sea ... again that familiar voice."

Lane grasped Francois' arm in a vice-like grip. "Francois, you are to stay here, and when you see me raise my arm above my head, touch a match to the fuse and run for your life. Have the gendarmes at La Chapelle fall back to St. Marc. You are to ride ahead and warn Captain McFarlen. Tell him to call Port au Prince. Never mind me, I'll get through some way." There was the light of a firm resolve in the dreamy gray eyes.

"Oui, Lieutenant." Swiftly and silently, Lane slipped away in the gathering darkness. The man making the fiery speech to the mob must be "le fantome noir," he thought. With the arms destroyed and the "Phantom" captured, the revolution would be crushed. All were intent on the words of the speaker, and Lane had no difficulty in approaching to within a few yards of the throne, where he crouched.

Then a man standing at the foot of the throne spied him and shouted a warning cry. Lane leaped to his feet and flung his arm above his head in a single gesture, running with upraised revolver toward the throne. The black-robed figure turned, saw his danger, and sought safety in flight. The mob of natives stood as if spellbound while Lane fired at the retreating figure. The man staggered, turned half around and fell in a heap. Before Lane had taken a single step there came a deafening roar and an upheaval of the ground that threw him on his face and projected a rain of rocks, bits of rifles, and exploding ammunition high in the air. With what seemed but one cry of abject terror,

(Continued on page 63)





# TEN YEARS AGO

By Sergeant  
Major Clarence B. Proctor



THE FOURTH REGIMENT of Marines, with two companies of the Artillery Battalion, was still stationed in northern Santo Domingo in September, 1916. This force was widely distributed, occupying the cities of Puerta

**Expeditionary Forces** Plata, Monte Cristi, Santiago, Moca, La Vega, San Francisco de Macoris, and Sanchez, with headquarters in Santiago. The situation in

Santo Domingo was not so strained in September as at first, and there seemed to be some hope of a settlement which would permit of the withdrawal of most of the Marines.

SEPTEMBER, 1916, marked the beginning of the second year of service for the First Brigade of Marines in Haiti, and continued tropical duty was commencing to be felt in the numbers of men being returned to the United States by reason of medical survey. The First Brigade was considerably under strength at this time. The wreck of the "Hector" deprived

them of one detachment; failure of the "Neptune" to sail in the middle of September cut off another draft of two hundred which was scheduled to sail on that vessel; and the "Culgoa," which sailed the latter part of September, had accommodations for less than one hundred men. The men were available at the Recruit Depot to send to Haiti, but the transportation was not available.

FOUR MARINE CORPS magazines were published ten years ago. "The Marine Corps Gazette," an organ of the Marine Corps Association, appeared quarterly. It was edited in New York by Captain Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C., Retired, and contained news and technical articles relative to the military and naval professions. Its subscribers included officers, sergeants major, quartermaster sergeants, first sergeants and gunnery sergeants.

"The Marines' Magazine" was edited at Headquarters of the Marine Corps by Mr. Charles A. Ketcham, the chief clerk in the Adjutant and Inspector's Department. It was published monthly and was termed "the journal of the enlisted men of

the Corps." It dealt with Marines, of affairs of interest to Marines, written by Marines. It wasn't intended as a literary, scientific, or story magazine, but was just a magazine about Marines.

"The Recruiters' Bulletin" was published monthly at the Marine Corps Publicity Bureau in New York City. It was a thirty-two page recruiting trade journal, and served as a link between the line and the recruiting service. The "Bulletin" was edited by First Lieutenant Ross E. Rowell, U. S. M. C.

"Semper Fidelis" was published at the Recruit Depot, Port Royal, S. C., (now Parris Island), and was edited by Corporal C. Hundertmark. It did good work among recruits by its bits of practical philosophy, quotations from eminent men, and man-to-man discourses on service conditions and the problems which arise in the adjustment of the individual from civil to military life.

Much of the matter contained in these columns is gleaned from the files of the "Marines' Magazine" and the "Recruiters' Bulletin" of ten years ago.

AFTER TRIMMING the feathers and otherwise disguising their mascot eagle, the Marines attached to the American Legation Guard, Peking, China, succeeded, on September 13, 1916, in matching their bird of freedom to

**Mascot Eagle Vs. Fighting Cock** fight a previously undefeated cock which was the pride of the Chinese sporting element. Upon being placed in the pit, the Eagle went to sleep. The cock, full of pep, bravely handed his adversary two blows. This was too much for the Marine mascot; he awoke from his dream of the snow-capped Rockies and deliberately pulled the chicken's head off.

GLANCE OVER this line-up of a game of baseball played by Marines in September, 1916, and see how many names are familiar to you. This seven-inning game was played at the League Park, Santiago, Santo Domingo, between the noncommissioned officers of the 13th and 28th Companies and the Staff Noncommissioned Officers' Mess, and was won by the former with a 12 to 1 score:

**Artillery Barracks:** Sergeant Esau, 3b; Sergeant Connors, 2b; Gy. Sgt. Lavlett, rf; 1st Sgt. Klos, 1b; Sgt. Quackenboss, ss; Sgt. Zylstra, lf; Gy. Sgt. Madsen, cf; Gy. Sgt. Elmgreen, c; Sergeant Horn, p; Sgt. Rothstein, utility.

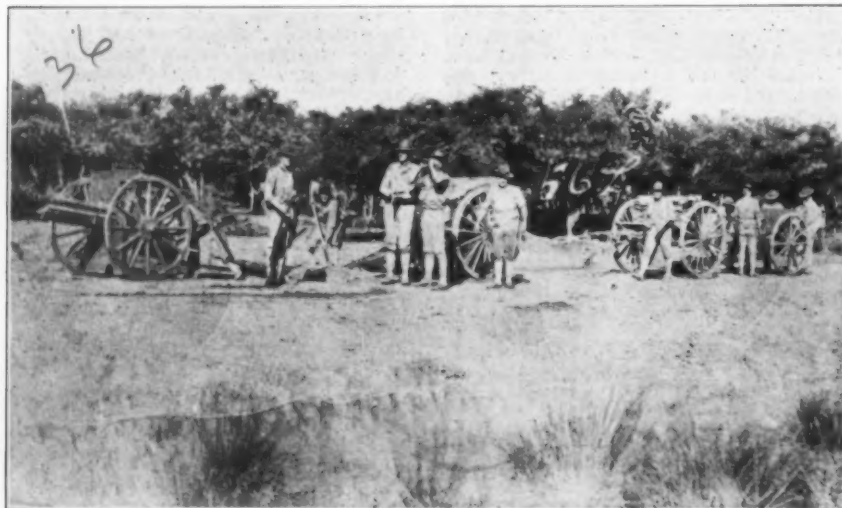
**Staff Mess:** Gy. Sgt. Conkey, 3b; Q. M. Sgt. Stout, 2b; Gy. Sgt. Clark, rf; Sgt. Maj. Carney, 1b; Gy. Sgt. Gifford, ss; 1st Sgt. Fisk, lf; Q. M. Sgt. Lentz, cf; Gy. Sgt. Ralph, c; 1st Sgt. Mediary, p.

The feature of the game was the work of Quartermaster Sergeant Lentz in center field, combined with his stick work. Nineteen errors were chalked up against the Staff.

MORE THAN a half million people visited the unique Marine Corps Exhibit on the Government Safety First Special Train which

**Marine Exhibit on Safety First Train** completed its four months' tour on September 1, 1916, after being operated ten thousand miles over three railroads, through sixteen states, from Washington, D. C., to Salt Lake City, Utah, and return.

The Navy and Marine Corps car



Another view of Marines in action, Santo Domingo, September, 1916

seemed to be the most attractive on the train. Gunnery Sergeant Jacob Lienhard was in charge of the Marine Corps Exhibit, which consisted of arms, equipment and uniforms used by the "soldiers of the sea," together with photographs of their service in all parts of the world. The exhibit was attractively displayed and placarded with a view to acquainting the public with Marines and stimulating recruiting. In his report of the trip, Gunnery Sergeant Lienhard said, in part:

"Probably the best advertisement was derived by an exhibition of our distinctive uniforms. People away from the coast have a very hazy idea of what a Marine looks like. When reading about a Marine the average person immediately connects him with the sea—and nine times out of ten the individual uneducated in military and naval matters, puts him down as a sailor, whereas a Marine on liberty in uniform is invariably termed as a soldier. One man remarked: 'To me the yellow on your sleeve indicates cavalry, and the red trouser stripe denotes artillery, but the delightful combination of the two had me guessing.' Many complimentary remarks were passed on the uniform of the 'soldier and sailor, too.'"

**THE FIRST WARRANT OFFICERS** in the Marine Corps were appointed by President Wilson on August 31, 1916. They were Quartermaster Clerks John W. Mueller, John F. McVey, John T. Baugh, and Harold H. Rethman, former field clerks in the Quartermaster Department, whose positions were legislated out of existence by the Bill of August 29th. They took rank in the order named. The first two were former enlisted men of the Corps.

The remaining sixteen quartermaster clerks and all twenty of the marine gunners authorized by the Bill of August 29th, were appointed from noncommissioned officers of the Corps. Orders were issued directing each field officer and captain of the line, each post commander, and each officer of the Adjutant and Inspector's Department to submit the names of noncommissioned officers recommended by them to take the examination for appointment as marine gunner. Each post commander and field officer, and all officers of the Adjutant and Inspector's and Quartermaster's Departments were directed to submit the names of noncommissioned officers recommended by them to take the examination for appointment as quartermaster clerk.

Applicants for designation to take these examinations were required to forward their requests in their own handwriting.

Recommendations and applications were received in large numbers at Headquarters during September, 1916, and were placed on file until all were received, when designations for taking the examinations were to be made.

Preliminary to appointment as Pay Clerks, Mr. Samuel F. Birthright, and Quartermaster Sergeants Charles Marshall, William J. Reich, and William J. Green appeared for physical examination on September 18, 1916. For many years Mr. Birthright had been a civil service clerk in the Paymaster's Department. The appointment of the quartermaster sergeants inaugurated a policy in the Paymaster's Department of rewarding meritorious non-commissioned officers, as the provisions of the warrant grade did not apply there. Up to that time these positions had been filled with civil service employees.

**BUTTERMILK Beautifier** was used by Marines in the dim and distant past to give their tentage a milk-white hue, says the "Recruiters' Bulletin" of ten years ago. This illuminating bit of news was embodied in an article under the caption "Odds and Ends From Musty Files," which was unearthed from the archives at Headquarters by Sergeant Albert E. Smith. Here's the story:

"Old General 'Spit and Polish' exacted from the Corps a rigid adherence to his regulations in the days of leather stocks and white small clothes. Should the old boy emulate Rip Van Winkle and once more grace his former haunts in search of his disciples, or their descendants, he would find them gone to seed and unrecognizable in the painfully utilitarian cut and back-to-nature tint—sometimes—of the field garb of today. Even his

white wall tents would be laughed to scorn by the modern Sibley and his only solace would be the sight of a naval landing party in immaculate 'whites.' Possibly too 'Solace,' later, for the landing party by reason of their devotion to the tenets of the good old General.

"Cleopatra had her baths of perfumed oils, Marshal Gilles de Retz bathed in the blood of slaughtered infants, but it remained for Lieutenant Edward Hall of the Marine Corps to restore his spotted tentage to its pristine freshness by a bath of buttermilk. However, after bathing fourteen tents in fifty-eight and three-quarters gallons of buttermilk grave doubt arose in his mind as to the propriety of sacrificing further of the dairy beautifier on the altar of 'Old S and P' and he communicated with the Major Commandant as to the advisability of going back to humble soap suds. Here, in part, is his letter:

Major W. W. Burrows.  
Sir:

New York, July 22d, 1799.

Last Saturday I washed 14 tents\* in Butter milk and believe it will have the desired effect as they are almost as white as when they were new. Butter milk is dear; it took 58¾ gallons to wash 14 tents, which cost \$9.84. I can get more, but am afraid it is too expensive and shall wash the others in Soap Suds.

I forgot to mention that the Tents were full of Mildew spots, so that it is impossible to wash them without dipping the whole in the Milk.

Your Obt. Servt.,  
Edwd. Hall, Junr., Lieut. Marines.

**WE DO NOT** always have to dig into musty files for odds and ends of peculiar occurrences in the Marine Corps. A brand new oddity came in the other day, and—in these days of Kollege Kut Klothes, open galoshes, and oil slickers all done over with art designs by the Boy Friend—we wonder where a certain new recruit came from as it is evident that he does not know that umbrellas are in the discard, along with petticoats and common sense.

A certain Officer of the Day set out to visit his sentries during a driving rain storm, and when he came across one of his men on watch carrying an umbrella he was so utterly astonished at the sight he could not even make a report of the matter. He did, however, tip us off; for, as he says, "it is entirely too good to keep" to himself. What would have happened to this poor, unguided boot ten years ago?

**WHICH REMINDS US** of a similar instance that would have proven more serious had it happened in the dim and distant ten years ago. The writer happened to be in the Adjutant's office one rainy morning when the Officer of the Day marched in a blushing young boot, in blue uniform, carrying over his head what appeared to be his sweetheart's parasol. It was purple in color and about two feet in diameter. As the boot halted at attention, the Officer of the Day's report was: "Look here, Captain, what I caught coming in the main gate." The uniformed offender was then told of the error of his ways and warned against a repetition of the offense.



A Marine Baseball Team, 1916. Know any of them?



# Morganci, Financier

By Lou Wylie

John Craddock Owen, for present convenience operating as Giovanni Morganci, stepped from the train at the little depot in Morgan City. Fresh from Florida and many dizzy deals in which he had come out wiser but poorer, he was immediately impressed with the wistful restfulness of the little city. The picturesque Atchafalaya swirled along to its wedding with the gulf bearing bridal bouquets of lavender hyacinth upon its breast. Beneath the fresh green of willow and palm the glittering white shell streets led away through the quiet little town to terminate in country roads that slipped silently into a country of moss hung oaks, and cypresses, and blue skies and water, some of which Morganci had noted slip past him, from his seat in the smoker.

Tapping a cork tipped cigarette against the back of his hand he took an appreciative look around him, a big man in a little town. Years of life in New York, Boston and Philadelphia are apt to make one feel superior to a small town and to assume a superior attitude which in itself is the quintessence of provincialism although acquired from too much contact with clanking elevated noises and the immaculate cleanliness of the Automat. The man whose peregrinations about the globe have been evenly balanced, who knows the plains, the mountains, and the cities experiences no such feeling, he unconsciously and automatically adjusts himself to any situation or company, and it is hard to tell, with the possible exception of pronunciation whether he has been in the place a good many months or has just arrived. Never fond of work, Morganci had found it no difficult proposition to cull a living from the gullible in the larger cities of the east, moving from one to the other as his trail became too plainly worn in each. Never an out and out criminal, always shunning with shuddering delicacy anything that bordered on the crude or unartistic, he had sold reproductions of old masters at fabulous sums to ornament the drawing rooms of retired bootleggers, or disgustingly rich oil men. When business became poor in this line he had delved into psycho-analysis and had possessed a following of fat, middle class women well along in the forties whose splendid responses to his appeals for funds for his school of psychology had enabled him to sink vast amounts in Florida in a very short time, for he frankly and humorously admitted he had met his Waterloo in Florida real estate. After cutting down his wardrobe to the barest necessities, pawning several rings and selling his car he had an even two thousand dollars. With this amount he knew of nothing that any of his old haunts could offer, and the logical thing to do was to select a nearer place, where living expenses would not eat too heavily into his capital whilst he devised some new and remunerative plan of action. With this idea in mind he had drifted into New Orleans and after checking over all of the small towns on each railroad leading from that place had flipped

a coin to decide whether he should honor Morgan City, Louisiana, or Jackson, Mississippi, with his presence. Two turns out of three having decided him in favor of Morgan City, he had, as a further compliment to that place changed his name to harmonize as nearly as possible, and with a dress suit, three shirts, and the pearl gray business suit, and robbin's-egg blue tie which he wore, set out to try his luck in pastures new.

Languidly following the negro boy who carried his suitcase his appreciative eye took in every detail of the town. He smiled friendly at a pretty girl on the porch of the most prepossessing house on the street, and listened with delighted ears to the invisible choir of birds whose songs welled from the green depths of the trees along each street. A delightful feeling of confidence took possession of him, and by the time he reached the vine-clad entrance to the Berry House he felt that his lines had indeed fallen into pleasant places. He traced with flowing gracefulness the letters of his new name upon the hotel register, and added New York City with a blase flourish that left the vaselined haired young sheik behind the desk feeling decidedly de trop. After a few hours rest he went down and walked along the sunny main street, swinging his cane, until he came to a neat little building which housed the bank of Morgan City. Here he paused undecidedly for a minute, and then went in and deposited a thousand dollar bill for a checking account. With his newly acquired bank book in his pocket he returned by the street he had taken from the depot and again smiled at the girl in the swing. Incidentally, he got the number of the house, and returning to the hotel aroused the young clerk from the perusal of a book of jokes just discovered in the room vacated that morning by an electrical supply salesman. Offering a cigarette by way of opening the conversation he soon had maneuvered to the point where he could ask the girl's name, and in addition to being told that she was Mary Troups, he also learned that her father was the wealthiest man, as well as the biggest tightwad in the town.

With his usual deliberation, however, he did not rush into an acquaintance with the girl, but instead made friends with the young lady in the Western Union, and the stenographer at the bank. He was given the sort of a reception that delights the heart of the unattached male in new hunting ground, and which so infuriates the local fellows while it lasts. Maybe Mary felt a proprietorship in him because she had been the recipient of his first smile, maybe she was just carried away with resentment because the other girls were making such headway with him. At any rate she decided to meet him, and accordingly, the morning of his fourth day in Morgan City, as he passed the house on his way to town, Mary, dressed for the occasion peeped out through the lace curtains as he passed, and registered intense satisfaction as she noted his disappointment at

not seeing her in the swing. As soon as he was out of sight she cut through the park, and by dint of some fast walking arrived at the telegraph office in time to get her nose powdered and her rouge adjusted before he turned in at the door.

As she turned innocently round from her conversation with the operator he raised his hat and delightedly exclaimed "You, of all people. How charming." Mary was quite equal to the occasion and without making his usual morning inquiry for a message, he steered Mary gently out the door, and to a bench in the park beneath a china ball tree in full bloom.

Though the conversation was most impersonal, Mary was surprised to find, when he glanced at his wrist watch that it was near noon, and remembering that the dishes in the sink were as yet undried, she was forced to hurry away. The next morning found Mary in the swing, as did the succeeding morning, and it soon became quite a practice for him to stop each morning for a chat, and to drop around also of evenings. Mary's mother kept herself very much in the background, and it took much careful handling of the situation to get first, the confidence of the mother, and later, the father, as both looked upon Morganci with any thing but favor. However, Morganci kept at it until his arrival was the signal for old man Troups, most often in sock feet, to bring his pipe onto the front steps and spend the best part of each evening in deep conversation with the visitor. Mary was not particularly pleased with such an arrangement, but at the same time it was such conclusive proof of his devotion to her that she could not refrain from bragging of it to the other girls, who now had been dropped from his favor. Late one evening, after a long visit on the Troup's gallery, Morganci returned to the hotel. He paused for a moment with his key in his hand, before the desk, and suddenly asked the clerk:

"If you had something very valuable to sell, in fact had to sell, who in this town could you go to and get a cash price?"

The clerk looked at him for a second with a gleam of understanding that was somewhat discomfiting.

"Well-ll," he drawled, "I don't think old man Troups will buy it. He once sold all of Honey Isle, including the trapping, fishing and mineral rights, for \$15,000.00, counterfeit, and he ain't bought nothing since."

"Unfortunately, indeed," said Morganci. "No wonder the poor old chap is so soured on the world."

"But this is something entirely different. Something that I am sure he, nor in fact any one individual here could finance, but which I am sure is of vital interest to everyone here in the city. You see, when my great-great-grandfather came to Louisiana from Genoa, Italy, he wanted the country, something to remind him of the lovely land he had just left, and he finally purchased what now composes the bigger part of this—



(with a dramatic sweep of his hand toward the copper screen door) your city. After his death my grandfather, the only child, drifted away to New Orleans, and from thence to New York, but carried with him a copy of the deed, which in turn was handed down to my father, and which in due time reached me. There is, of course a matter of some taxes, which I am prepared to pay, and there will be some little legal action necessary, which I am ready to take," concluded Morganci, pleased with the interest he had aroused. Then, tapping his nose thoughtfully with the key to his room, and conscious of the scrutiny of the clerk, he walked deliberately off to bed.

The next morning he awoke, very much pleased to find the town what is often referred to as agog over the news. People stared at him wonderingly, or groups of coatless men before the pool-rooms gave loud guffaws as they referred to him as "our mayor" in distinctly audible tones. These latter tributes disconcerted him and he mentally began to calculate the amount of money at his command in case he should decide to take hasty leave of the place. Within the money belt about his waist still reposed five hundred dollars of the thousand and he had broken to buy railroad fare to New Orleans from Florida, and with which he had paid his expenses in that city. In the Morgan City Bank was still \$800.00 of the original thousand he had deposited there, and caution, which is the better part of valor, suggested that he withdraw at least \$300.00 of it so that in case of emergency he would at least have the bigger share where he could get to it quickly.

Upon entering the bank he found several of the town's most prominent citizens in deep conversation at the teller's window. Without displaying the least nervousness Morganci made out his check to read \$300.00 and passed it, along with his book, through the grating.

"Ah," he remarked as the clerk wrote up the balance of \$500.00, "my account is getting quite low, I will have to wire my New York connections at once for more funds."

Turning from the window he noted for the first time old man Toups. His blue and white striped shirt was freshly laundered, and a stiffly starched white bow tie reached playfully across each side of his chin for his ears. His trousers had just been creased, and he alternately dented and undented the crown of a brown derby hat which he held in one hand. Behind him stood several of the men Morganci had seen before the teller's window when he entered the bank.

"What's all this I hear about you owning the town site?" he asked with more spirit than he had hitherto ever

displayed in any conversation with Morganci.

This, however, was just the opportunity to tell his story to the proper audience. In fact, had he tried Morganci was sure he could not have been able to get just such a group of listeners together, for a mental inventory though rapid, placed their finances, pooled, at well over the million mark, so at first rather reluctantly, but waxing more enthusiastic as he spun his story and noted its effect upon his hearers Morganci enlarged upon what he had already told the clerk at the hotel the night before.

"Here," he concluded, "is a little city that all of Florida cannot equal for resort purposes. Backed up by unlimited industrial possibilities that have never been tapped, much less appreciated by you, it remains for me to come down here and with a little advertising and an expenditure of a little money make myself fabulously wealthy. My plans at present call for interurban cars from here to neighboring towns, a three hundred room hotel with golf course, a yachting club, and a Woodland Inn for northern huntsmen, and gentlemen! I mean to clean up some money down here. I'm going to have factories humming, wharves lined with shipping, and so that you fellows can cash in along with me, just as soon as the legal technicalities covering the transfer of this land back to me are over, I am going to start some "trade at home" campaigns that will take a small fortune off Sears & Roebuck's ledger. Watch my dust! Boys, watch my dust!" he concluded, tapping his cork tipped cigarette upon the back of his hand.

That evening, after much thought on the subject he decided he would not call upon the Toups family, but with a New Orleans paper open at the stock market news he sat in the lobby, making many audible comments upon the rise or fall of different items. The clock ticked noisily, a couple of tired and bored traveling men nodded over their pipes on the seat outside, and slapped at an occasional mosquito; and Morganci was beginning to regret his decision, when the screen door opened, and Mary Toups entered. Her eyes were red rimmed from weeping, though she was prettily dressed in a filmy crepe silk that swirled when she walked and showed an occasional glimpse of a rolled stocking. Morganci hastened to meet her and led her from the lobby toward the park, scolding her meanwhile in a gentle way for having come to the hotel for him, as he felt very sure that her father would object to such action. He had no more than gotten to the park than old man

Toups, his house slippers kicking up a great deal of dust on the shell road, rounded the corner before the hotel. Both Mary and Morganci saw him in time to be prepared for a storm. Catching Mary by the arm, and ignoring Morganci, he directed a stream of French at her that was perfectly unintelligible and punctuated by so many gesticulations that Morganci could not refrain from laughing.

"You," cried Toups, excitedly, "You keep away from Mary—yes. You have all the town talk about my daughter. She come to the hotel for you. How I know you not marry? Maybe two or three times, you stay away from her, hear!"

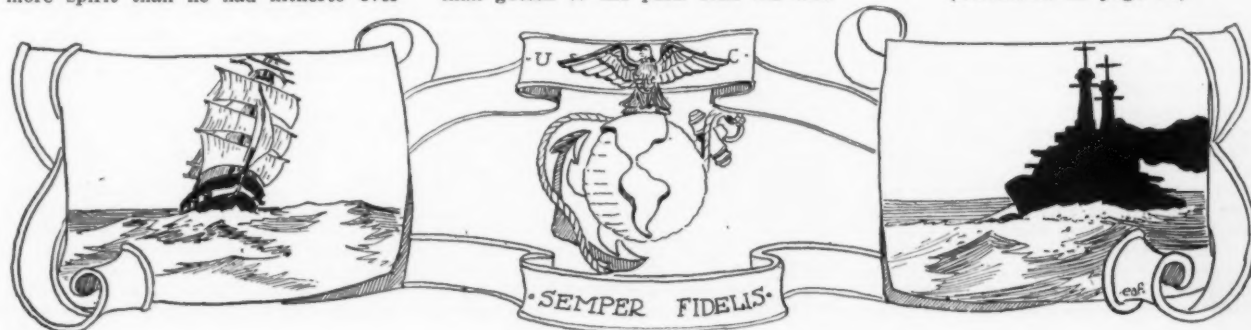
But the old man had not counted on Mary. She snatched away from her father's grasp, and sobbing flung herself on Morganci's breast. He patted her shoulder soothingly, for this was a turn he had not expected things to take, and groped frantically for some further plan of action. Suddenly the old man caught Morganci by the arm, exclaiming:

"You want money? Huh? If you go away from Morgan City and drop this foolish suit I give you tonight four toutsan' and five hunder' dollars. Leave my girl alone, and go now, and I give you the money at the hotel." Morganci laughed. "You'll give me \$4,500.00 for this city? Look all around you man! I own every building from the court house down to the ferry shed. And you want to give me \$4,500.00 for it—you're crazy. If you have got a million dollars I might begin to talk to you, but keep your small change." Gently Morganci disengaged Mary's arms from his neck and handed her to her father, as he concluded, "and as for Miss Toups, just as soon as I get this little deal straightened out, will ask her to marry me."

Morganci, the next morning, received a delegation of leading citizens in his bedroom. He wore a black and purple dressing gown over his lavender silk pajamas and reclined at ease upon the side of his bed, as they sat in the uncomfortable straight backed wooden chairs, and shuffled their feet.

Mr. Claiborne, president of the bank, opened the conversation by stating that they had brought with them an attorney, whom he introduced as Mr. Sayre, and who would do the talking for them. Mr. Sayre spoke briefly but to the point. Business had been bad, but in order to protect themselves and other citizens of the town, and also because they felt that Mr. Morganci's claim was worth some consideration, that he was prepared to offer him, spot cash, \$14,500.00, if he

(Continued on page 61)



# WITH THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE

With a view to determining their initial assignment to duty in the event of a national emergency, reserve officers are required to indicate their preference for employment in one of the classes of duty enumerated below. They are also required to make a second choice, and in making this application for duty must state their qualifications and experience for the duty requested. The object of this is to make it possible not only to assign the reserve officer for the duty on which he is to be first employed at the outbreak of war, but also to give him training which will better fit him for this duty.

In future training in the reserve, officers will be grouped as much as possible by the specialty to which they are assigned and all training will be given along those lines; for instance, officers who are assigned to duty as "Instructor in Technique of Rifle Company" will be given training with the rifle, bayonet, automatic rifle, grenades, pistol, musketry and scouting. An officer assigned to duty in the "Technique of Artillery" will perform all of his training duty with the artillery.

Specialties for which request may be made:

1. Instructor in technique of rifle company (rifle, bayonet, automatic rifle, grenades, pistol, musketry and scouting.)
2. Instructor in technique of machine gun company.
3. Instructor in technique of howitzer company.
4. Instructor in technique of artillery.
5. Instructor in technique of engineers.
6. Instructor in technique of signal communications.
7. Instructor in technique of tanks.
8. Instructor in technique of motor transport.
9. Instructor in technique of gas.
10. Aviation.
11. Adjutant and Inspector's Department.
12. Quartermaster's Department, procurement, subsistence, construction, motor transport.
13. Paymaster's Department.
14. Division of Operations and Training.
15. Office of the Judge Advocate General of the Navy.
16. Other administrative duty (stating nature).
17. Navy yards and other naval shore establishments.
18. Intelligence.
19. Recruiting duty.
20. Instructor at recruit depot.

## STRENGTH OF MARINE CORPS RESERVE COMPANIES

The strength of a uniformed Marine Corps Reserve Company is two officers and forty-five enlisted men, divided as follows: 1 captain, 1 first or second lieutenant, 1 first sergeant, 1 gunnery sergeant, 3 sergeants, 7 corporals, 7 privates first class, 2 musics, and 24 privates of the fleet reserve. In addition, company commanders are authorized to enlist in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve for later transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve as vacancies occur in the com-

pany, thirty-three men in the grade of private.

## ASSIGNMENTS TO THIRD REGIMENT

The commanding officer, Western Reserve Area, Colonel A. S. Williams, U. S. M. C., has organized the Third Regiment, composed of members of the Marine Corps Reserve, Major William C. Wise, Jr., U. S. M. C., commanding, and First Lieutenant E. B. Moore, U. S. M. C., adjutant and quartermaster. The headquarters of this regiment, and headquarters, First Battalion, is at San Francisco, Calif.; headquarters, Second Battalion, Seattle, Wash.; headquarters, Third Battalion, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Reserve officers have been assigned to the companies and headquarters units of this regiment as far as practicable in accordance with the duty which they have requested, and taking into consideration their residences and company stations.

## PAYMENTS TO RESERVE

Circular letter No. 28 has just been issued by Marine Corps Headquarters governing the pay of members of the Marine Corps Reserve when not on active duty.

Payments to reservists on inactive duty will be made by an officer attached to the paymaster's department at headquarters, on individual vouchers certified by the Reserve area commander.

In the event that no service entitling the reservist to pay was rendered during the quarter, no voucher will be submitted, but the reserve area commander will submit a blanket certificate, setting forth the names and ranks of all reservists for whom vouchers have not been submitted, with the notation "No drills performed" or "No appropriate duties performed" as may be appropriate.

Notice of enlistment in the Marine Corps Reserve: Form N. M. C. 887 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to the paymaster U. S. Marine Corps, by the reserve area commander immediately upon the enlistment or re-enlistment of an enlisted man of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. Reserve area commanders will immediately submit this form in the cases of reservists already enlisted.

Transfer between classes: Form N. M. C. 888 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to the paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, by the reserve area commander, whenever a transfer is effected between the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve and the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, or vice versa, or between classes within the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Notice of discharge—enlisted men: Form N. M. C. 889 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to the paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, by the reserve area commander, whenever an enlisted man of the Marine Corps Reserve is discharged for any cause. This form will be attached to and form a part of Form N. M. C. 891 P. M. or N. M. C. 893 P. M. as appropriate.

Uniform gratuity: Form N. M. C. 890 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to the paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, by

the reserve area commander whenever an officer of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve becomes entitled to a uniform gratuity.

Compensation for drill or equivalent duty pay: Form N. M. C. 891 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to the paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, by the reserve area commander, at the close of each fiscal quarter and at the expiration of enlistment of enlisted men of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. Reserve area commanders will prepare this form from data furnished them by immediate commanding officers of reserve organizations.

Compensation for appropriate duties—above rank of captain: Form N. M. C. 892 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to the paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, by the reserve area commander at the close of each fiscal quarter.

Compensation for appropriate duties—below rank of major: Form N. M. C. 893 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to paymaster U. S. Marine Corps, by the reserve area commander at the close of each fiscal quarter and at the expiration of enlistment of enlisted men of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Compensation for command: Form N. M. C. 894 P. M. will be prepared and submitted to the paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, by the reserve area commander at the close of each fiscal quarter.

For information of disbursing officer: Payments for compensation for drill or equivalent duty pay, or for appropriate duties, will be made by individual check, drawn to the order of the reservist concerned. Checks will be forwarded by letter of transmittal at the close of each fiscal quarter to the reserve area commander to whose area the reservist is assigned, for further transmittal to the individual.

## ARMORIES

The 305th Company of Philadelphia, commanded by First Lieutenant John D. Marine, has been assigned the fourth floor in barracks No. 3, at the navy yard, as an armory. The drill floor is of concrete, measuring thirty feet wide and one hundred feet in length, and there is ample space for locker room and the storage of company property.

The 309th Company of Philadelphia, commanded by First Lieutenant Windsor B. W. Stroup, uses this same armory, which gives both of these companies ample facilities for instruction and drill.

## OFFICERS' TRAINING CLASS

The third class of Marine Corps reserve officers closed on August 2 at Quantico. These officers have undergone a two weeks period of training in all branches of infantry work and in addition, some instruction in aviation.

The work was all practical, the officers being furnished with the necessary equipment and doing the actual work themselves. Instructors were assigned to the various courses and each instructor gave very thorough instruction in their subject.

The officers attending were Major E. L. Bigler, Captain Theodore C. Johnson, Captain Aubrey O. Loughmiller, Captain

James Wood, First Lieutenant Carl R. Berglund, First Lieutenant William R. Sheets, First Lieutenant Marcus L. Whitford, First Lieutenant Garston W. Driver, First Lieutenant Chester J. Peters, First Lieutenant Robert B. Fisher, First Lieutenant Carl A. Janson, First Lieutenant Victor W. Worledge, First Lieutenant George R. Lewis, First Lieutenant Karl P. Spencer, First Lieutenant Joseph J. Svoboda, Second Lieutenant George F. Malcolm, Second Lieutenant Roland E. Simpson, Second Lieutenant William R. Williams, Second Lieutenant Frank V. McKinless, Jr., Second Lieutenant Dewey A. Routh, Second Lieutenant William D. O'Brien, Second Lieutenant John S. Egan.

#### ENLISTING DISCHARGED MEN IN THE RESERVE

Commanding officers of all posts in the Marine Corps have been instructed to send to the reserve area commander in which the marine resides, the names of all members of the Marine Corps who are discharged under honorable conditions and who do not obligate themselves to serve in Class III. Upon receipt of these names and addresses, the reserve area commander will get in touch with these men by letter or personal contact and endeavor to have them enroll in either Class IV or Class VI of the reserve. It is believed that in this manner a large number of men valuable to the Marine Corps on account of their experience will come into the reserve.

#### MARKSMANSHIP INSIGNIAS FOR RESERVE OFFICERS

Target insignias to cover the marksmanship qualifications of the following named reserve officers have been forwarded:

Expert badge (basic) and pistol bar—First Lieutenant Harold H. Titus.

Sharpshooters badge (basic) and pistol bar—Second Lieutenant Thomas P. Jackson.

Marksmanship badge (basic) and pistol bar—Captain Frank B. Wilbur, Captain John Ayrault, Jr.

Expert badge (basic) and bayonet bars—Major Samuel L. Rothafel, Captain John Ayrault, Jr., First Lieutenant Harold M. Titus, Second Lieutenant Maurice F. Vernon.

#### RESERVE IN NEW ORLEANS

The Third Battalion, Eighth Reserve Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, has been organized in the Southeastern States with headquarters in New Orleans, La.

Captain C. D. Sniffin, U. S. M. C., is commanding officer of the battalion, with office in Room 400, U. S. Postoffice and Court Building, New Orleans, La.

Officers and men of the regular service and reserve when visiting in New Orleans are invited to call at this office. Also, former officers and men of the Marine Corps are requested to communicate with this office if they are interested in the reserve.

#### COMPANY 307 TO SAN DIEGO

Orders have been issued for the 307th Company, U. S. Marine Corps, stationed at Los Angeles, California, and commanded by Captain Guy Lewis, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, to proceed to the Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating

Base, San Diego, for training for a period of fifteen days beginning July 15.

This company is composed of members of the Marine Corps Reserve and those attached to it are very enthusiastic over the prospects of going to San Diego for training.

At San Diego they will be given a very complete course in infantry weapons and instructions with the rifle and pistol.

First Lieutenant Levi O. Gates, of San Francisco, is second in command of the company.

\* \* \*

The second reserve officers' training camp at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, closed Saturday, July 17. The officers for this class reported on the fifth of July and they have been undergoing intensive training since that time. They were instructed in infantry weapons, such as the howitzer, machine gun, rifle and pistol. Each of these officers also ran the bayonet course. On Saturday, July 10, those who desired, had an opportunity to see the country in and around Quantico from planes furnished by the aviation unit. Captain Victor F. Bleasdale, U. S. Marine Corps, was in direct charge of the training, and Captain Prentice C. Geer, was in charge of the camp. The following officers attended:

Major S. L. Rothafel.

Captains Frank A. Mallen, Charles A. Ketcham, Durant S. Buchanan, Robert K. Ryland, William J. Platten, Frank B. Wilbur, John Ayrault, Jr.

First Lieutenants Raymond H. Hanson, Clarence L. Jordan, Howard S. Evans, Harold H. Titus, Herbert A. Hedges, Harry S. Davis, Leonard Kinsell.

Second Lieutenants Francis T. Egan, Wilson B. McCandless, Thomas P. Jackson, Frank Birthright.

\* \* \*

Blue uniforms have been issued to the reserve companies of the Marine Corps. This uniform worn with the white belt makes a very handsome appearance.

\* \* \*

The following Marine Corps Reserve officers who are residents of Washington reported at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., for fifteen days training July 19, 1926.

Captain Theodore C. Johnson, 2033 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant William F. Murray, 813 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant John S. Egan, 3220 Oliver Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

Orders have been issued from headquarters Marine Corps defining the number of drills with pay for Marine Corps Reserve companies.

The major general commandant has authorized a total of nine drills for the first quarter of the fiscal year 1927. For each one of these drills the members of these organizations, present in uniform, receive one-thirtieth of their monthly pay.

For the fiscal year 1927 it is expected to allow a total of forty drills for each company. The drill pay is paid quarterly by check.

The organization of the 310th Company, U. S. Marine Corps, New Orleans, La., composed of reservists, is progressing. At a recent meeting twenty-six men were enrolled and it is hoped that

they will have their official quota within the next thirty days.

Captain Charles Sniffin, U. S. Marine Corps, in charge of reserve activities in New Orleans, La., is in charge of the organization of this company.

\* \* \*

Second Lieutenants Samuel D. Irwin and Elias F. Haddad, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, both of Boston, Mass., have been assigned to the 301st Company, U. S. Marine Corps.

#### MARINE RESERVE OFFICERS TO TRAIN AS SPECIALISTS

Washington, August.—To attain the most efficiency in their military duties, officers of the Marine Corps Reserve will specialize in definite military subjects, according to an announcement at the headquarters of the reserve here. Each officer is required to make a choice of one branch of military training, and to select one other subject as an alternative.

The training of specialists will not only add to the efficiency of the reserve, but will also be an aid to mobility in case of war or national emergency. Officers, highly skilled in the technique of small arms, machine guns, artillery, gas and tanks, or who are familiar with motor transport, aviation, scouting and kindred military subjects, will be prepared for instant service.

It is planned to train others in the duties of paymasters, quartermasters, in administration work and all other departments of a complete military organization. Group training of officers in their specific duties will be given when possible.

The strength of a uniformed Fleet Marine Corps Reserve company is two commissioned officers and forty-five enlisted men. Several of these companies were trained at Marine Corps encampments this summer. A limited number of Volunteer Reservists, who enroll only for service in a national emergency, may, at their own request, be transferred to a more active status in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve when vacancies occur.

#### EXAMINING BOARD FOR EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSION

The order convening the Marine Corps Reserve Examining Board has been modified to the extent that Captain Ralph J. Mitchell and Captain Arthur H. Turner, U. S. Marine Corps, have been detailed as additional members. The board now consists of the following: Lieutenant Colonel James J. Meade, U. S. Marine Corps, president; Major Edward W. Sturdevant, U. S. Marine Corps; Major David M. Randall, U. S. Marine Corps; Major Joseph C. Fegan, U. S. Marine Corps; Captain Ralph J. Mitchell, U. S. Marine Corps; Captain Arthur H. Turner, U. S. Marine Corps, members, and Captain Joseph J. Staley, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, recorder.

This board is meeting regularly at headquarters Marine Corps to consider the cases of applicants for commission in the Marine Corps Reserve.



# "—And See the Worlds"

from *Quantic*

It is just a trifle hard to imagine under which heading this will be inserted. The Leatherneck's department of astrology seems missing, or, at least, not as prominent as in its Washington contemporaries. Under the heading of "These Funny Marines" would be about the right place.

The instrument was built merely to relieve the "between pay-days heebie-jeebies" in preference to the usual manufacture of Marine Corps motto pillow tops or correspondence with moneyed heiresses. The better part of a year was thus taken up with the design of mechanical details of the mounting, though the bulk of the time was consumed in the perfecting of the mirror, the errors in its shape having to be less than 1-200,000 of an inch. It will be noticed that more stress is placed on the mirror than on the apparatus in which it is mounted. The fact is that the mirror is the TELESCOPE, while most of the stuff shown in the photograph is merely an incidental convenience, necessary of course, to practicable application.

For the further enlightenment of those who have read thus far, the following is added: Despite the multiplicity of names given this instrument while in course of construction, such as, gyroscope, fireless cooker, automatic trash can, anti-aircraft gun, vacuum cleaner, etc., etc., it is generally known under the name of TELESCOPE, or "Moon-shooter," as the men in the quarters in which it was built still insist on calling it. Under the heading of Telescope, it comes under the sub-heading of "Reflecting Telescope," in contra-distinction to "Refracting Telescope" which employs lenses. In the reflecting type, a mirror is used in place of the lenses. Its concave surface is paraboloidal in shape, as a spherical surface will not unite in a sharp focus the parallel rays of light coming from a distant object. The light does not pass through any glass, therefore it adapts itself admirably for photographic work, because the blue and violet rays are not cut off. The reflection comes from the upper surface of the mirror, which is covered with a coat of pure silver and kept highly burnished at the Marine Corps. The reflected image from this mirror is of course exceedingly minute, but very bright, and is enlarged by means of a magnifying eyepiece, to a suitable size for the work in hand. Thus, with even a very low magnification, say one hundred times, all surface markings on the moon, such as mountains, valleys, craters, cracks, etc., are plainly visible. The planets Venus and Mercury show up as crescents, similar in appearance to the moon. The other planets show as small round balls. Jupiter with four moons and Saturn with four moons and two rings, which is more than sufficient to satisfy the average curiosity and elicit a flood of original wit and humor. So much for the optical considerations.

The mechanical end, which takes the eye of the casually interested, consists

of two axes at right angles to each other, and in turn, mounted on a third, which is parallel to the earth's axis, thus enabling the mirror to follow the apparent motion of any celestial body at the will of the observer. The mechanical action is the same as the ordinary surveyor's transit; a good surveyor being considerable of an astronomer, their respective tools being able to function in reciprocal capacities. The construction of the instrument in question involved the taking stock of available materials, preliminary pencil sketches and construction of patterns, molds, castings, and machine work at odd moments.

It may be well to clear a few popular misconceptions, the most common being the question of "How far will it see?" This is always asked (with the usual confusion of quantity and quality) by those who speak before thinking, as it



The "Moonshooter" at Quantic

is self-evident that the most insignificant opera glass can "see" untold millions of miles, dependent of course, on the intensity of the light source. Another popular question is "How much will it magnify?" This particular outfit can be set to magnify 50, 100 and 200 times, but in connection with this it should be remembered that distant objects have no "size," the only visual measurement being the angle which they subtend. By this it is also seen that this telescope is useless for terrestrial work, the distance subtended at a mile or two being but a few feet, the telescope being correspondingly sensitive to angular displacement, necessitating a solid mounting, such as a concrete pillar, for its successful operation, unlike the field glass, which is so made as to be very little affected by considerable movement.

The reprint below is from the "Scientific American" and is in answer to a

series of articles of theirs on telescope construction, recently published by them, and is of course somewhat technical, but shows some of the difficulties encountered:

"I have an instrument now practically finished, it being the result of some idle star-gazing in the South Sea Islands, two or three years ago. The following chronicled interest in a telescope, therefore, perhaps dates from my first sight of the Southern Cross.

Grinding on the mirror was started with what little knowledge was retained from an article published some ten years ago in the "Experimenter," or a magazine of similar nature. Knowledge of the process of polishing with trimmed-down squares near the edge of the polishing blank was retained, but the Foucault test was so hazy in my memory that recourse was had to Herschel's scheme of sighting on a star as he ground out his figure. My method was perhaps pretty crude, the moon being tried and the spherical blur removed; then Venus, with the removing of the blur, and then a star.

THE GREATEST INITIAL TROUBLE WAS FINDING SOMETHING PUBLISHED CONCERNING EITHER LENSES OR MIRRORS, having searched two or three dozen libraries between here and China. A few articles in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., were of no immediate help.

It may interest some makers, and perhaps excite the pity of others, to know that I rough-ground my glass with valve grinding compound and then immediately started with the rouge, and that the rough-grinding took only four hours, while the polishing took over two hundred hours. Bringing the figure from a sphere to a parabola took about eight hours. In explanation of the above, I found it impossible to get flour of emery in Washington or nearby places, and no rouge (excepting beauty shop's), though the rouge was finally begged from a mirror works.

After reading the excellently clear exposition of the Foucault shadows by Mr. Porter in the February "Scientific American," I tried my supposedly finished mirror by means of them, and found that my glass was somewhere between a hyperbola and a parabola. The fact that I only used a lowpower eyepiece may account for my impression of having had a good mirror. About thirty minutes polishing brought the shadows on my glass to a counterpart of the short focus parabola shown in the illustration at the top of your pages."

The above was written in response to a request, the purpose of which is to show the scope of a Marine's possible activities, and, perchance, our ability as a Corps, to meet any unusual circumstance also, mayhaps, to interest a few odd individuals. We emphatically deny doing any of this publicity of our own volition, and so deserve no aspersions regarding the usual "Movie Publicity" stuff.



# More About the Duties of a Recruiter

By Theodore M. Stephenson

Recruiting is a study in psychology. The Recruiter comes in contact with five types of character. In every prospect, one of these types predominates. Each type must be appealed to differently. The correct appeal for one prospect may be the worst possible appeal for another. Some men think slowly. They cannot be hurried into an enlistment. They are suspicious of the Recruiter who attempts to hurry them. Others decide quickly. They pride themselves on their quick and keen judgment. The Recruiter must convince them in a short time or they will never be convinced. Some men are strictly practical. Hence, only the practical side of the Marine Corps will appeal to them. Others are theoretical. They must be approached in a still different manner.

To be a good recruiter one need not be an expert in character reading. However, knowing a man before approaching him proves extremely valuable; he must be dealt with according to his type. I take for an example the slow thinking type, who can easily be detected after a few minutes of conversation. A man of this type cannot be approached with: "Hey, Boy, wanta enlist!" He is most difficult to approach, due to the fact that he is suspicious. The conversation should, under no circumstances, lead directly to the Marine Corps; but, in an indirect way, should gradually follow up to it. The Recruiter will find it to his advantage not to become too interested in the enlistment of this prospect, but to play the roll of the listener and answer questions where needed. The Marine Corps cannot be portrayed to an individual of this type as a "Bed of Roses, all play and no work." He is hard to convince . . . and is seldom convinced.

Another type, one that decides quickly: The Marine Corps, explained in a short manner as possible; the Recruiter generally gains his point.

There is a certain type of individual known to the Recruiting Service as a Repeater. He is seldom found in the streets and not so easily, with any degree of accuracy, detected. He may be a bum in appearance and again immaculately dressed. He is very much learned in the ways of recruiting, but he plays the part of an applicant to perfection. "No, he does not know anything of the Marine Corps; some one had told him that this is the best branch of the Service." In the case of one in poor circumstances, he is likely to be hungry. He will, in a short while, have learned so much of the Recruiting Service as to ask: "How about a meal ticket?" That man invariably has applied for enlistment elsewhere; he gave his game away in the latter question. He knows about meal tickets. He is often between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. He is a fluent talker and will talk upon almost any subject. He does not hesitate to have his finger prints taken . . . he asks no questions as to their ultimate use. He gives his address as at some far distant point. Within a few hours, this man can be detected as a Repeater; unsuspecting questions can be thrown at him and he may be caught off his guard. If he is sufficiently fortunate to pass the Recruiter to board the train at Government expense, he arrives

that much closer to his destination; but he will never grace Parris Island with his presence. The Government is minus a Government Request for Transportation and a few meal tickets. The Repeater chuckles to himself, "What ignorant brutes those recruiters are!" The Recruiter gets the "Hee Haw!"

A Recruiter must have the ability of perception; for there are many that would travel at Sammie's expense, and those must be eliminated from the society of applicants. Rejections of this nature do the Recruiter's record no good, and every good Recruiter aspires to see his name printed at the head of the Divisional list of results.

Is there any essential requirements for a Marine entering the Recruiting Service? Yes, in order for him to succeed, I may venture to say that there are. He must first be himself convinced "that the Marine Corps is the best organization in the world." With that conviction, he should succeed. Without it, his arguments will lack sincerity, and he will fail to convince others. "He must be a sincere booster and not a knocker." He must be a good mixer and of a pleasing personality; must be capable of mingling freely with the people. He must possess some of the abilities of a salesman; for that is what he is really doing—selling the Marine Corps, often an unheard of piece of merchandise, to an applicant. Applicants are skeptical on buying anything they do not understand. They look upon four years as a life time. A debate, with four years as the subject . . . the Recruiter generally wins out. "Four years in college . . . four years of education in the Marine Corps . . . opportunity may not knock again." The applicant comes over to the Recruiter's way of thinking. That is the Recruiter's business . . . to make applicants understand. He should be able to detect interest in others and instill it where it is lacking; for often a word thrown at random will instill interest where there was none before—and then comes the probability of an interview.

The Recruiting Business is not all luck . . . there is work in it, too.

A new Recruiter enters District Headquarters, fresh from the line . . . his virgin mind brimming with all kind of ideas of being a Star Recruiter. The chances are that he will never arrive at the head of this glorious list; but he sets out, nevertheless. That is as it should be, but he may do well by memorizing these lines from Kipling:

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat these two imposters just the same . . ."

If he follows the lesson as taught in the above . . . it is possible that in time he will be one of the Star Recruiters.

He is generally assigned to District Headquarters for a period of time before

being assigned to any outlying station. He is talked to by his Officer in Charge, who has charge of all the stations in the District. He will be taught that "Recruiting is not all play and no work." He will be told the glories and vicissitudes of the game and that the service can scrape along without parasites. "That the Recruiting Service doesn't want any one looking for a soft berth"; and he leaves the informer with the idea instilled in his mind, "that he might yet make a good Recruiter . . . and fool the informer. He goes out with the idea of getting as many applicants as he can; sometimes he does fool the officer in charge and sometimes not.

While at District Headquarters, his ability and conduct, the latter not the least, is watched as a buzzard watches his prey . . . and if he makes good, he is talked to again and sent out to represent the Marine Corps in some outlying station. If expectations materialize, he will in time be given charge of a station. Here is where his responsibility to District Headquarters and to the Marine Corps as a whole increases. He is sent out as an accredited minister of the Marine Corps and must govern his actions accordingly. He may have a direct transfer station to Parris Island. (This means that an applicant does not go through District Headquarters, but direct from sub-District Headquarters to Parris Island). His Officer in Charge places implicit faith in him to get the best material possible for the Marine Corps . . . and to continue his station on a paying basis. He must examine applicants himself; and if he finds any that, in his opinion, could be molded into Marines, he sends them to the doctor; and it often occurs that he rejects men that he is certain would pass the doctor. (In the majority of cases, civilian physicians are used.) The applicant must be examined minutely for any defects. The Recruiter that procures the results of one out of six is fortunate. After all, the fact is brought home to him that the Marine Corps is a pretty hard place to get into. A waiver from Headquarters sometimes helps out on some slight defect on an applicant by the medium of a telegram, but it usually returns, "so and so, NO."

After a station has been established in a small town for any length of time, it becomes "burnt out;" all the material has been taken out of the immediate vicinity. The Recruiter must look elsewhere. He must search for material in the surrounding small towns and the rural sections. A little traveling here and there proves important in the procurement of results; for, strange as it may seem, there are many that have only heard of the Marine Corps in a vague sort of way. In these small towns residents take the Recruiter for anything . . . from a Salvation Army man to a Northwest Mountie. It is only by bringing the Marine Corps to them that they will know it. Talk to them, leave pamphlets in all public places, and soon you will have the satisfaction of replying to many letters . . . even from the feminine sex. Another way to obtain results is to get an applicant to give you

(Continued on page 62)



Dear Fellows: You who read the "Brig" have doubtless noted that occasionally the writer is prone to grow serious in her letter to you, leaving the balance of the "Column" for lighter things, and accordingly it will not be out of the way in this little personal letter to you to sympathize with you upon the death of your Buddies in the terrible explosion at Lake Denmark, for though six days after the tragedy, the newspapers are still echoing it, and with every news report comes further tribute to the bravery of our sailors and marines. In the newspapers lying upon the writer's desk this morning such paragraphs stand out in large type, "TRADITIONS OF MARINES UPHOLD," "RESCUE PARTY OF MARINES BRAVE DEATH," "DETACHMENTS OF MARINES IMPATIENTLY AWAIT ORDER TO GO INTO SHELL TORN SECTOR," "MARINES DEFEY ORDERS AND RISK DEATH SEEKING DEAD COMRADES." Upon looking further, one finds paragraphs reading, "When the lightning struck and the first supply of TNT exploded with a roar to shake the country side, marines and sailors ran toward the danger and not away from it," and "No greater bravery was ever experienced in the World War than that of the rescue in the newly created No Man's Land, when Marines crawled for half a mile on hands and knees over charred ruins, many being burned from the hot iron and masonry in the debris."

To the authoress of the "Brig" every branch of our Service is dear, but life of her life is the Marine Corps, and accordingly in this hour of your mourning her sympathy is tinged with a pride that is beyond and above tears. In giving their lives in what they undoubtedly knew at the time to be a futile attempt to save the lives and property of others your comrades have added further garlands to the glory of the Corps that are every bit as bright as those won for it so illustriously upon the battlefield. "Semper Fidelis."

The Blonde Stenog tells us that the other day she had occasion to answer an ad in a newspaper and make application for a job. She said the boss was quite a considerate old gentleman, and asked her to sit down and let him see how well she took dictation. After a bit he asked anxiously, "Am I too fast for you?" and to which she tells us she responded, "No, indeed, but you are a trifle old," and she wonders why she didn't get the job.

Said the son of a certain Marine Recruiter, "Dad, if the olive branch is the emblem of peace, what's the emblem of War?" "The Orange Blossom, my boy," we are told he replied.

A sweet young flapper at a Naval Station ball game was heard to ask a buck private what the "looney" (who was present in full uniform) did for his living.

"Him, Oh! he's an animal trainer," replied the private.

"An animal trainer?" said the flapper, "How come?"

"Why," explained the private in a low voice, "he pets dears."

According to a recent issue of Public Service "more than a third of America's twenty-one million homes are using electricity." The others, we suppose, depend on white lightning whenever they want illumination.

Sergt: "Don't go in there!"

Private: "Why, Sarg?"

Sergt: "That's the Colonel's tent, you Fathead."

Private: "Well, then, what's he got 'Private' over the entrance for?"

Sergt. (To Boot) "Here's your gun, and watch."

Boot: "Where's my watch? I don't see it."

Because it's the fashion you'll note women dress

In a scarcity of clothes that would cause 'em distress

Were it poverty, and not Dame Fashion's decree,

That ordained 'em garb of such brevity.

Which reminds us, the other day we were looking over some old photos of bathing suit fashions prevailing in 1904, and an extremely daring and irresponsible flapper of that time shocked her family and risked the ostracism of her friends by disporting herself upon the beach in considerable more than the average flapper strews around upon herself before she shoves off for work Saturday morning, these days.

In those days too, folks bought their sugar by the barrel, friends gave 'em eggs and milk if they didn't have a cow and chickens, and they generally raised sufficient vegetables to supply the neighborhood. But, then it was customary to entertain the minister and half the choir every Sunday for dinner, and what small boy hadn't rather make a dozen trips to the grocery for carrots and potatoes than hoe and bug six rows of potatoes in the hot sun. Then again, it took at least fifteen yards of cloth to make a dress, and men wore derby hats and horsehair watch chains, so these times mayn't be so bad after all.

As this column goes in, we are just recovering from another fishing trip to Delacroix Isle. Due to beginning of a case of summer flu the chauffeur of the Brig didn't do much fishing, but stretched out on her stomach on top of a barge and watched hundreds of small fish, none longer than five inches, and of almost every specie, trying to tug a piece of bread out into deep water, or listened alternately to a Captain in the National Guard, a Sergeant in the Army, and her own Marine argue the respective merits of their outfits, having presumably come forty-five miles to fish, and

ended up in a three-way argument that was only settled by the sounding off of the call for chow, the answering to which was about the only thing they agreed upon.

Upon the way back, we passed a negro baptism, and so pulled up the car and listened to the singing of the "spirituals" and watched the ceremony. Unfortunately, it is not possible to convey the scene to you properly—the four deacons and the black, black minister, and the candidate for baptism, all dressed in snow white, standing hip deep in the placid waters of the bayou, the varicolored costumes of the crowd that lined the banks, the background of oaks veiled in gray moss, and the bright blue of the Louisiana sky. "Little David, Play on Yoah Harp" and "Roll on, Chariot" you are doubtless familiar with from phonograph records, but to hear it rise in the deep, throaty voices of the swaying, perspiring crowd along the bank, was an entirely different experience to the writer, and until one hears it sung as we did, they will never realize its almost hypnotic qualities. As the woman went down into the water the crowd burst into shouts, and ran laughing and screeching for the shelter of the oaks as a sudden shower descended upon the ceremony and hastened the finale.

Seen along the streets today was a tearful little girl watching her beloved collie shorn of his hair by a clipping machine. With every click of the shears she wept and remained inconsolable until the operation was complete and Towser, Fido, or whatever his name was, was restored to her unharmed. Incidentally, the veterinary told us we had no idea what liars the possession of a pet dog made some folks, as he had even had them tell him their dogs could tell the time, know when their car turned a corner three blocks away, and could tell from the telephone ring when they rang up home.

An ad appearing in the personal column of a newspaper in a small Kansas town read, "If John Henry Smith, who deserted his wife and eight months' old son June 1st, 1905, will please return home, the eight months' old kid (who has grown some) will lick H-I-I out of him."

### THEY WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

At one time the commissioned personnel of the Marine Corps was regarded as a "Simon-pure, aristocratic, super-aesthetical, ultra-social clique" and from all appearances were selected only after a careful examination on the following points: (1) Social connections. (2) Birth. (3) Figure. (4) Ability as a dancer. (5) Evidence that they had never performed degrading labors.

In those days an officer in the Marine Corps wore corsets, parted his hair in the middle, and was burdened with a sword and a pedigree. From the standpoint of those not well informed on the activities of the Marines away from the social centers, an officer's pedigree rather than his sword was his greatest asset in carving out his career.

C. H.

**"THE TOP-KICK'S INCONSISTENCY"**

By Sergeant T. C. (Limey) Baisden  
and Ray Nolan

Bill Simondinger (known as Turn-about-Bill) was top-kick of the marine detachment on board the "U. S. S. Nebraska" during the time of the turning point in the nomenclature of battle-wagons. In other words, just before the Navy had adopted oil burning "super-dreadnaughts."

Bill was the most inconsistent N. C. O. in the corps at that time and popular tradition holds that he has not changed a bit since.

The "Nebby" was due to fire the usual yearly gunnery exercises and Bill held out high hopes for the prowess of his gun-crews. Orders had been issued by the Big Man with the Brass Buttons for night battle practice and a particularly beautiful moonlight night was selected for the job. Orders were also issued for the forward, port 3-inch gun of the secondary battery to train on the target and to fire a shot as soon as the ship arrived on the range.

This was to be a range-finding shot and, if on the target, the range would be immediately given to the other guns of the port battery. It can readily be seen that much depended on this shot and every member of the gun's crew was in a state of expectancy.

Bill stationed himself in the rear of the gun and waited uneasily. A year before, his gun crews had not done so good and he had been called on the carpet for an explanation. This year he had seen that "ping-pong" had been carried out more intensely and he was certain that with a little luck the pointers would make records. He was also thinking of the letter of commendation he might get if his gun crews made a record, and wanted to offer a little advice to the pointer, but the presence of the ship's gunnery officer had him buffaloed.

Corporal Anderson was gun-pointer of this particular gun and upon him rested the responsibility for firing the sighting-shot. His finger rested on the trigger and his eyes were glued to the sights, anxiously searching for the target. Every man on the crew was tense. The loaders donned asbestos gloves and stood ready to function at a moment's notice.

The fire control station was droning with activity while smooth jowled ensigns carefully watched the intrepid calculating of the plotting officer.

Up on the platforms on the superstructure deck the searchlight batteries were active. The beams of the great lamps were feeling their way through the hazy moonlight in search of the coveted target. At last they were on and the gun's crew gave a sigh of relief. In a moment the ship swung past the buoy marking the beginning of the range and the siren bellowed. This was the signal to "commence firing."

Peering through his sights, Anderson saw that the cross-wires split the target into four equal parts. Now was the time to fire. He held her there and squeezed the trigger and just as he gave the final pull, the "cease firing" gong harshly jangled.

It was too late, the shell was on its way.

Wondering what was wrong, the crew

of the gun gazed through the open gun port at the target. Suddenly the silhouette of another battleship appeared, wallowing its way between the "Nebby" and the target. It was the "New Hampshire" that had come blundering across the range and this was the reason for "cease firing."

The realization of what might have happened was too much for Bill. He flew into a beautiful rage and called the gun pointer all the names in the book, some that were not in the book, and even a few that were not allowed by naval regulations.

"What kind of a marine do you figure you are?" he yelled. "My God, didn't you hear that gong ring? It's such poor simps as you that ruin the name of a marine. If I had my way I'd throw you overboard."

In the midst of this tirade the captain's orderly appeared on the scene and, stepping up to the raving Bill, said, "The captain wants the name of the pointer of this gun."

"There you are," barked Bill, "I only hope that you get all that's coming to you."

"The captain says that it was the finest shot he ever saw," interrupted the orderly, "it passed square through the center of the target."

Was Bill nonplussed? Not so you could notice it. He did exactly as could be expected of him. Turning to Anderson, he said, "Andy, old boy, allow me to congratulate you. You have made a link in the history of the Marine Corps by that shot. You are the type of man we are all proud to have with us."

Good old Bill. He simply acted up to his name.

**THE LEATHERNECKS**

Every time a military scene is filmed in Hollywood it amounts to a little international tournament. The extra men who take part always come from every army in the world.

To be shrinkingly modest about it, I shall have to say that no soldiers ever equal those who have come from our own army. Especially in the resourcefulness with which they tackle a new and unfamiliar situation.

And especially beyond "especially," one has to glow with pride when you see some of our former Marine Corps sergeants.

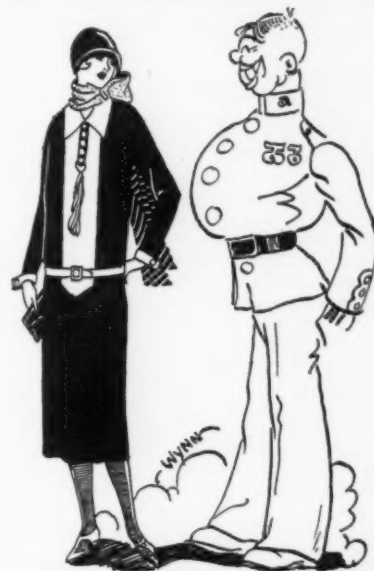
Only yesterday a former Austrian hussar officer told me with engaging frankness that not even the crack regiments of the German pre-war army could compare with our Marine Corps. He said that the American leathernecks are the smartest, snappiest soldiers to be found in the world. They have brains behind their machine precision. The reason probably goes back to the recruit depots. The Marines are hand picked.—The Lancer, by Harry Carr, Los Angeles Times, July 16, 1926.

Why does he call his flivver "Teddy?"  
No doors; just "step-in."

Stranger—Tell me, have any big men  
ever been born in this city?

Native—Nope. Only babies.

—Die Muskete.

**DRESS CAP**

Strike me blooming well pink, Alger-non, but the ole Corps is getting quite swanky these days. Frederick Marvin, recently accepted for enlistment at New York City and transferred to Parris Island, brought his golf clubs with him. In the future, all men accepted for enlistment in the Marine Corps will be required to provide their own clubs.

Other things which will be needed by men planning a career with the Devil Dogs will be walking sticks, polo clothes, high hats, and full dress suits.

Now this isn't sarcasm. Marines do play golf and other games that are usually indulged in by the ultra-rich but this is the first time in the history of the Corps that a man has entered the Corps with his own clubs.

And that reminds me that they have a golf course at Parris Island and one at Charleston. At the Marine Barracks, Washington, the professors quite often while away an evening playing bridge. In China they play donkey polo. But at Quantico they play all kinds of games, especially around pay day.

At Washington, by the way, they used to play Mah Jong until First Sergeant Rowe lost his laundry ticket, and all sets were confiscated. It then became necessary to revert to the game mentioned above.

At the present time, however, I do not know a single Marine who uses bath salts and that is something to be glad about.

—Leatherneck Jr.



# THE PROPHET OF CRIME

By DONALD EDWARD KEYHOE

FOR THE THIRD time Robert Kane laid down his magazine and started out into the darkness surrounding the Naval Air Station. Not even a humorous story could banish his strange uneasiness. Impatiently he strode to the window, looking up the Anacostia branch of the Potomac toward the twinkling lights of the Navy Yard. As his gaze fell upon the remains of a wrecked plane upon the Air Station dock he turned back abruptly. The chief petty officer on watch gave him a curious glance. He laughed shortly.

"Carter, I'm hanged if I'm not getting a case of nerves," he exclaimed, running his fingers through his hair with a gesture of irritation. "I can't sit still for two minutes tonight."

Carter laid down his pipe thoughtfully.

"I know, sir. We've all got 'em from these two crashes. And yet it ain't the crashes, either. It's this talk about the warnings, I guess."

Kane started.

"How did you hear about them? Nobody was supposed to know?"

Carter shrugged his shoulders.

"All the chiefs know it, sir. Things get out somehow. Then it's straight dope?"

Kane hesitated, a troubled light coming into his blue eyes.

"It's true, all right," he replied slowly. "The day before Manners was killed we got a typewritten note, saying a crash was liable to happen inside of twenty-four hours. We thought it was meant as a joke—though it wasn't funny. Then that D. H. spun in over at Bolling Field, and we found out later that they had the same warning."

"Enough to make a man superstitious," commented Carter.

"And that isn't all," continued Kane. "Remember that big fellow who was down here this afternoon? He was from police headquarters. We hoped they might trace the letters, as they were mailed here in Washington. He told me they've been getting the same kind of warnings—about murders, big fires, and serious accidents—for over a month. And nearly every one of them has worked out!"

Carter's mouth opened incredulously.

"Why don't they stop 'em if they know they're going to happen?" he demanded.

"That's just it," explained Kane. "They give the nature of the accident or crime, but only an approximate statement of time and place. The police are half wild about it—afraid the newspapers will catch on—and the notes are still coming."

"Sounds like some big gang of crooks kidding the cops," said Carter, grinning. Then his face sobered. "That wouldn't fit these crashes, though. I wonder—"

The buzz of an incoming call interrupted him. He plugged the connection and then looked up at Kane.

"Sentry at No. 1 says there's a man named Worcester wants to see you. All right?"

An expression of surprise came over Kane's bronzed face.

"Worcester! I wonder what—yes, tell the sentry to let him in."

Surprise changed to puzzlement. It was after eleven o'clock. What could the father of his fiancée want of him at such an hour? As a taxicab squealed to a stop outside he flung open the door.

"Anything wrong with Marcia, sir?" he asked anxiously, as a slender, gray-haired man climbed out.

The tensed features, indicative of some repressed emotion, relaxed for a moment into a tired smile.

"No, my boy, Marcia was quite happy when I left—except for regretting that you were on duty tonight."

He paid off the driver and entered the building, followed by the perplexed young officer.

"I wish to speak with you alone," he whispered at sight of Carter.

Kane wonderingly led the way to an inner office. Though Worcester had evinced approval of his daughter's choice, he had always displayed an extreme reticence in regard to himself. Kane knew little of him, except that he had once been head of the mathematics department of a small university. Marcia had mentioned that he was engaged in research work, and Kane had glimpsed a peculiar machine with many brass gears and intricate dials through the door of Worcester's basement laboratory, but as to the nature of machine or research he was entirely ignorant.

"I shall have to hurry, for my time is short," began the elder man, nervously drumming his long fingers upon the desk before him. "I need your help—and it will be a relief to get this off my mind. First, however, I must ask you to promise complete secrecy."

There was a hunted look in the weary eyes he raised to Kane's face.

"I promise," said Kane quietly.

"In the past week, as you know, there have been two accidents on this field which you share with the Army," began Worcester in a low, rapid voice. "I presume you also know that letters were received predicting these unfortunate events."

Kane started to his feet and stared down at his guest, but before he could reply there came a clatter of feet outside. The next instant Carter and the radio operator on watch burst into the room.

"Something's gone wrong on the 'Celeste,' sir," the operator announced excitedly. "I was talking with her operator and right in the middle his signal goes off into one long dash. It's still coming in, as if he wasn't able to do anything but hang onto the key."

Kane gazed at him in amazement. Worcester had sunk back unnoticed, a curious expression of despair in his eyes.

"The 'Celeste'!" repeated Kane. "Why, man, it must be a joke. What could ever happen to a yacht that big in a quiet river like the Potomac? Besides, Martin Harrington has a first-class skipper on board—he knows this river like a book."

"I know it's no joke," insisted the operator. "The radio man on the 'Celeste' is an old buddy of mine. He wouldn't pull a stunt like that. Anyway, I wasn't the only one who caught it. The Yard is pounding out the 'Celeste's' call right now."

A prolonged buzzing at the switchboard outside sent Carter racing to the receiver. In a moment he was back.

"It's the Captain of the Yard, sir," he whispered hastily. "There's something big on."

Kane snatched up his phone.

"Officer of the day?" came the crisp query. "Get down the river to the yacht 'Celeste' as soon as possible with a sea-plane. We've had a peculiar distress call. Her position is a few miles above Quantico. Don't wait for a relief."

Kane whirled toward Carter after a breathless acknowledgment of the order.

"Break out a crew and get the motors started on the F-5. And sling a couple of machine guns aboard. Maybe it's hijackers—Harrington always carried plenty of liquor, they say."

Then he turned to Worcester, whose face seemed queerly drawn and pale.

"I was going to ask you to go—but I guess you'd rather not?" he said questioningly.

To his surprise the other man nodded with unaffected eagerness. Two minutes later, attired in flying suits to keep out the chill night air, both men climbed into the huge plane, around which several mechanics were feverishly working.

"Lucky this is Saturday," exclaimed Kane, shouting to be heard above the roaring motors. "We had the ship out to make an early trip to the Mayflower with the President's Sunday papers."

A moment later the F-5 trundled down the runway and thundered downstream under its powerful Liberties. The water, temporarily illuminated by the wing-lights, fell away into blackness as the heavy craft lunged upward into the air. In addition to Kane and Worcester, the plane carried three mechanics and a radio operator, all armed. Carter, who was in the bow, had prepared for any emergency.

In a few minutes Alexandria flashed by, a scattered handful of street lights. Kane held the F-5 to a steep climb while he carefully searched the dark Potomac for some sign of the "Celeste." Fort Humphries had just been passed when far downstream a white hull became visible. As he glided to a swift landing, Kane inspected the area about the yacht, which seemed to be drifting aimlessly. There was no other vessel in sight, nor was anyone to be seen on deck, though every port was ablaze with light. Approaching as close as he dared, he switched off motors and kicked the plane around to come under the jacob's ladder. The utter silence that followed was sinister, uncanny.

Catching the ladder with his boathook, Carter brought the plane alongside, while one of the mechanics ran out on the wing to hold it clear. Kane darted up

the side with two mechanics at his heels. Worcester followed laboriously.

The sight that met Kane's eyes as he peered through the nearest salon port drew a gasp of horror from his lips. Stricken in the midst of their gayety lay the owner of the yacht and his guests. Mr. Harrington's hand was clutched to the stem of a shattered glass. The members of a small orchestra sprawled grotesquely among their silent instruments. A few yards away a man and woman had fallen into an awkward semblance of a late dance step. Everywhere was evidence of a death that had come instantly.

As Kane stepped back he was conscious of the agonized convulsion of Worcester's face. The old man's lips were moving tremulously.

"Without warning!" Kane heard him mutter. "And to think I might have—"

Suddenly aware of Kane's intent scrutiny, he stopped short. With a helpless gesture of his hands he stumbled about and silently made his way to the waiting plane. Kane turned back to his men.

"Don't go in there," he ordered hurriedly, as one of them attempted to open the salon door. "It's probably poison gas, and there may be some left. We'll make an inspection of the bridge, and any other open parts—but I don't think we'll find anyone alive."

It was as he had supposed. There was no living being left from the crew and the "Celeste's" passengers. As they were concluding their investigation, a submarine chaser from Quantico drew along the port side. Kane found the officer in charge had orders from Washington to take over the yacht, awaiting a tug from the Navy Yard. Acquainting him with the facts, he reentered the F-5 and in a short time was headed for the Air Station. Upon arriving he impressed each one of the crew with the necessity for silence and dismissed them. At last he was alone with Worcester.

"I shall have to report to the Navy Yard in a few minutes," he said, watching the old man closely. "But before I go I should like to know whether you can throw any light on this affair. And there was something you started to tell me tonight."

The muscles of Worcester's face twitched spasmodically. He threw out his hands in a token of surrender.

"You heard what I said down there, of course," he said unhappily. "I suppose you think I have guilty knowledge. But it isn't that—it's as far different as it could be. I was only trying to advance civilization—to help the world—but I see now it could never bring any good."

He paused an instant. His abject mis-

ery touched Kane, and he remained sympathetically silent.

"I cannot explain here," Worcester went on. "I shall have to show you. Suppose you make your report and then come out to the house. After that you can do what you wish—though there is no way I can help in solving this wholesale murder."

Kane consented without argument, for he could see Worcester was near collapse. Three hours later he was following on tiptoe into the basement laboratory. His eyes widened as he saw the size of the machine that occupied the center of the room. It was over twelve feet in length and five feet wide. The top of its glassed-in shelter was higher than his head. Fine roller chains, held in tension by sliding weights, ran between hundreds of brass gears and connecting links. At the head of the machine was a board containing several large dials. Below the dials was placed a chart over which was poised a stylus pen. On each main gear was an adjusting wheel, covered with numerous signs and letters. On the walls of the room were hung at least a score of graphs and diagrams, each one cryptically lettered.

Kane did not hide his bewilderment. Worcester smiled faintly.

"It is an odd looking exhibit, isn't it?" he inquired. "I thought you might recognize the machine from which it was copied."

Kane shook his head.

"I referred to the tide predicting machine at the Coast Survey," Worcester went on. "Various data are set on dials, and by adjusting the time constants the predictions of height and slack of tides for any desired hour are found. A pen traces a graphical curve illustrating the equation. The machine handles thirty-seven mathematical problems at once, and will predict for a thousand years ahead, if desired."

Kane's breath quickened. He began to understand, but the idea was so fantastic as to be almost incredible. Worcester went on patiently.

"This machine is also a predictor—but of a very different kind. By applying enough data of any succession of events, I can predict when the next unit will take place. Years ago I noticed that similar accidents and crimes seemed to run in bunches. Pick up any newspaper and you will find this is true. One week there will be a number of railroad crossing deaths. Another week it will be suicides. Of course it isn't that simple—but by collecting all possible records I can work out the equation."

Kane grasped him by the shoulder.

"Then you are the one who sent those notes?" he asked eagerly. "And the warnings to the police, too?"

Worcester nodded dully.

"I was afraid they would lock me up as insane if I went to them. And I thought if I warned them they could do something. But I could not tell them enough. Look—here is how the machine works."

He stooped over the instrument board and indicated the chart under the stylus.

"This curve in red represents the occurrence of crashes at Anacostia. I collected all the data from the Navy Department, though they did not know why I wished them. Each peak of the curve is a fatality. There are only a few, you see. Ordinarily it would be impossible to make more than a wide guess at the next one, using the law of averages, which is hardly feasible. But the machine takes care of that. On each main dial I set the date of a crash, starting with the first one. Then I turn on the motor, which puts every gear in motion, and causes the pen to trace the curve. That curve cuts the horizontal line in two places. Between those two will occur another accident."

"But the space is over a month," protested Kane, leaning down to read the figures on the chart.

"This is the first step," explained Worcester. The result is set back automatically on the machine, and by means of a device I call the approximator it is run through until these two points coincide. That is the zero hour. Its accuracy depends on the amount of data I have. In this case it is correct to about twenty-four hours."

Kane looked somewhat dazed.

"I have noticed that crashes usually come in threes," he said slowly. "But I put it down to coincidence."

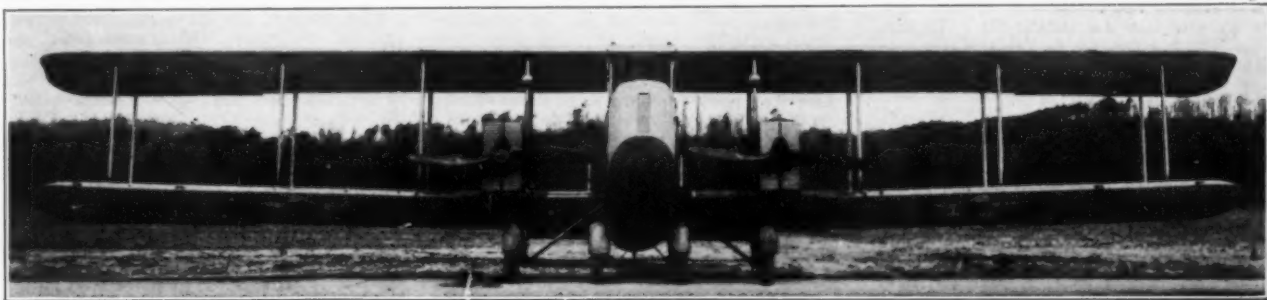
"There is less coincidence in this world than people think," replied Worcester wearily. "I have spent ten years on this problem, and I believe that higher mathematics will solve almost anything. In that time I have compiled the records of every major crime or tragedy in this city, and the most unusual events of the world. These charts on the wall cover various phases of my research. I have spent months on a single equation, trying to fit in some apparent irregularity."

"It is amazing," Kane told him with a touch of awe. "But how can it be applied? You must have known of this thing tonight—yet you were unable to stop it."

The old man's head drooped sorrowfully.

"I have failed," he admitted. "Even if I were able to tell exactly where these things would come, it would be of no use. The city—the world—would become a madhouse. It is best that we do

(Continued on page 56)



## SHORT STORIES BY EDWIN NORTH McCLELLAN



## AMERICAN NAVAL AND MARINE OFFICERS DRILL HAWAIIAN TROOPS IN THE FIFTIES

"Nobles and Representatives, the peace of my Kingdom has been threatened with an invasion of private adventurers from California," said Kamehameha III in his address at the opening of the Legislature in 1852. "An appeal was made to the U. S. Commissioner, which, being promptly acted upon by Captain William, H. Gardner, of the U.S.S. 'Vandalia,' tranquilized the public mind. I have taken some measures to create a military force, in the training of which, Captain Gardner has been pleased to render important assistance."

The Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, R. C. Wyllie, wrote that of "late, our great safeguard has been the friendly countenance of the Commissioner of the United States, whose views in support of the King, as directed by the President of the United States, have been most zealously and energetically carried out by" Captain Gardner. A Washington newspaper of April 8, 1852, reported that "the United States officers at Honolulu have been drilling the native troops in military exercises, that they may be better able to protect themselves."

While many of the officers of the "Vandalia" assisted in these "friendly offices" toward the Hawaiian Army, it was Lieutenant Jacob Read, of the Marines, and his noncommissioned officers, who carried on the greater part of the instruction.

## THEY LET HIM WIN AT BRIDGE

They fixed it so that he could not lose! They added up the figures and handed him the PRIZE! They let him win at BRIDGE! In his innocent unsophistication he did not even suspect at the moment! Yet he was mystified! But he might have known that he could not possibly have fairly won!

When it comes to BRIDGE he is but a Country Youth at the Court of St. James! To him it is a cross between the Einstein and Electron Theories! Immersed in the great mystery, in its vocabulary, its mechanics and its strategy, he gyrates like a spinning top! To him it is like a descent into Poe's Maelstrom (that vast whirling funnel) without even the water-cask!

He tried to pull a Mynah and strut off! Nothing doing! So he sat and imitated the others! Glazing his normal ignorance with a blase nonchalance he placed out a card every time the others did! Colors and shapes were all that saved him! He strove to suit the Irascible ilk by exposing a card of the same color and bearing the identical hieroglyphics as the Obsessed Ones did!

Suddenly the demand strangled his supply of that kind, and wondering what to do, peeped into the hand of one of the other performers! Horrors! What language! His ears automatically closed—they were unused to such expletives! Again when he left undone something he should have done, or vice-versa—mostly vice—they called him names! One name sounded like "Renig!" He's afraid to look it up in Webster's! Then they all threw their cards down on the green veldt! It was a terrible strain but he survived! Then with serious expression, that hid irony, they handed him a beautifully wrapped package!

"What is this?" ejaculated he, with surprise. "That is the prize! You won it," startled they him with answer. "Oh, no" stupidly but sturdily replied he, "such cannot be, for how could it be!" But it was to be, though he thought it not to be! He delivered it to his wife who was more surprised than he at his supposed success.

## JAPANESE AND AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

No more appreciative words, descriptive of American friendship for Japan, were ever written than those of "Saburo Shimada, M. P." which were published at Tokyo in October, 1908, and "presented to the officers and men of the United States Fleet with the compliments of Baron E. Shibusawa." The following three paragraphs taken from the little pamphlet (published in both Japanese and American) should interest every Japanese and American of today:

"In 1854, while Perry was negotiating with our Government, and his fleet was anchored at Yokohama, a village official named Ishikawa Han-yemon, received by him on board his flagship, asked him to write his autograph on a fan which he was then holding. The Commodore at once consulted and ordered his secretary to write the words 'Be friendly to all Americans,' instructing also his Chinese interpreter to put on the other side in Chinese characters a corresponding sentiment, which read, 'They all are brothers who live in the four corners of the world.' This fan is now cherished as a family treasure by his descendant, Mr. Ishikawa Toku-yamon.

"Brief as is the motto, it bears eloquent testimony to the sentiment of the American people toward us in those days. Prompted by their own belief in universal brotherhood, they urged us in the kindest possible way to open our country, and to welcome it to all mankind.

"This, briefly recounted, is the history of Japan's early intercourse with the United States of America, the latter's kindly policy turning our steps into the pathway of modern progress. What we

have since attained and achieved was all begun by the American people and must be as much a source of satisfaction to them, as it is of sincere gratitude on our own part."

## THE FIRST OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY TO VISIT HAWAII

We have read that the first American warship to visit the Hawaiian Islands was the U. S. S. "Sir Andrew Hammond," commanded by Captain John M. Gamble, of the Marines, in the year 1814. But did that noted vessel have on board the first officer of the American Navy to visit these Islands? If not, then who was this "first naval officer?" One authority of merit states that he was "Jonathan Thorn!" Read about him here!

John Jacob Astor selected a "stanch ship of two hundred and ninety tons burden," and mounting ten guns, called the "Tonquin," to carry out to the Northwest Coast an expedition of his Pacific Fur Company. He engaged Jonathan Thorn to command her.

Thorn was a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, having obtained leave of absence for this voyage. He was selected by Astor no less for his courage and habits of discipline, than for the prestige of a government officer would give to the adventure. It was his business simply to manage the ship; with affairs on shore he had nothing whatever to do.

"Rumor having reached Astor that an armed brig from Halifax was waiting outside the harbor to impress the British subjects on board the 'Tonquin' for the purpose of delaying the expedition, application was made to the government for an armed escort, and the frigate 'Constitution' accordingly was directed to act as guard until the voyage was safely begun."

The "Tonquin" sailed from New York on September 8, 1810, with a crew of twenty-one men and thirty-three passengers all connected with the Pacific Fur Company.

"Touching at the Hawaiian Islands the 12th of February, 1811, they took on board, besides some hogs, sheep, poultry, and vegetables, twenty-four natives, twelve for land service and twelve for the use of the ship, and on the 28th sailed for the Columbia River."

Like many other vessels that traded with the Northwest Coast in those pioneer days the "Tonquin" met with a disastrous end. In June, 1811, she was attacked by Indians and blown up probably by wounded members of her crew below decks.



# The United States Marine Corps Reserve

## Its Inception and Organization

By CAPT. JOSEPH J. STALEY, U.S.M.C.R.

Division of Operations and Training,  
Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps

The new Marine Corps Reserve is only a little over a year old, being authorized by an Act of Congress, effective July 1, 1925. In this short time the reserve has made great strides and now has an effective strength of two hundred officers in the Fleet Reserve, ninety in the Volunteer and a total enlisted strength, July 30, 1926, of 2,706 men, divided in classes as follows: Class II, 247; Class III, 1,898; Class IV, 481; Class VI, 80.

**Organization.**—The United States is divided into four reserve areas, each corresponding geographically and in name to the recruiting divisions of the Marine Corps. The officer in charge of the recruiting division is the reserve area commander and is the commanding officer of all reservists in this territory. His duties in connection with the reserve are, as far as possible, the same as the duties of a post commander in the regular Marine Corps.

**Reserve Units.**—The reserve area commander of the eastern reserve area is Colonel David D. Porter, U. S. Marine Corps, 110 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In this area is stationed the Seventh Regiment, headquarters, Room 2205 Municipal Building, New York, N. Y. This regiment is commanded by Major H. W. Stone, U. S. Marine Corps, assisted by First Lieutenant T. J. Kilcourse, U. S. Marine Corps, who is assigned for staff duty. The Eighth Regiment, less the Third Battalion, headquarters, 1100 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Major N. A. Eastman, U. S. Marine Corps, commanding. In this area there is also an observation plane squadron, and a casual company. In one there is also the following uniformed companies: 301st Company, Boston, Massachusetts, Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR., commanding, with Second Lieutenants Samuel D. Irwin and Elias F. Haddad, USMCR., attached; 302nd Company, Rochester, New York, First Lieutenant Edward F. Doyle, USMCR., commanding; 303 Company, New York, New York, in process of organization; 304th Company, Brooklyn, New York, in process of organization; 305th Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, First Lieutenant John D. Marine, USMCR., commanding; 309th Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, First Lieutenant Windsor B. W. Stroup, USMCR., commanding; 308th Company, Tonawanda, New York, in process of organization.

The Commanding Officer of the Southern Reserve Area, Colonel Charles B. Taylor, U. S. Marine Corps, Headquarters—U. S. Post Office and Court House Building, New Orleans, La. In this Area is the 3rd Battalion, 8th Regiment—Captain Charles, U. S. M. C., Post Office and Court House Building, New Orleans, La., commanding. There is also a Fighting Plane Squadron and a Casual Company. The 310th Company (Uniformed) is in

process of organization and is making rapid progress.

The Commanding Officer, Central Reserve Area is Lieutenant Colonel J. Kennard Tracy, U. S. Marine Corps, 1405 Howard Street, Chicago, Ill. In this Area is the 9th Regiment commanded by Major R. E. Messersmith, U. S. M. C., assisted by Captain Lewis B. Reagan, U. S. M. C., who is assigned to staff duty. This Area also has assigned to it an Observation Plane Squadron, a Casual Company, and the 306th Company (Uniformed) at Detroit, Michigan, First Lieutenant Clarence W. Videan, USMCR., commanding, with First Lieutenant William V. Calhoun, USMCR., second in command.

The Commanding Officer of the Western Reserve Area is Colonel Alexander S. Williams, U. S. Marine Corps with headquarters at 100 Harrison Street, San Francisco. In this Area is the 3rd Regiment commanded by Major William C. Wise U. S. M. C., with First Lieutenant E. B. Moore, U. S. M. C., assigned for staff duty. There is also an Observation Plane Squadron and a Casual Company and the 307th Company (Uniformed) at Los Angeles, California, is commanded by Captain Guy L. Lewis, USMCR.

**Classes of the Reserve:** The Marine Corps Reserve is divided into the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve and the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve. The Fleet Reserve is further subdivided into classes as follows:

**Class I—Officers:** In time of peace all members of this class are required to perform such training duty as may be prescribed, not to exceed fifteen days annually, unless excused for good and sufficient reasons, and may, with their consent, be assigned additional training duty.

**Class II:** This class is composed of enlisted men of the Marine Corps who were transferred to the reserve after sixteen or twenty years naval service. In time of peace all members of this class, with the exception of those who were transferred thereto by operation of prior laws, may be required to perform not more than two months active duty in each four year period.

**Class III—Assigned Men:** Men who have completed at least one complete enlistment in the regular Marine Corps and who, prior to their discharge have obligated themselves to serve four years in the Marine Corps Reserve. Members of this class shall not in time of peace be ordered to active duty except with their own consent and shall be under no obligation to perform training duty or drill.

**Class IV:** Men who enlist in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. These are men who have had previous active service for at least one year or its equivalent or are men who enlist in an organized company of the Marine Corps Reserve.

**Volunteer Reserve:** Officers and enlisted men of the Volunteer Reserve shall not be required to attend drills or perform training duty, but upon their own application, will be given active duty or training duty. (Par. 13-65(6), Marine Corps Manual).

**Eligibility:** The Marine Corps Reserve is composed of male citizens of the United States not under eighteen years of age. Members of the Naval Militia of a State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, serving as marines may enlist in the Marine Corps Reserve. Persons who have claims pending for, or persons who are receiving compensation or vocational training from the Veterans' Bureau, or pensions, are not eligible for membership in the Marine Corps Reserve. No members of the Marine Corps Reserve shall be a member of any other naval or military organization except the Naval Militia.

**Reserve Examining Board:** The Reserve Examining Board composed of Lieutenant Colonel James J. Meade, President; Major Edward W. Sturdevant; Major David M. Randall; Major Joseph C. Fegan; Captain Arthur H. Turner; and Captain Ralph J. Mitchell, members; and Captain Joseph J. Staley, recorder, is meeting regularly at Headquarters Marine Corps to consider the applications of candidates for commission in the Marine Corps Reserve. The present authorized commissioned strength of the reserve is 200 Fleet and 300 Volunteer.

For administrative purposes in the reserves areas, members of the Marine Corps Reserve are assigned as follows:

**To the Infantry Regiments:** Officers of the reserve who are specializing in infantry branches and men who are in Class III, Class IV, and Class VI, whose service has been in the infantry or who are enlisted for infantry service or who are required in the Headquarters Company and Service Company of the regiment or the Headquarters Company of the battalion.

**To Aviation:** To this branch are assigned the officers assigned to aviation duties, Class III, Class IV, and Class VI men who have had aviation experience or who have been assigned to aviation.

**The Casual Company:** To the First Platoon are assigned officers and enlisted men whose specialty is artillery or whose records show they have had artillery experience.

To the Second Platoon are assigned those officers who are specializing in engineering, signal communication, tanks, gas, Adjutant and Inspector's Department, Quartermaster's Department, Paymaster's Department, Division of Operations and Training, Judge Advocate General of the Navy, Navy Yards and other shore establishments, intelligence, instructor at recruit depots, recruiting duties, and other administrative duties, and enlisted men of Class III, Class IV, and

(Continued on page 57)



## Answer to Your Name

Oh, yesterday was pay day here,  
The Gyrenes all felt fine;  
The Top-kick read the muster roll,  
We all were there on time.  
I pressed the wrinkles from my purse,  
Two hours I stood in line;  
I marched up to the table and—  
I drew a little dime.

## Couldn't Be Both

An Indianapolis woman had an altercation with the colored garbage man. She called up the proper authority to report him, saying that he spoke to her in a very "ungentlemanly manner." The man at the other end of the line said:

"Why, lady, you surely wouldn't expect him to be a gentleman and a garbage collector, too!"—Indianapolis News.

## Supplied

Noticing a pretty new face in his congregation, the minister was bound to display a cordial interest.

"We are pleased to have you here," he told her politely. "If you will give me your name and address I shall be happy to call."

"Cut it, doc," retorted the flapper, wearily. "I've got a shiek."—American Legion Weekly.

On Sunday two lovers went to church. When the collection was being taken up the young man explored his pockets and finding nothing, whispered to his sweetheart: "I haven't a cent; I changed my pants."

Meanwhile the girl had been searching in her bag and finding nothing, she blushed a rosy red and said: "I am in the same predicament."

"So you are lost, little man? Why didn't you hold on to your mother's skirt?"

"I couldn't reach it," sobbed the child.  
—Smart Set.

Lord Babbington was instructing his new colored servant in his duties, adding: "Now, Zeke, when I ring for you, you must answer me by saying, 'My Lord, what will you have?'"

A few hours afterwards, having occasion to summon the servant, his lordship was astonished with the following:

"My Gawd, what does you want now?"

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" the judge asked the darkey. "Well, yo' honah," said the culprit, "it was jest like this: I hands him a telegram for mah girl, an' he starts in readin' it. So I jest nachurally ups and hands him one."

Farmer—"An' 'ow be Lawyer Barnes doin', doctor?"

Doctor—"Poor fellow! He's lying at death's door."

Farmer—"There's grit for 'ee—at death's door, an' still lyin'!"

It was at a charity ball and a couple of young feds were holding an indignation meeting over a third one.

"Here we are," remarked one of the girls, "selling kisses to raise money and she's bootlegging 'em free back of the booth."—Tra. Sta. News.

Ike—"Say, Mike, how many pails of cement did you carry up the ladder this afternoon?"

Mike—"Sh—sh—. I'm gettin' even with the boss; I've been carryin' the same one up and down all day."—Newport Recruit.



Civie: Have th' Marines a match?

Marine: If we have we never heard of him.

"I'm looking for my ideal dog," said the lady in the canine fancier's shop. "I'd like one with a head rather like a collie and a body after the style of an Irish terrier; only with longer hair and nice, distinct markings. Do you keep dogs like that?"

The dog fancier shook his head sadly. "No, ma'am," he said, "I drowns 'em."—Hospitality.

Mike—This is a great country, Pat.  
Pat—And how's that?

Mike—Shure, the paper sez yez can buy a foive dollar money order for seven cents.

The new maid was asked what she thought of the electric cooker.

"It's just wonderful," she replied. "It hasn't gone out since I came here three weeks ago."—New York Sun.

A street car collided with a milk cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tip-toe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, "what an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned around and glared at the little man, and said, testily:

"Mind your own business!"—Smart Set.

Slightly Delirious Financier—Nurse! What did you say my temperature was?

Nurse—101, sir.

"Right—when it gets to 101½—sell—Passing Show.

## True to Form

A girl from a telephone exchange fell asleep while at church.

The preacher, announcing the hymn, said:

"Number 428."

At that moment the girl awoke.

"I'll ring 'em again," she murmured. "I'm trying to complete your call."—*America's Humor*.

The tramp paused outside the gate.

"Clear out!" shouted the lady of the house. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothing you could do here."

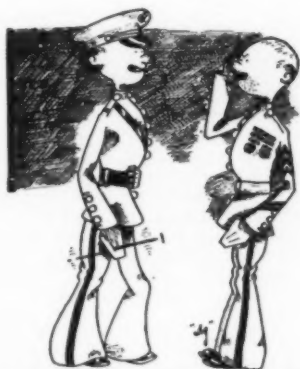
"But, madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."—*Answers*.

"I thought you were working on Bert Hoskin's new house," said the decorator's friend.

"I was going to," replied the decorator, "but he and I had a row, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"Did he do it?"

"Yes, that's where he put the most of it."—*Tit Bits*.



The OOD was settling an argument: "You say he hit you?" he inquired of the one with the dotted eye. "Well, why didn't you hit him back?"

"Yeah!" exclaimed the victim, "and then it would 'a' been his turn again."

"Mr. Chairman," complained the speaker, stopping in his address, "I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much ribaldry and interruption, I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, guv-nor," came a voice from the rear, "you ain't missin' much."—*Capper's Weekly*.

Screwie Truie, in the dentist chair, began to count his money, when out chirps the Doc: You don't have to pay for dental work in the Navy; just forget about the money.

Screwie: I know. I don't figger to pay, Doc; I just wanta count my dough before I take gas.—*Mississippi Bulletin*.

## The Usual Tip

Traveler—Did you find a roll containing fifty dollars under my pillow?

Pullman Porter—Yas, suh; thank you, suh.



She—"Is my face really dirty or is it my imagination?"

He—"Well, your face is clean, but I can't say as to your imagination."

A bashful young couple, evidently much in love, entered a crowded tram.

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.—*Boston Transcript*.

A man appeared at a police station and said:

"Oh, in regard to the watch which I reported was stolen yesterday, I have since found that it is not lost at all."

"You are too late," replied the superintendent, "the thief has been arrested."—*Der Gotz (Vienna)*.

The novice at trout fishing had hooked a very small trout and had reeled in his line until the fish was rammed against the tip of the rod. Then he asked his companion: "What do I do now?"

"Climb up the rod and stab it."—*Telegrapher*.

"Your Honor," said the jury foreman, "This lady is suing this gentleman for \$10,000 for a stolen kiss."

"Correct," responded the judge, "You are to decide if it was worth it."

"That's the point, Your Honor. Could the jury have a sample?"



Mail Orderly: Got a lotta mail to deliver this time—feels like a ton.

Bright Guy: Why don't you mail it?

## Nothing Could Be Plainer

Butler: A lady wishes to speak to you on the 'phone, sir.

Young Lordling: How do you know she is a lady?

"She said, 'Is that you, old pickled onion?' when I answered, sir!"—*London Opinion*.

"Poor old Bill! 'E's so shortsighted 'e's working 'imself to death."

"Wo't 'is short sight got to do with it?"

"Well, 'e can't see when the boss ain't looking, so 'e 'as to keep on shoveling all the time!"—*Air Station News*.

A sad looking woman of mature years appeared in the street pushing a baby carriage, in which a fine healthy looking infant was howling lustily. A friend approached. "Why, Mrs. Lufkins!" she ejaculated. "What a darling baby! But you have no children. Whose is it?"

"You're wrong, my dear," replied the sad faced one, "This is my husband; he went too far with the gland cure."—*Hurty-Peck*.



"I asked the Mess Sergeant how long 'hot dogs' should be boiled."

"And he said—?"

"The same as short ones."

"Yes, I can give you a job. You can gather the eggs for me if you are sure you won't steal any."

"Youse can trust me wid anything, lady. I was manager of a bath house for fifteen years an' never took a bath."—*Judge*.

Prisoner: "Yes, ma'am. Women was the cause of me downfall."

Shocked Visitor: "And how was that?"

Prisoner: "A couple of 'em saw me crawlin' through a window and called for the police."

A man who went to register just before election was asked his trade. "Mason and builder," he replied. The next man in line was an old Irishman. When the question was put to him he said: "Knight o' Columbus an' brick-layer."—*Newport Recruit*.



# The BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

## HEADQUARTERS NEWS

By "TaBob"

What these Headquarters Marines get by with is no one's business. Recently one of them who is in the A & I Department, was on a vacation trip to Norfolk and while there he wanted to see the Navy Yard. He worked his way in and how he did it no one will ever find out, but that was the least of his worry. It was the getting out that bothered him as he would have to explain to the sentry how he got in, etc., well any how this bozo asked a marine who was hanging around the garage how to get out of the yard or if there was any other gate and was informed that in front of and to the left of the barracks was a gate and was informed that the sentry there was only a "boot" and all you had to say to him was "I'm from the Texas." It worked well. The A & I clerk got out without any trouble, but when he greeted the sentry he was, as all A & I clerks are, exact, and said to the sentry, "I'm from Houston." Anyhow it worked and that was all that was desired. Ask Simpson he knows.

QM Sergeant Noble Wilson has been acquiring a beautiful tan recently, pursuing the elusive pill around the golf links. Wilson is the Commandant's personal stenographer, and about the only time he has to breathe is when the Major General Commandant is away, so he has been making hay while the hay shines. Noble is a "two-game" man, as he is the class of the A & I in wielding the tennis racquet, and wallops a mean drive on the courses. Incidentally he is a member of the Navy Department Tennis Team.

A hearty greeting and welcome awaited Horace Heaton, Headquarters stand-by, who has been away from his desk these many moons. He's looking good, and has regained much of his old pep.

Dad Dobson has forsaken the Muster Roll Division, resigning to go into business for himself. The kid's clever, and we wish him luck. Howell Hinman is a silent partner in the "firm" so we're watching him anxiously. Now if we'd only had these boys signed up to a 4-year enlistment instead of a civil service job, we could say "request contained in reference (a) is not approved."

Bob O'Toole is planning a big time, leaving Washington September first, with his storm and strife for Missouri, South Dakota and points, West. His home is in St. Louis, where he was a handsome recruiting "louie" during 1918 and 1919,

and he plans to renew old acquaintances during a five-day stop over. Hope the "Olds" does a flivver act, and "takes him there and brings him back."

Tom Carley recently visited his home in Long Island, for two weeks. He is back. Another victory for the Chevrolet.

Leather-lung Becker has now become "Whispering Becker"; his wife is continually telling him "don't wake up the baby." Some sweet daddy. Quartermaster Sergeant Frank Miller also reports an addition to his family. As this is No. 3, he's used to it.

Major D. M. Randall is with his family in Kansas. They drove out, and with two husky youngsters he expected the trip to be anything but dull.

Sherlocko Lockout had an interesting but hardly what would be called a pleasant airplane ride to the scene of the Dover catastrophe, and put in some strenuous hours in identifying the remains of victims. He's always ready for any assignment, and hasn't fallen down yet.

Captain C. A. Ketcham, MCR. in every day life special assistant to the Major General Commandant is the proud possessor of a medal showing he made "expert" on the bayonet course at Quantico recently. He also qualified with the pistol.

T. A. Nubson, our chief of the Records Division, heard the call to arms and answered on the 16th. "TA" holds a commission as 1st louey in the Marine Corps Reserve and is taking two weeks training at the Marines paradise, Parris Island, S. C. However, he won't feel so lonesome as our old friend, Colonel Beadle is now executive officer.

News from Mrs. Vesta C. Furniss, hibernating in Michigan, makes us envious; the thermometer is about 30 degrees lower in that part of the world; if it has no other recommendation, that is enough these days.

Quartermaster Clerk A. P. Hastings is in the midst of an extended motor tour through Eastern United States and Canada, with his wife and son, Robert. They are being accompanied by Mrs. Sharpe, wife of QM Clerk Percy S. Sharpe, retired.

Margaret C. Shaughnessy has returned from a trip to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and the "Sesqui" at Philly. She reports the marines have the situation well in hand.

Staff Sgt. Ramberg, our undertaker in charge, and super-extraordinary has returned from a trip through Virginia,

and says that Shenandoah runs "still." What does that mean?

Bernie Burdick, who was First Sergeant at Dover, at the time of the disaster, was in Washington recently, and renewed his acquaintances with the gang at Headquarters. He used to be on duty in the A & I Department.

The sympathy of the Department is extended to our buddy, Staff Sergeant Jack Sinopli in the Major General Commandant's office. Jack lost his wife recently after an extended illness; she was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

Bowling seems hardly a seasonal topic during the hot spell, but plans must be made in advance or else. So Headquarters is getting lined up tentatively for the winter season, and hopes for a repetition of last year's success along this line. One plan which may be adopted provides for the Marine Corps to hook up with bureaus of the Navy Department and form a strong organization. This, of course, applies to the men. Dope on the activities of the girls for the coming year is not forthcoming. Too hot, says they.

"Doc" Miller says he had a good time in Florida, although the hurricane was a bit too close for comfort or dignity.

To see "Pop" Snyder ambling down the hall you wouldn't think he could play tennis, but he runs "REDS" Ledoux ragged once in a while and when Ledoux is good he is very, very, good.

Several of the girls visited Colonel Beadle's blackberry patch, and came home laden with fruits of their toil. But kerosene, salt, soda, nor nothing, seemed to prevent the festival of scratching that followed for a week. "Chiggers," here they come.

Charlie Brown is still buying fresh batteries for his radio pretty often. He's a good hearted scout, he stays up evening after evening, operating the radio, "not that he enjoys it so much, but for his children." Know any more good ones, Charlie?

Wayne Simpson is "running wild" again. He is Adjutant of one of the local American Legion Posts and is hot after recruits. That boy just must have something to do.

## OUR OVERSEAS DEAD

As an echo from the World War came the information through the Quartermaster General, War Department, that the bodies of seven marines, listed below, had been located by the American Graves Registration Service, in isolated graves near the Commune of Bouresches, Aisne,



France. The bodies are being held at the mortuary in the Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, Seringes-et-Nesles, France, pending instructions for final decision.

Private Milford Raymond Colley, Private Elmer Fogelstad, Private Raymond Henry Niesen, Private Rozaire Donald Rivard, First Sergeant Joseph Aloysius Sissler, Private Horace Albert Ward, Private Edward Herman Wendell.

Headquarters already has on file the expressed wish of the next of kin procured several years ago, but before making final disposition, is communicating with the relatives with a view to getting definite instructions as to whether the bodies are to be returned to the United States or be re-interred in one of the eight American cemeteries in France, preferably the Oise-Aisne Cemetery No. 608, Seringes-et-Nesles, France. This cemetery is situated about fifteen miles northeast of Chateau-Thierry, and contains 5,929 graves of American dead, of which 102 are graves of marines.

#### CRUISE OF THE MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. PITTSBURGH

The Marine Detachment, U. S. S. Pittsburgh, was formed on July 14, 1922, at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., with Captain Francis J. Kelly, Jr., as commanding officer, and First Lieut. William H. Hollingsworth, as second in command. On July 31, 1922, the detachment was transferred to the U. S. S. Pittsburgh, at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

On October 22, 1922, the Pittsburgh sailed for Canary Islands and from there to Gibraltar. On November 9, 1922, sailed for Constantinople, where she remained until March 10, 1923.

On January 17, 1923, Captain Kelly was relieved by Captain R. L. Montague.

From the time the Pittsburgh left Constantinople she visited the following countries: Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Isle of Rhodes, France, Italy, Sicily, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Danzig, Germany, Tunisia, Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece, Island of Malta, Algeria, Spain, England, Wales, Irish Free State, Ireland, Belgium, Scotland, Portugal, Corsia, Island of Crete and the Balearic Islands.

During this time the Pittsburgh has visited 148 ports and covered about 50,000 miles.

In June, 1924, First Lieutenant Julian P. Brown relieved First Lieutenant Hollingsworth and Captain Montague was relieved in February, 1925, by Captain H. S. Fassett, the present commanding officer.

On July 2, 1926, the U. S. S. Memphis, officially relieved the Pittsburgh by Vice Admiral Roger Welles moving his flag over to the Memphis. and on July 3, 1926, the Pittsburgh sailed for New York, arriving on the morning of July 19, 1926.

The following is a letter received from the mother of a Marine who lost his life in the recent disaster at Dover, N. J. We feel that every Marine should have the pleasure of reading such a wonderful letter. Officers and Men of the

Marine Detachment.

Dear Sirs:

As I take up my pen to write this letter to you it almost seems like a communication with my boy. So close were his associations with you all. If you could see his letters to me and his picture folio he has kept you would realize how he loved all.

I thank God he was spared to enjoy the privilege of nearly two years of his young life in the U. S. Marine Corps. You who were so close to him and saw his little mistakes could not realize as I that even though his steps faltered, slowly and surely he was gaining that which he craved, Manhood.

One year ago last October I went with my boy to enlist at Buffalo, a boy who had never been fifty miles from home and he went alone to Parris Island to begin his training, just a homesick lad. Little by little, step by step I have watched him improve, more painstaking letters, more love and pride of his uniform and what it stood for, fitting himself for his Supreme Sacrifice. Just a few letters back he told me of the danger of just what occurred.

If such a short time could do so much for my boy, our Nation is indeed in safe keeping. As long as I live my heart will go out to the U. S. Marine Corps and may every one of you according to your years of service receive as much good as my dear son in his little time.

If at any time one of you need encouragement remember a mother who would be glad to see some service too.

#### NEW RECORD OVER NATIONAL MATCH COURSE

Private First Class Russell F. Seitzinger, U. S. Marine Corps, a member of the 1926 Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Squad, established a new record over the National Match course during the second day's preliminary rifle practice at the Wakefield (Mass.) rifle range, when he registered a score of 296 out of a possible 300. At the conclusion of the first day's practice, July 8, he led the team squad with a score of 291.

Private Seitzinger is an expert shot with both the rifle and pistol. He enlisted in the Marine Corps Nov. 7, 1922, and before he had completed three years service, he was awarded a distinguished

marksman's medal. As a member of the 1924 Marine Corps Rifle Team he contributed largely to the team's success.

#### A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MARINES AT DOVER, N. J.

On June 11, 1908 the Inspector of Ordnance, Naval Powder Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J., made the following recommendation:

"The Inspector of Ordnance feels it his duty to recommend that a Marine Guard of about twenty men, including a sergeant in command and probably two corporals, be detailed to and quartered at the Naval Powder Depot near Dover, N. J. Recent occurrences there in connection with the discharge of an unruly employee who, while intoxicated, entered the Chief Gunner's residence, became abusive and refused to leave when ordered, breaking china, and tearing the Chief Gunner's clothes, and in general behaving in a manner requiring considerable force to subdue him, and later threatening with violence the Chief Gunner in Charge and other employees, show that the hand of the Officer-in-Charge of that magazine would be greatly strengthened by military support; and it seems to me that the value and importance of the material stored there warrant better protection than it has now, namely, three watchmen, one on at a time. . . ."

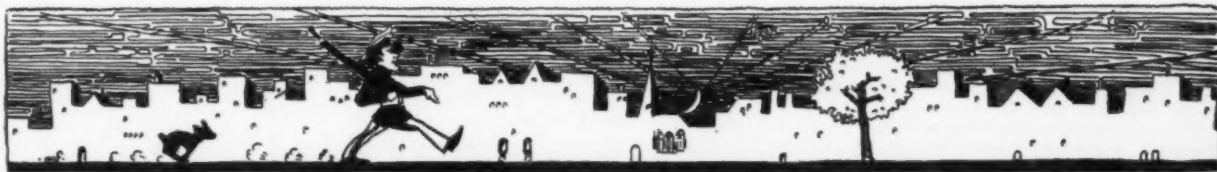
At this time, however, the strength of the garrisons on the east coast was greatly reduced by the despatch of 2,000 Marines to Cuba and Panama, and it was not until October 19, 1908, that the detachment of Marines was ordered to Dover. A First Sergeant commanded the detachment of 2 corporals and twenty privates.

In May, 1916, Second Lieutenant T. A. Secor, U. S. M. C., was transferred to Dover to command the detachment which was increased thirty enlisted men.

The strength of the Detachment was increased from time to time and in August, 1918, there were 284 enlisted men on the station. In December, 1919, the strength of the Marine Detachment had diminished to 54 enlisted men.

At 12:15 A. M., December 18, 1918, a Marine sentry discovered a fire at Picatinny, before he could give the alarm a terrific explosion shook the station. Immediately afterwards several more explosions occurred and from twelve to fifteen buildings went up, including surveillance ovens, research magazines, containing T. N. T., smokeless powder and other high explosives; these set off a number of shell houses containing loaded shells. In fighting the fire one Marine was killed and three wounded. Fragments of shell and whole projectiles were thrown in all directions. The temperature had dropped to six degrees below zero and the fire fighting apparatus was frozen.

(Continued on page 36)





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**Athletic Policy of the Marine Corps**

**AN ORDER** RELATING to the athletic policy, physical training, and athletic competitions in the Marine Corps has been issued by the Major General Commandant, in substitution to orders on the same subjects issued in 1925. It is prescribed that all forms of athletics will be controlled generally by a Headquarters Athletic Council, who will fix the policy and athletic programs.

The Headquarters Athletic Council has fixed a program for 1927 which aims toward the development of the individual as well as of the whole corps.

Among the sports listed for active and habitual encouragement are football, baseball, basketball, soccer, tennis, hockey, lacrosse, polo, rowing, swimming, wrestling, track and field, monthly physical tests, rifle competitions and pistol contests.

Corps teams, composed of the outstanding players in the Corps will be organized and trained at such stations as the Major General Commandant may designate.

These teams will consist of one officer and the requisite number of enlisted men in inter-service competition but will consist of the best material available, regardless of rank, when engaged in inter-collegiate or civilian contests. The teams will be designated by stations as "Quantico Marines," "San Diego Marines," "First Brigade Marines," etc.

To uncover Olympic material and also star players for the Corps teams, commanding officers of various posts and units will make reports to Headquarters on the performance of their commands in the various branches of athletics as well as recommendations concerning outstanding individual players.

Inter-organizational competition is required to develop the skill of officers and men in several branches of sport.

Coaches will be picked from the personnel of the Corps as fast as material becomes available.

Physical Training and Tests will be held at all Marine Corps Posts, stations and barracks at least eight months of the Calendar Year. Officers and enlisted men over forty, those excused by the medical officer, recruits under training, members of the Marine Band and personnel on detached duty will be exempt from the physical training and prescribed test.

The Training and Test Events include the 100-yard dash, running broad jump, bar vault and bar chin. Except where the order specifically states to the contrary, all athletic contests in the Corps will be governed by the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Annual athletic competitions along lines very similar to those now conducted for rifle and pistol shooting will be held beginning with the year 1927. The detailed regulations for

the conduct of these competitions will be announced later from Headquarters. The general plan of these competitions provides for six regional meets to which all posts and stations of the Marine Corps will send a quota of competitors. Winners of events in the various regional meets will be assembled at one point on the Atlantic Coast and one point on the Pacific Coast for semi-final competitions and the winners of events in these semi-finals will later be brought together in alternate years on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts for final competition. From the competitors in the final meet will be selected the U. S. M. C. Track team to represent the Marine Corps in outside competitions.

**Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Activities at Wakefield, Mass.**

**THE 1926 MARINE CORPS Rifle and Pistol Team**, captained by Major Randolph Coyle, U. S. M. C., participated in twenty-two matches in the United Services of New England tournament and National Rifle Association matches, held at the Wakefield, Mass., rifle range August 15 to 22 inclusive, with twenty-one victories:

**The Hayden All-America Match:** Won by Marine Corps Team No. 1, with a score of 2,829. Marine Team No. 3 took third place.

**The Sergeant's Match:** (200 and 600 yds., slow fire; 200 and 300 yds., rapid fire). Won by Marine Corps Team No. 2, with a score of 771.

**The Army Ordnance Match:** (200 and 300 yds., rapid fire). A two-man team match won by Sgts. Eugene H. Odom and Albert S. French, U. S. M. C.

**The Marine Corps Long Range Trophy Match:** (600 and 1,000 yds). Two-man team match won by Sgt.-Maj. Leo P. Cartier and Sgt. Ladislaus Lach, U. S. M. C.

**The Army and Navy Club Match:** (Skirmish). Won by Marine Corps Team No. 7, composed of Captains Joseph Jackson and Eugene Mulally and Sergeants Oliver A. Guilmet and Robert L. Jennings, U. S. M. C.

**The Captain Ratigan Match:** (200 yds., slow fire, standing). Won by Private Paul E. Woods, U. S. M. C.

**The Neidner Match:** (200 yds., rapid fire, kneeling or sitting from standing). Won by Sergeant Eugene H. Odom, U. S. M. C.

**The Estarbrook Match:** (300 yds., slow fire, sitting). Won by Private Russell F. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C.

**The Malley Match:** (300 yds., rapid fire, prone from standing). Won by Sgt.-Maj. Leo P. Cartier, U. S. M. C.

**The Cummings Match:** (600 yds., prone). Won by Private Russell F. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C.

**The Nagle Match:** (300 yds., rapid, prone from standing). Won by Private Russell F. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C.

**The Eldredge Match:** (1,000 yds., slow fire, prone). Won by Sgt.-Maj. Leo P. Cartier, U. S. M. C.

**The McKenzie Match:** (600 yds., slow fire, prone). Won by Sgt. Harry L. Nason, U. S. M. C.

**The Edwards Match:** (200 yards slow fire, standing; 600 and 1,000 yds., slow fire). Won by Corporal Oren J. Tobey, U. S. M. C.

**The Lombard Match:** (A sniper's match at approximately 200 yards, fired at moving or disappearing targets). This is the only match lost by Marines. Pvt. Russell F. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C., finished a close second.

**The Phelan Match:** (200 yds., rapid fire). Won by Gy.-Sgt. John Blakley, U. S. M. C.

**The Military Order of the World War Match:** (500 yds., rapid fire). Won by Gy.-Sgt. Raymond O. Coulter, U. S. M. C.

**NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES**

**N. R. A. 200-Yard Rapid Fire Match:** (Kneeling or sitting from standing). Won by Sgt. Ladislaus Lach, U. S. M. C.

**N. R. A. 300-Yard Rapid Fire Match:** (Prone from standing). Won by Sergeant Albert S. French, U. S. M. C.

**N. R. A. Rapid Fire Championship Match:** (Aggregate of NRA 200, 300 rapid fire). Won by Sgt. Albert S. French, U. S. M. C.

**Frost Match:** (Individual Pistol match). Won by Pvt. Christy Devito, U. S. M. C.



## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford  
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

The disaster at Lake Denmark, better known to the men of the corps as Dover, was another of those splendid testimonials to the fidelity and heroism which our men are always found to possess. The official inquiry states: "It is to be noted that every officer attached to the station was on the reservation at the time of the disaster. That the evidence shows beyond all doubt that the Navy and Marine Corps personnel who were killed met their death while heroically carrying out their duty in the face of imminent peril, of which they were thoroughly cognizant and that, therefore, their deaths were directly in the line of duty." To the relatives of these comrades comes the assurance of the constant prayers of the nation for their consolation and comfort in the hour of bereavement.

Those whose lives were spared also promptly and fearlessly responded to duty's call and inspire us with the glorious record of devotion and heroism which marked their actions during the terrible scourge which devastated the station. A call was issued for a new detachment to be sent to Dover this week, and as I write they are on their way. The whole of the thirty men who were there previously at once volunteered and are included in the roster.

Men of the type of Captain Burwell H. Clarke, Lieutenant Commander Brown, Lieutenant Schrader and Chief Gunner Gately are amongst leaders whom men love to serve and no man was loved and respected more highly by the men of the Marine Corps than was Captain Clarke. He was a fine officer and a gentleman of highest Christian character and life. The names of the men also will be treasured by those who knew them, for they were of the best and highest type.

First Sergeant Joseph J. Franklin, of the Marine Barracks, New York, is apparently on his last lap of service in the corps. He remembers the days when on board ship they had three days fresh meats and vegetables, and then came "salt horse and biscuits." Every three days the harness chest was opened out to get the meat and the issue was ready for the men on the following day after it had been drained of the brine. Twenty-nine years contains a lot of memorable experiences of all sorts.

Sergeant Charles Dowers, after twenty years of real service, makes a splendid orderly for Admiral Plunkett, for he can always be depended upon. Thomas Coen, who declares he is of real Irish descent, has also put in twenty years, of which the last six have been in New York. Sergeant Charles Voigt has now completed the splendid record of a quarter of a century, while Quartermaster Sergeant "Pop" H. Lytle has twenty full years to his credit.

Thomas G. Watson is sergeant in the pay office with eighteen years to the good. Supply Sergeant Sullivan has recently gone to Parris Island, his place

being filled by Sergeant A. W. Pickering. Quartermaster Sergeant Frank H. Williams has just celebrated his forty-second birthday and on the same day Sergeant Major and Mrs. Thorpe were being congratulated on their eleventh anniversary of wedded life. Williams has been with the corps for ten years. Sergeant Theodore Crowley used to be a crack rifle shot, but after seventeen years of strenuous service he has left the high records for new comers. Fifteen years on the books is the record of Sergeant William Shalongro.

The "U. S. S. Pittsburgh" is in New York preparatory to her return to Europe. First Sergeant R. H. Dudley, of the old fifth, has been on her for over two years and declares she cannot be excelled, while Sergeant William A. Umlauf, who goes to Great Lakes, has spent five eventful and happy years upon her. Gunnery Sergeant Joseph A. Saunders is another of the splendid guard whom Captain R. L. Montague and Lieutenant Ferguson have under their charge.

Reverting to Lake Denmark, I want to pay special tribute to Captain Frank Mallen, Reserve Officer, who, one of the first men from the outside, gave to the world the magnificent story of heroism and loyalty which occupied the pages of the New York Times and other newspapers. "Once a Marine," Frank is of the true type of marine who never forgets that the "once" means "always," and therefore acts accordingly. The service is proud of you, Frank, and delighted that you were on the job when needed most.

Major Stone, in charge of and commanding the Marine Corps Reserve of the New York area, is making real contacts and is everywhere esteemed by those who come into touch with him. The corps' interests are always first with the major and this insures that any position he occupies is efficiently looked after and the work well done.

Captain Mehlinger, of the N. Y. recruiting service, is happy in the excellent staff of men who represent the corps under his direction. Sergeant Lee has recently been transferred from Albany to Paterson, from which place some good material can always be found for the service. Sergeant E. A. Alberding, of the old fifth, has just gone into Bridgeport, Conn., where his six feet, two inches of solid marine material will soon mark him as a distinguished figure in that community. Sergeant F. J. Sottile with his smile, has gone to St. Louis, while Sergeant Elmer B. Brown shipped over at New Orleans, and Elmer F. Roloff arrived in the city from Washington. Bill Comer, of course, is still in evidence and should be seen in all the glory of his new uniform very shortly.

## FAULT FINDERS

Robert West says: "Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business."

"Unfortunately, after thoughts come last."—The late Theodore Roosevelt.

## Torn from My Scrapbook



## THE BOOMERANG

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,  
After passing of a cloud,  
When a fit of laughter gits ye  
And ye're spine is feelin' proud,  
Don't forget to up and fling it  
At a soul that's feeling blue,  
For the minit that ye sling it  
It's a boomerang to you.  
—Capt. Jack Crawford.

## "THEY SAY"

"They say!"—ah, well, suppose they do!  
But can they prove the story true?  
Why count yourself among the "they"  
Who whisper what they dare not say?  
Suspicion may arise from naught  
But malice, envy, want of thought.

"They say!"—but why the tale rehearse,  
And help to make the matter worse?  
No good can possibly accrue  
From telling what may be untrue,  
And is it not a nobler plan  
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say!"—well, if it should be so,  
Why need you tell the tale of woe?  
Will it the bitter wrong redress,  
Or make one pang of sorrow less  
Will it the erring one restore,  
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say!"—oh, pause and look within,  
See how thy heart inclines to sin;  
And lest in dark temptation's hour  
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its  
power,  
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,  
But speak of good or not at all.

The Pathfinder.

## THE OLD NAVY MESS

Breakfast.—"Bergue" (oatmeal) with molasses, one slice of bread ½-inch thick, one cup of coffee—no seconds. Dinner.—"slum gullion" (dry stew made of corned beef, onions and potatoes), one slice of bread, one cup of coffee—no seconds. Supper.—"Cracker hash" ("canned bill" or corned beef, mixed with hard tack), one slice of bread, one cup of coffee—no seconds. If a ship were on a long cruise she might feed only rice, beans and coffee for weeks at a time.

The water in the "scuttle butts" (drinking fountains) was always warm until ice machines came into general use around 1900.

The old system of messing was also different. Each division, group or gang, had its mess petty officer who bought their food and turned it over to the mess cook, who took it to the galley and cooked it himself. At dinner time a tarpaulin was placed on the deck and the crew ate—no tables or benches were used.

And this was in the "good old days." Give me the more bountiful present days and make me thankful.

—John H. Clifford.

# "Ces Femmes"

By IG



Oh boy, these  
Women! I  
Met a nice little  
Gurul the other  
Night at  
A party, and we  
Were sitting talking  
When she  
Happened to mention  
The Einstein  
Theory;  
So I began to  
Explain the  
Meaning of Relativity,  
Or as near  
The meaning as  
Anyone  
Outside of Mister  
Einstein ever got.  
We were getting  
Along famously,  
And I  
Was showing the  
Connection  
Of  
The Theory to  
Spiritualism, and she  
Was watching me  
Intently, when  
Suddenly she laid  
Her hand on my arm  
And murmured, "Oh,  
Eddie, don't you  
Just love to  
Run a  
Motor boat?"  
Women?  
Yah!



My girl (my  
Special girl) says  
She hopes we  
Do get the  
New roll  
Collars  
Because then she  
Won't keep  
Catching  
Her hair on our  
Ornaments.  
Our ornaments!  
Ugh!



Women!  
I was invited to  
A girl's place  
In the suburbs for  
A house party.  
The day before I  
Was to leave  
Something went  
Wrong with the  
Railroad,  
So I telegraphed  
Her:  
"Washout on  
Line. Can't come.  
Sorry."  
She wired  
Back:  
"Come  
Anyway. Borrow  
A shirt."  
These women!



My buddy, an  
Awful dumb  
Guy,  
Came up to me  
Today and  
Said: "Say, Eddie,  
You ought to put  
The light out  
Behind

You when you kiss  
Your girl  
In front of a  
Window. I  
Saw you last  
Night!" Huh!  
Didn't I say he  
Was dumb? I  
Wasn't there last  
Night!



Had a funny  
Experience at the  
Last  
Post Dance. I  
Had been pilotin'  
A lot of  
Gum-bouncers  
Around the floor, and  
Was taking a  
Minute  
To rest.  
Well, in the shadow  
Of the corner  
Behind me I  
Heard  
A girl say, "No,  
John, no  
More." So I  
Thought to myself  
I'd better be  
Moving.  
On the other hand  
This might  
Be Worth hearing, so  
I stayed.  
Then a man's  
Voice says, "Please,  
Can't I have just  
One?" But  
The  
Girl comes back,  
"No, I gave you  
Five  
Yesterday."  
So I was deciding  
I  
Must get introduced  
To this young  
Lady, when  
From out the  
Corner who should  
Come but  
Brown, the Company  
Clerk, and  
His  
Wife, who handles all  
The money!  
Can you beat it?

## THE LEATHERNECK



Pioneers! The Graham Brothers Truck and its hardy crew which opened the way from Central to Southern Peru.

## Trucks That Come Through

Enlist Graham Brothers Trucks for extra hard jobs that take unyielding endurance and they *come through*.

That is the way they are behaving the world over. They have blazed a trail over the Andes, the first trip ever made on wheels between Lima and Arequipa, Peru. They won high honors in a "Bad Roads" test in Russia. They have replaced many camels in Australia.

It's the extra power, extra strength, extra capacity for hard work that counts big in truck service.

That is why Graham Brothers Trucks have been enlisted in the service of the U. S. Marine Corps. Like Dodge Brothers Motor Cars that have served Marines so faithfully, they are dependable.

Graham Brothers Trucks, with Dodge Brothers  $\frac{3}{4}$ -Ton Commercial Cars, meet 90% of all hauling requirements.

1-Ton Chassis (G-BOY) . . .	\$ 885
1½-Ton Chassis . . .	1245
2-Ton Low Chassis . . .	1445

f. o. b. Detroit

GRAHAM BROTHERS  
Evansville - DETROIT - Stockton  
A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, INC.  
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED - TORONTO, ONTARIO

# GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY  
DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS  
EVERYWHERE



## THE LEATHERNECK



### SCENES FROM DOVER, NEW JERSEY

- (1) Building wreckage near the scene of the first explosion.
- (2) All that remains of the Marine Barracks.
- (3) Doc Clifford was soon on the scene, he is shown here with a friend viewing the devastated area.
- (4) Note how the bricks in the wall were melted together by the intense heat.
- (5) This machine, standing near the first explosion was hurled 250 feet through the air.
- (6) Buildings wrecked one mile away, note the distant hills smoldering.

—Photographs Submitted by Doc Clifford



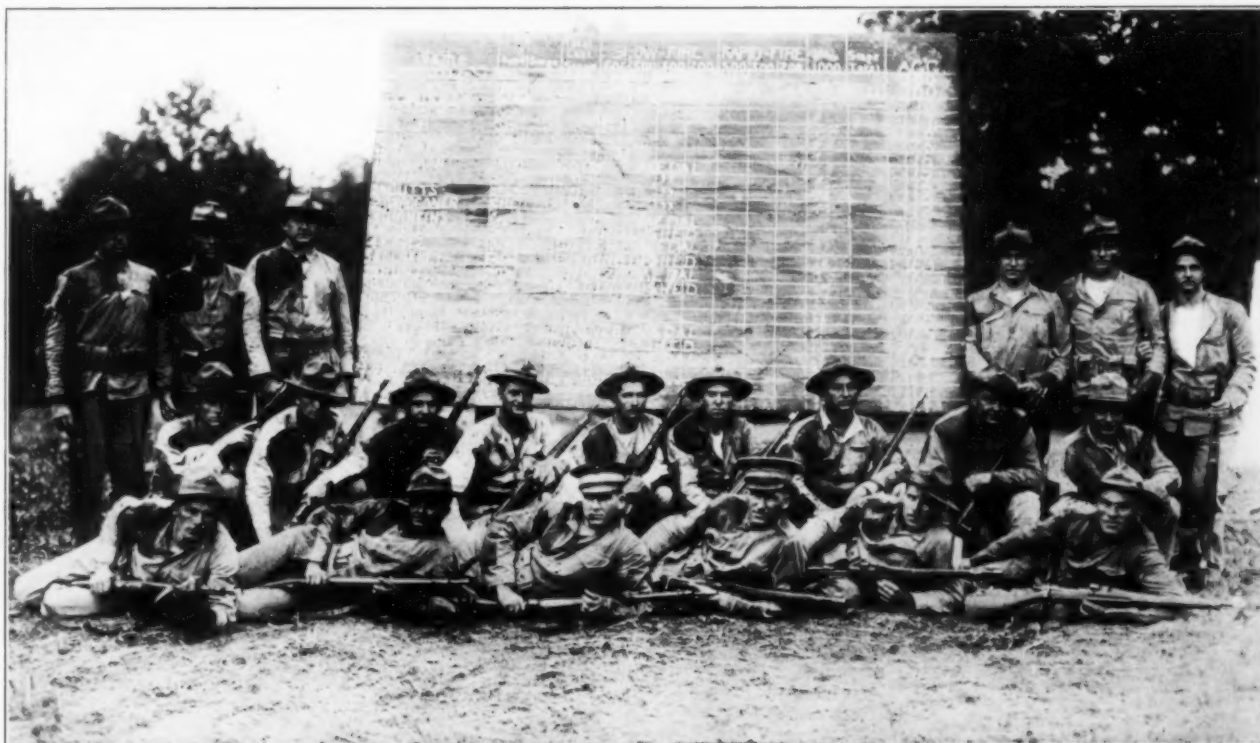
The Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh"

Story on Page Twenty-nine

## THE LEATHERNECK



**TENTH REGIMENT:** Most completely motorized artillery unit in the country, attached to East Coast Expeditionary Force; is at Camp Meade, Maryland, until September 7th for their annual target and training practice. Col. Harry R. Lay, U. S. M. C., commanding.



The score board tells the tale. Winners of Division matches from all parts of the world, assembled for the annual Marine Corps Matches just shot off at Quantico, Va. Pvt. E. Russell, U. S. M. C., of San Diego, and Cpl. R. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C., of Parris Island, tied for high score with 780 out of a possible 800 at all ranges.

—Photo by Underwood and Underwood

# The Service Club — Philadelphia

**THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB** of Philadelphia, founded and maintained by patriotic citizens of that city, offers recreation, substantial meals, and sleeping accommodations at moderate cost to enlisted men of all branches of the United States Military and Naval Services.

Many are the times that a Marine has found himself on liberty or detached duty in a city or town, and at a loss for comfortable, homelike quarters. Those of you who fall into such a predicament in Philadelphia will have every wish fulfilled by paying a visit to the United Service Club. This club, operated solely for the comfort and convenience of the enlisted men of the three services, is situated at the northwest corner of Ninth and Clinton Streets. Clinton Street runs between Spruce and Pine, and only extends from Ninth to Eleventh Streets. It is just across Ninth Street from the Pennsylvania Hospital. The entrance is at 901 Clinton Street, and the name is over the front door. The Club is open all night, and all service men are welcome.

A well preserved three-story building of the old type, it harbors all the conveniences and comforts of a modern hostelry at rates within the reach of every one. There are three large and airy dormitories where a peaceful and



The Club House, Northwest Corner of Ninth and Clinton Streets, Philadelphia—  
All Service Men Welcome



Members of the Three Services Enjoying a Game in One of the Club Rooms

comfortable night can be spent; and if a guest should desire more privacy, he can obtain one of the private rooms upon request.

For amusement the club maintains a billiard room, a reading room, a conservatory, and a large lobby where a pleasant afternoon can be spent and congenial buddies always found.

Another added convenience is that meals of elegant home cooking at extremely reasonable rates are served three times a day in a large and pleasant dining room.

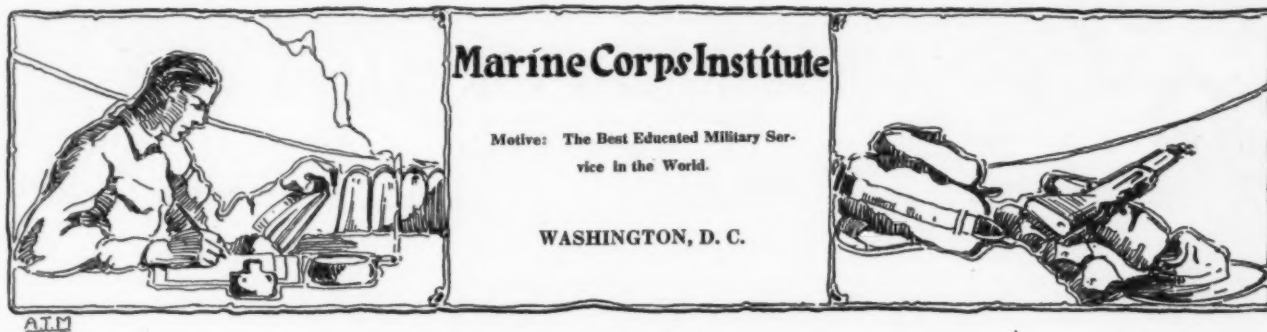
The United Service Club provides regular entertainments as follows:

Wednesday evenings: Informal dancing, music and games. Dancing class from 7:45 to 8:30 p. m. Members may bring ladies on Wednesday evenings.

Saturday evenings: 8:30 to 11:00 p. m., dancing and refreshments. The young ladies who attend these dances are all members of the Hospital Auxiliary, and no others will be admitted. Admission for service men not members of club, twenty-five cents.

Sunday afternoons: Ladies of the Hospital Auxiliary will receive informally in the hostess room. Music, coffee, and cake. A cordial welcome to every service man; and club members may bring lady guests. No charges.





## August 14, 1926—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled	7,652
Total number enrolled since last report	523
Total number disenrolled since last report	495
Number examination papers received during period	4,070
Number examination papers received during year	35,841
Total number graduates to date	3,101

## Opportunity and the Automobile

To the question, "Are there as many opportunities now for success as there used to be?" the answer is "TEN TIMES AS MANY, a hundred times as many." KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. Watch for a chance to do better work and more of it, instead of seeking the chance to escape work. Watch for opportunity, and seize it when it appears. IT WILL APPEAR if you will watch for it.

As OLD FATHER TIME, who walks out of the picture in daily life, says, "I never return." The hour that you spend now will never come back, and your life, by that hour, is just so much shorter. The MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE offers a Marine the chance to utilize his spare time in study. The Automobile Industry has open doors for the trained man. Do you desire to fill one of these paying positions?

### Automobile Courses

The complete Automobile Course, Class Letters (MVX), includes fifty-six (56) textbooks, and a final examination. This course covers every phase of the care and repair of the automobile, mechanically and electrically. The constant addition of new textbooks to this course, keeping it abreast of the ingenious advances of Automotivedom, make it a profitable and interesting study for the man who intends to follow the automobile game in a general way. The course is written in a very simple and comprehensive form taking into consideration the nomenclature and mechanism of the automobile step-by-step, and showing by

illustrations how the various reciprocating parts work in conjunction. Equally well this course covers and embraces the electrical repairing of automobiles. The important position held by the automobile as a common necessity in our daily life is obvious. It is necessary that all owners and prospective owners know something about this marvelous machine. On many occasions mechanical and electrical troubles develop about the automobile. These troubles may be minor or serious, but, in any case, if a man knows something regarding his car, he might be able to make his own repairs, getting to his destination without the expense of aid, a fact which should prompt any man who is a car owner to take some good course dealing with this subject.

The Automobile Electric Equipment Course, Class Letters (MVS), comprises twenty-eight textbooks, and a final examination. This course serves to acquaint one with the electrical parts of the automobile in conjunction with the mechanical parts. It fits one especially for electrical work. Any one who knows anything about electricity and the automobile knows the need of understanding in this direction.

This phase of the automobile is not only important but also very interesting. It often happens that some electrical device gets out of adjustment or some of its parts are out of order, requiring only slight adjustment. Such defects one will be enabled to overcome by a thorough study of this course. The car

owner pays out good money for the little things he could do himself if he would utilize his spare time in study about his machine, a machine which seems almost human when one knows about its innermost working parts. For the electrical expert, there is always a job waiting. Prepare yourself for this job during your spare time.

A new and up-to-date course is the Automobile Mechanic's Class Letters (MMA). This course is a continuation of the study of automobiles, taking into consideration the more complex repairing, and rebuilding. From the Complete Automobile Course described above, one will be greatly enriched in knowledge and ability, but, by mastering this course, the parts and more difficult repairs can be made. It is however, a difficult course for one who has not had some study and experience in the automobile game; therefore, it is especially recommended for those who have graduated from the MVX & MVS courses.

The fact that any Marine can take up the study of any one of the above courses free of charge should be incentive enough for him to enroll. Fill in the blank below and forward it to us without delay. The longer you wait, the further behind you will be in the race. Your instructors wait with eagerness to serve you. Why not take advantage of this opportunity?

JESSE W. COLEMAN,  
Principal, School of  
Complete Automobile.

### MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE.....COURSE.

Rank

Name

Organization

Place



A.T.M.

## BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

At the present time, the Fairfield County Detachment of the Marine Corps League has a membership of about thirty, and is still growing. This is one of the newest organizations and is making good headway. The following resolutions were passed at the last meeting:

(a) That all members of this detachment, some of whom saw service at "Lake Denmark," join the Commandant and all members of the Corps in their sympathy with those who were bereaved by the late disaster at Lake Denmark.

(b) That we are all proud of the spirit shown by the valiant men of the Marine Corps who were on duty or in the vicinity of the Depot when the disaster occurred.

(c) That now, as ever, the Corps of today is the home of the best of our country's fighting men.

(d) That brave men have been lost to the Corps because of the disaster but that the example set is worthy of all men to emulate.

(e) That we of the "Fairfield County" Detachment are proud to be able to say, "THEY WERE MARINES."

## WORCESTER, MASS.

The Detachment at Worcester is very lively and many new members have been taken in during the past month. The following was clipped from a local newspaper:

## Marine League to Meet July 30

"The Worcester detachment of the Marine Corps League will hold their first meeting at the Warren hotel on July 30. Dinner will be served to the members at 6:30, after which the election of the officers will take place.

"The arrangements of the meeting are in charge of Sergt. L. D. Ganzel, local recruiting officer for the Marine Corps, who is acting as paymaster of the league. Reservations have been made for about 40, but it is hoped that the membership will reach 75 before the meeting. Any ex-marine wishing to become a member may do so by communicating with Sergt. Ganzel.

"The following eight new members have been enlisted during the past week: Ivan E. Bigley, Clarence Hill, Charles A. Lisotte, Harry A. Wiedman, Frank Nadler, Thomas Callahan, Berton C. Lowe and Merrill Hutchinson."

## ELSMERE, N. Y.

The name of the local detachment of the Marine Corps League was changed at our last regular meeting to the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment.

## PITTSBURGH, PA.

We have taken eight new members into our organization since the last issue of The Leatherneck.

We are expecting to get our allotment to the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund in to national headquarters at as early a date as possible. We have over one hundred dollars of it accumulated already, and have more money coming in from a benefit smoker that we gave for the fund.

A summer schedule is in force now for meetings, and we meet only about once a month, unless something special comes up. We are continuing to grow, and our policy is "Never Fail." We are behind the League one hundred per cent, and regret very much to note the poor standings of some of the detachments. This we cannot understand as it should be every ex-Marine's desire to become a member of an organization that is purely of a Marine Corps nature.

## PUEBLO, COLO.

A detachment of the Marine Corps League has just been organized here, and has been awarded a charter by National Headquarters. It is known as the Diggory Detachment—named for Glenn Diggory, who served overseas with the Marines and who was drowned at Pueblo, his home, after having been mustered out of the service.

## WICHITA, KANS.

The paymaster of the Samuel Copeland Detachment of this city has recently sent in the national dues for members of his detachment, and informs us that everything is going along smoothly in his corner of the League.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

The local detachment is conducting an extensive drive for new members, and ought to come through with flying colors. Chicago should be a good field for Marine Corps League activity, and with the

present enthusiastic members behind the drive we expect to have some very good news in the near future. A dance will be given in the near future for the purpose of raising Chicago's allotment of the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund.

## PORTLAND, ORE.

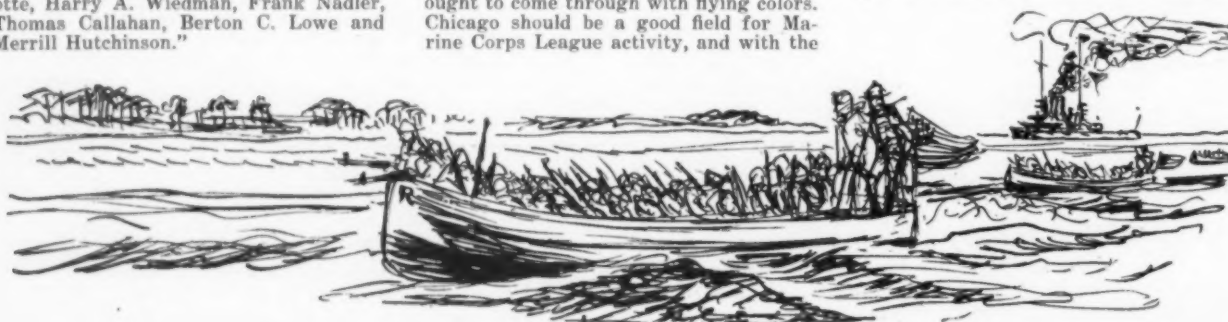
It has been some time since the Albert Lincoln Harlow Detachment has had any space in our most interesting magazine and since we have been having our usual good times out here thought I would speak a little piece about them.

The new members are coming in regularly and we are hoping that by the time the year's membership awards are made we will draw the place held last year. The past two months out here have been quite strenuous with two dances and our second annual river excursion and picnic. The dances were very enjoyable and proved financial successes but in this letter will talk mostly about the River Excursion which took place on June 20th.

The river steamer "Madeline" with accommodations for three hundred twenty people was chartered and we shoved from the dock in Portland at 10:00 a. m., going up the Columbia River about 30 miles where we landed for four hours and during this time on the beach played baseball, ran races, had swimming and diving, a big picnic dinner, a tug of war, in fact all sports were entered into that go with a picnic. A four-piece orchestra furnished music for dancing while we were under way, and this coupled with a perfect day and a wonderful moonlight night was the hit of the excursion.

The merchants of Portland donated about 75 prizes ranging from a 22 dollar merchandise order to a dime, and these were distributed to prize winners and holders of lucky numbers on the way back to Portland where we landed at 10:30 p. m. Every minute of the twelve and a half hours were so thoroughly enjoyed that we are planning another for the middle of September.

We are again on the trail to success in the way of a suitable clubroom and we hope that the political situation out here will now permit the assignment of quarters aboard the U. S. S. "Oregon,"



which is now owned by the state. A letter was received recently by the Commandant of the Detachment saying that these quarters would be assigned the Marine Corps League at the next meeting of the board of control; however, we are not going to get excited about it until we actually take possession as our previous experience along these lines was a blow that was hard to weather.

At our next meeting the question of delegates to the National Convention is coming up and we hope to have at least two representatives there this year.

Our Commandant Captain Claude A. Larkin, now on duty in this Recruiting District, has received orders detaching him on August 2 and Vice Commandant R. M. Mount, U. S. M. C. R., will handle the reins until the end of the fiscal year.

We have had visitors from both the Seattle and Salt Lake Detachments in the past two weeks and have received some valuable suggestions from them in the way of bettering ourselves. Here's hoping more of them drop in.

This Detachment went on record, at a special meeting, as being in favor of the Marine Corps League taking over the custody of the Belleau Wood Memorial and plans are being made to take care of the assessment assigned us.

We still maintain the clubrooms described in previous notes and they are very comfortable, but won't be for long as we are having capacity attendance at all meetings even though it is the middle of summer.

A committee has been appointed to work out plans for a Rifle Club at the invitation of the National Rifle Association. The Oregon National Guard has extended to us the privilege of using their range which is one of the best in the United States and only fourteen miles from Portland. This is creating no end of excitement as those members who were expert riflemen maintain they are better shots than they were and the ones who went blind on record day claim perfect eyesight now. Pass the word for our old bunkie Corporal Shannon to stand by for a fall.

This is enuf exertion for one hot afternoon, so

Semper Fidelis,  
JOHN F. BOLLER,  
Sgt., U. S. M. C.

#### HOUSTON, TEXAS

The McLemore Marines Detachment have forwarded to National Headquarters a check in the amount of one hundred dollars covering a part of their allotment for the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund. Due to the fact that a number of the members are away on their vacations, it was impossible to send it all at once. They are out to capture certificate No. 2, however, and expect to have the remainder of the allotment in pronto.

#### ATLANTA, GA.

With a total paid-up membership of forty-five the Marcus W. Beck, Jr., Detachment of the Marine Corps League, located at Atlanta, Georgia, down in the



Membership Trophy which is to be awarded yearly to the detachment having on November First the greatest number of paid-up current memberships.

land of Sunshine, Stone Mountains and the home of Bobby Jones, is now striving hard to increase its membership to one hundred ex-Marines by the time of the National Convention, according to Captain J. M. Swinnerton, U. S. M. C., Detachment Commandant.

Commandant Swinnerton reports that plans for an extensive membership drive are now under way, and has appointed Dr. "Pull-em-out" Swanson chairman of the membership committee. Doc will have a number of "minute-men" and with these valuable assets he will endeavor to secure the membership of every ex-Marine or Marine residing within a hundred miles of Atlanta. The entertainment committee, composed of Comrades Parker and Anderson, two live wires of the Atlanta Detachment are making plans to surprise the members present at future meetings with programs of

song, music and other interesting events. Plans are also under way to organize a rifle club, and no doubt the United States at large will hear about the shooting ability of Georgians who once wore the natty uniform of a Marine, at future rifle meets. Then Comrade "Pop" Williams, who is cashier of the Red Rock Bottling Company, and another live wire of the Detachment is going to see that the boys drink Long Green and Red Rock at future meetings. Good Ole Pop has been donating cases of his drinks to the Detachment on several occasions, and he told the Commandant that "he was always a Marine—and the Marines could always have what he had" (and the Commandant took him at his word).

Steps are also being made to put over the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund, and in a few days or weeks the readers of The Leatherneck will see that the Mar-





cus W. Beck, Jr., Detachment is heart and soul in this patriotic move, by over-subscribing to its Detachment assessment. Reports at the present time from the Detachment Paymaster show the Detachment to be a few dollars back of the required amount, and this is offset by pledges which will more than put the Detachment over the top when the members make good the sums they pledged.

In order that readers of The Leatherneck may see "Who is Who" in the Atlanta Detachment, and some will no doubt find an old Buddy listed in the local membership, the Detachment roster is as follows:

Acree, A. A.; Albaugh, L. L.; Anderson, R. C.; Anglin, Howard L.; Baumgras, C. R.; (Adjutant); Bly, Jas.; Bragg, Geo. E.; Calvert, Bernice S.; Carrington, Paul T.; Chestnutt, John D.; Cranston, Anstey A.; Cartwright, C. W.; Cody, L. R.; Daniel, Daniel J.; Eidson, J. E.; Greer, Adial P.; Harris, Thomas C.; Herrly, A. J.; Hilderbrant, Elmer O.; Hudgings, Stanley S.; Jordy, Frederick, (Vice-Commandant); McDonald, Jud H.; Mattison, Richard; Moon, Robert R.; Moore, Dewey C.; Morgan, Howard E.; Neff, Paul A.; Parker, M. S.; Savage, H. C., Jr.; Schwab, William J.; Swinnerton, J. M., (Commandant); Sanford, J. W.; Swanson, E. C.; Turner, L. E.; Gordon, Robert W.; Watson, Frank B.; Waldrop, T. M., (Paymaster); Wright, J. T.; Williams, P. E.; Willard, M. A.; Wooten, George F.; Vaughan, Edgar S.; McGehee, Haskell T.; Benson, Matt.; Whiddon, Cecil V.; Golding, G. E.; Carter, Benjamin F.; Baggary, Ernest M.

Atlanta, Ga., June 30, 1926.

Captain J. M. Swinnerton,  
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Mr. Swinnerton: My family and myself wish to express our hearty thanks to you personally, and to the Marcus W. Beck, Jr., Detachment, United States Marine Corps League, for your kind remembrance and interest in our loved one, Ben Johnson Cope.

The beautiful wreath was a great surprise as well as a great satisfaction, and the spirit that prompted it was indeed that of brotherly love, and our hearts were deeply touched by this token of respect.

May the same sweet spirit always exist among the members of your organization.

Gratefully,

MRS. JULIA COPE.

186 Ponce de Leon Avenue,

Note: Sergeant Ben Johnson Cope, U. S. M. C., was in the Marine Corps during the World War, and was widely known as a publicity man, he having been Publicity Sergeant at Parris Island, S. C., in 1917 and 1918, and later on Publicity Sergeant of the Denver Rectg. District. He was a member of the International News Service at the time of his death. He was always a lover of the Marine Corps, and up until the time of his unexpected death, was devoted to the Soldiers of the sea.

## STATION FAG BROADCASTING

By Corporal I. Schneider.

Good evening, everybody!

Howinell are we ever going to get started on our "broadcast" when our mind is on the range and is not, as it should be, on this writing? We ask you! Most every one you see at the field is wearing one of the w. k. shooting blouses, decorated with the usual pads, etc., and toting a .30 on their shoulder. And every morning you see them, some 200 strong, board the trucks for the rifle range. Back in our office we can hear the continuous banging away of the rifles as they spit forth their bit during the rapid-firing shooting. Again we ask, howinell are we going to keep our mind on our work?

The officer personnel presents new faces and the return of one. Major C. A. Lutz is our new C. O., relieving Lieut. Colonel T. C. Turner. We are sorry to see Colonel Turner go. He was popular with the boys and he was a friend who will not soon be forgotten. When he left he did so with the well wishes of every member of this command.

Captain L. M. Bourne, Jr., returns. This time in the capacity of executive officer. We welcome him back into the fold and we pledge him our support.

Captain W. C. Byrd is a new member of the group, relieving Captain R. E. Williams, who has been detached to Headquarters Aviation Section. Captain "Bob" was a friend to every one at the field and we will miss him. Captain Byrd will assume the duties of adjutant.

Lieutenant Sanderson, the well known "Sandy" of football fame, is on leave and we hope he is enjoying his stay with his family.

In the play-off for the post championship, just as we predicted, the team representing the aviation group came out on top. The series was to be a three game affair with the championship going to the winner of two out of three games. But two games had to be played. And they were both won in handy fashion, although the going was not easy at any time. Colonel Turner was in the dug-out with the boys and he was perhaps the most enthusiastic of all aviation's enthusiastic rooters. He was with the players and he was every bit of him "one of the boys." We appreciated his interest and there can be no doubt in the colonel's mind why we rooted so strongly to win the championship for the organization of which he was the proud C. O.

The pitching of Starr, Van Buren, and Perkins, were outstanding features of the series, as were splendid playing on the part of Haddock, Buccina, Williams, Curry and others. Not to omit the hard

## POST NEWS—continued

work of our little "half-pint" Grivers. The roster of the players follows:

Van Buren, manager and pitcher, shortstop; Starr, pitcher; Perkins, pitcher; Grivers, Seiver, catchers; Haddock, first baseman; Williams, second baseman; Grayson, third baseman; Piner, Buccina and Curry, outfielders. To this add the splendid array of utility men, Novick, Kildow, Paskievicks, Butler, Rhodes, Wanamaker and others. We were with the boys and gave them our moral and vocal support. And we appreciate their willingness to win the championship for the aviation group and for the steady hard grind they put up with to win these honors. We say, three cheers for our team! Ray! Ray! Ray!

Colonel Turner gave the boys of the baseball team a blow-out at the Hostess House. It was a fried chicken dinner and one where the boys appeased their hunger. You see we'll let you in on a secret. Most of them had forsaken their regular "chow" so that they would have room enuf to put away all they could at the special feed. And they did put it away, too. Ask Jordan! He claims he had all of his thirty-two teeth doing duty and he was glad they were. What was that he said about the old colored woman down in Noo O'leans? Lieutenant Walker, our assistant athletic officer, presided at the chow. He made a spiel and stated that Colonel Turner was sorry that he could not be present. He also sounded the keynote for greater athletic accomplishments from the personnel of the field. You may all look forward to aviation group as being the leaders in the movement that was started in headquarters on a greater athletic policy.

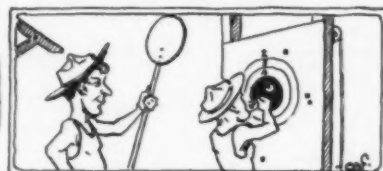
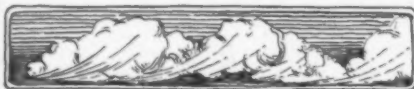
In the furtherance of athletics, we have Sergeant John Gerey and Private Laurens Claude training for the three-mile swim for the President's cup on August 28. Both of these men are expert swimmers and we look forward to their good showing at the races.

You see the rifle range can't get off our mind. Here we are thinking of Eddie Lund and "Sob" Hansen. They have returned to the field from Anacostia to shoot their fill.

We are going to miss "Pop" Berry. He is on detached duty with the Air Service Technical Schools at Rantoul, Ill., undergoing a course of instructions in aeronautical motors.

At last we are proud to announce that "Teddy" Gooding has gone into training. Now we can promise some action in the ring. With Teddy back at the old game and the others training, the aviation boxers are beginning an extensive campaign.

The embryo fliers, our student N. A. P.'s are doing well. Among them are Gunnery Sergeant Bransom, Sergeant Bridges, and Corporals Price, Nolan, Savage, Pabst, and Sievers. It won't be long now before they will be checking out and it won't be much longer until



they will be wearing their "wings." Good luck to you, boys!

Lest the reader be misled we wish to announce that Lieutenant Sanderson is C. O. of what at one time was known as "C" flight and not "D" flight as the "Plane Observer" of "Brown Bugius" related in his first article in the August issue. And we welcome the "Plane Observer" in our ranks, for with his aid we shall endeavor to broadcast to the corps the news and incidents that take place in aviation in general, and at this field in particular.

Station F. A. G. signing off!  
Good night, everybody!

### "THE DOVER DISASTER"

#### Tragedy—Irritability of Divine Power— Pathos—Bravery—Semper Fidelis.

The catastrophe at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, New Jersey, occurring on the evening of Saturday, July 10, 1926, is now a matter of history to the world in general.

How differently is it looked upon in the homes of the marines who lost their lives, whose existence was snuffed out with the least warning, just as quickly as you might blow out a small lighted candle with your breath; or who were injured more or less seriously, and are in most instances still in hospitals recovering under expert medical care and attention.

Last reports received at Marine Corps Headquarters indicate ten fatalities, one commissioned officer, and nine enlisted men. Their names are added to the many who have "gone West" in the line of duty; have become a part of the archives, which bear the names of many other heroes who sacrificed themselves freely in upholding the glorious traditions of the Marine Corps; "Semper Fidelis" they lived and died.

A list of the dead follows:

Captain Burwell Hayden Clarke, Private First Class Henry Damian Mackert, Jr.; Private Orlando Milanchton Alfson, Private Virgle Chalmer Barker, Private Ralph Van Pelt Graham, Private Maurice Robert Hardaker, Private John Wilson Monroe, Private Ernest Powell, Private Carl Weber, Trumpeter Mason Dewilton Eidson.

I desire to extend to the various friends of Mrs. Joyce and myself my sincerest thanks and appreciation for their splendid tributes of sympathy and actions in my bereavement on the death of Mrs. Joyce, the 19th instant.

I pray to God to keep the grim reaper away from their doors and those of their beloved ones for many a year.

Most graciously,  
THOS. F. JOYCE,  
Captain U. S. Marine Corps.

Bravery in the face of the enemy—and what worse enemy could there have been than terrifying, devastating fire, aided and abetted by fierce, uncontrolled explosions of high-test ammunition, in huge quantities; this is quoted from a report, and surely it was real bravery:

"Captain Clarke, who commanded the marine detachment at Dover, N. J., was last seen leading the marines who were fighting the spread of fire which was caused by a bolt of lightning."

"Man proposes and God disposes"; how well this was exemplified when we realize that the naval ammunition depot at Dover was regarded as splendidly located, unusually free from danger of accident; but who could reckon with, or prepare suitable protection against a bolt of lightning, loosed by the Almighty!

Two hundred marines were hurriedly despatched from Quantico, and worked, guarded, and did everything within their power to relieve their buddies, and all uninjured members of the barracks detachment were sent to the Marine Barracks at New York, the injured to various hospitals, and the dead both military and civil, to New York City for identification.

Only through the use of fingerprints, dental charts, and personal descriptive lists, was it possible to make positive identification in some instances, of the burned, disfigured bodies, or fragments, and a member of the headquarters organization, skilled in such duty, furnished with all available records, was sent by airplane to the scene, for the purpose.

It is gratifying to learn that the City

of Dover, collectively and individually, officially, fraternally, and through its civic organizations, plunged into the task of relieving suffering, physical and mental, caring for the families of the victims, sharing their homes and food during the first horrible hours.

Three of the brave boys now rest in the beautiful National Cemetery at Arlington, where they were buried with impressive military ceremony, and the beautiful Stars and Stripes which accompanied the body was in each instance forwarded to the next of kin. The other bodies were sent as directed by the families, and in most instances it was possible to render military honors at the grave.

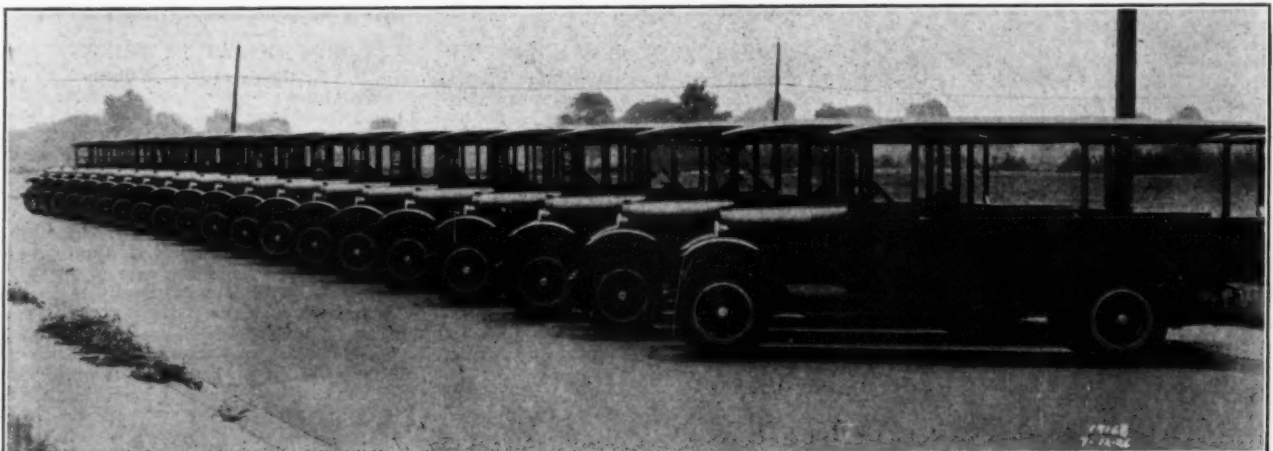
The wide, wide world, with its fresh sensation every day, has pigeon-holed the Dover disaster, but not so the Marine Corps; the financial angle will be disposed of in time, the question of rebuilding will be purely routine, but the inspiring record of self-sacrifice in line of duty, that is another thing; another page of glorious history, to be treasured and preserved for the guidance of future generations; one more example of the esprit-de-corps of which we are so proud. "Semper Fidelis."

#### WANT TUNNEY TO TRAIN AT MARINE CORPS CAMP

Gene Tunney has been invited to make his training quarters at the camp of the 43rd Company of U. S. Marines who are attending the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition here.

When it was announced that the Dempsey-Tunney battle probably would be staged in the Municipal Stadium at the Sesqui grounds, Captain Louis E. Fagan, commanding the Marines, placed the facilities of the camp at the disposal of the former sea soldier.

Gene began to box when he was a "rookie" at the training camp of the Marines, Parris Island, S. C., in 1918. He made his first bid for fame overseas, when he defeated Bob Martin, champion of the A. E. F. Since then, Marines all over the world have been boosters for their former Greenwich Village buddy, while Tunney himself states that the real beginning of his boxing career was in the Marine Corps.



Twenty Graham Brothers one-half ton trucks, manufactured by Dodge Brothers, Inc., recently delivered to the Marine Corps for use all over the country

## DOINGS OF THE SCOUTING FLEET MARINE BATTALION ASHORE

By P. J. Wagner

Greetings to the ever increasing "Leatherneck" family! The sixty-six men comprising the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Utah," a part of the U. S. Scouting Fleet Marine Battalion are on the beach, while their ship is on the annual Midshipmen's Cruise. We arrived at Glen Burnie, Md., June 1, 1926, and expect to return to our ships approximately August 26, 1926.

This Battalion is comprised of three separate Marine Detachments from the U. S. S. "New York," U. S. S. "Utah," and U. S. S. "Wyoming." Also we have had three details of men from the U. S. S. "Arkansas," (now at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.), who were sent down to fire the Army Course for qualification in rifle and pistol.

The Commanding Officer of the Battalion is Major L. A. Clapp, U. S. M. C., who was in command when we were here last year. Captain T. B. Gale and Second Lieut. C. F. Cresswell are the officers attached to the U. S. S. "New York," Captain R. C. Anthony and Second Lieut. St. J. R. Marshall are attached to the U. S. S. "Utah," and Captain Field Harris and Second Lieut. Robert B. Payne are attached to the U. S. S. "Wyoming."

We have as executive officer, Captain Gale; as Post Adjutant, Second Lieut. Cresswell (who was Post Adjutant last year), and as Acting Assistant Quartermaster, First Lieut. Ralph C. Battin, ably aided by Quartermaster Sergeant William R. Rape and clerk.

The town of Glen Burnie, Md., is situated about eighteen miles from Annapolis, Md., and about twelve miles from Baltimore, Md., on the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railroad. The Marine encampment is situated on the Maryland State Rifle Range, about one-half mile from the town of Glen Burnie proper, on a slight rise of ground, giving good drainage. The soil is light and sandy, much the same as at Parris Island, S. C., which all will doubtless recall.

We have a fine water supply at all times from two deep wells, the water from which is pumped up into a large gravity tank and distributed through pipes over the camp. We are of course quartered temporarily in tents, but the National Guard property consists of several old barracks, now converted into storerooms and garages, a good Headquarters building, where a caretaker resides, a recreation building, bath house, mess halls, and so forth. Electric light and power for the water plant is supplied through a large transformer from the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railway Company.

During the three months period of our stay many different problems, drills and exercises are being worked out. Hikes, range and target designation,

methods of scouting and patrolling under simulated war conditions, signalling, and of course practice with the rifle, pistol, and automatic rifle, all have a place in the schedule laid out for us.

Swimming, baseball, volley ball and other forms of athletics are encouraged. A baseball schedule has been worked out between the different detachments having as its reward the handsome cup, presented for competition among the different detachments of the Scouting Fleet by the Maryland State Rifle Association, at present held by the U. S. S. "New York" Detachment. The outcome of this series of games will be announced in a later article. Boxing and running have their devotees, and almost every day men can be seen going out on the road, or putting on the gloves for a friendly bout.

As for the good chow, well, we have them all beaten. Being situated as we are right in the garden spot of the East Coast, everything in the vegetable line is right at our door, and our mess sergeant and cooks are second to none. And how the fellows do eat! But there are always plenty of seconds for everyone.

The 26th of this month (August) will find us en route to Annapolis, Md., where we will embark upon our respective ships and terminate our very pleasant stay at Glen Burnie. The "Utah," "New York" and "Wyoming" are all due for conversion and modernization, under the modernization program authorized by Congress last year. The "New York" will follow the "Texas" at the Norfolk Navy Yard, the "Utah" will follow the "Florida" at the Boston Navy Yard, and the "Wyoming" will follow the "Arkansas" at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, according to the latest word received. We shall always remember the pleasant change of environment and recreation afforded by our stay at Glen Burnie.

### U. S. M. C. BAND ALLOWANCES

The Comptroller holds that the provisions of the Army Appropriations Act authorizing continuance of allowances for quarters and subsistence to enlisted men of the Army and members of the U. S. Army Band while sick in hospital or absent from their permanent stations on a pay status is not applicable to enlisted men of the Marine Corps or to the U. S. M. C. Band.

### MARINE IN NEW ROLE

Former First Sergeant William Brown, U. S. M. C., is the new superintendent of the Cook County Jail, Chicago. His assistant is former Sergeant John Knudson, U. S. A. The two ex-service men were appointed to office by Sheriff Peter Hoffman, after Superintendent Springer was discharged. During Springer's regime prisoners appeared in court in an intoxicated condition, and it was alleged that liquor was being peddled in the jail. Superintendent Brown declares that no such a condition will exist hereafter.

## THE CAVALRYMAN'S CUP AND THE MARINE CUP

There is quite a bit of sentiment attached to the history of the Cavalryman's Cup and the Marine Cup. The former is presented annually during the National Matches to the member of the U. S. Cavalry making the highest score in the President's Match, while the latter is presented to the member of the Marine Corps making the highest score in the same match.

It appears that during the firing of the skirmish run in the National Team Match at Camp Perry, Ohio, in 1910 some one standing in rear of the Marine Corps team made some remarks in regard to the first shots fired which were held to violate the rule prohibiting coaching, and the Marine Corps team was disqualified by the Executive Officer of the Matches.

The score made by the Marine Corps team put them in second place and just above the Cavalry team. The Cavalry team as an expression of good will made a request that the score of the Marine Corps team be counted for record, and after consideration by the National Board for the promotion of Rifle Practice this was approved. In appreciation of this action on the part of the Cavalry team the Marine Corps presented a cup to be awarded annually to the cavalryman making the highest score in the President's Match. This incident has had a considerable influence in promoting good feeling and cooperation between the two Services.

The Cavalry in turn for the very courteous and splendid act on the part of the Marine Corps, purchased a trophy known as the Marine Cup to be presented to the member of the Marine Corps making the highest score in the same match.

The Chief of Cavalry, in a letter to the Major General Commandant, informing him of the Cavalry's action stated that the Cavalry Service has for a long time had a great admiration for the Marine Corps; that its discipline and esprit de corps are so well known as to always call for words of highest praise. In concluding he said that the Marine Corps' record during the World War but adds to their already splendid reputation, and the incident of presenting the cup to the Cavalry is but an act to be expected of such a splendid body of men.

### FROM THE ATTEM ARIZONA

By Corporal D. E. Ellison

We haven't broken into the news columns in a long while. This is an attempt to restore our good standing in the LEATHERNECK once more, so here we go.

Corporal Clifford Cheshire was recently promoted from the rate of private to that of corporal. Corporal Glenn A. Phillips and Corporal Phillip R. Hade were also promoted from the rate of private first class to that of corporal.

The famous slogan of the Marine Corps,





"the marines have landed and have the situation well in hand," has been liberally introduced to the natives of Port Angeles within the past month. We've had landing parties galore, but at that they are not so bad, as that is principally a marine's duties aboard ship.

We have been having some extensive gunnery drills in the past two weeks in preparation for short range battle practice. This practice, although fired first, is the culmination of the gunnery year, as this is the time we strive for records and last, but not least, prize money.

The Arizona detachment has held the record of the U. S. Navy the last two years, and we hope to repeat again this year. The highest score ever made by a five-inch, fifty-one calibre gun, was made by gun eight last year. Sergeant A. S. Howard was gun captain. Gun ten also has a white E with a hash mark. From all appearances both guns are due to repeat again this year.

In athletics we have shown our heels to the other divisions on the ship, on the way back from Panama. There were a series of smokers to determine the division champions in all deck sports. The marines crashed through as only marines can.

Here is the secret for some of the old timers who remember Sergeant James W. Scott. He is rumored to be in love again. He denies it, but he says that he is going out on sixteen. You can guess the rest.

Corporal Palmateer is in love again. We don't know who she is, but we have an idea that she lives in Bellingham. Any way, that is the only town that he can talk about at present.

#### N. R. A. MATCHES AT SEAGIRT

Nearly all the important matches of the National Rifle Association of America will be shot at Seagirt, N. J., from September 4 to 14, inclusive, under the direction of Brig. Gen. Bird W. Spencer, of New Jersey, who will be assisted by Brig. Gen. M. A. Reckord, executive secretary of the N. R. A.; Col. Douglas C. McDougal, U. S. M. C.; Col. A. J. Macnab, U. S. N., and other well known officers.

That these matches were finally arranged for was due to the efforts of General Reckord, General Spencer, Major L. W. T. Waller, Jr., U. S. M. C.; Maj. Gen. C. C. Williams, U. S. A.; Col. A. J. Macnab, U. S. A., and Lt. Col. Townsend Whelen, U. S. A.; Major Julian S. Hatcher, U. S. A., and other officers.

The N. R. A. trophy matches to be shot include the following:

President's Match, the Enlisted Men's Team Match, Championship Regimental Team Match, Navy Match, Roumanian Trophy Match, Palma Trophy Match, Leech Cup Match, Marine Corps Match, Wimbledon Cup Match, N. R. A. Individual Free Rifle Match, and Herrick Trophy Match.

In addition there will be a variety of small-bore and pistol matches, including the classic international Dewar Trophy Match, which has been won by the United States in every competition held since 1912.

In addition to the trophy matches there will be the usual fall matches of the New Jersey Rifle Association, which carry, in addition to medals and trophies, generous cash prizes. There also will be four Sesqui-Centennial Matches, which

will parallel the National Individual, the National Team and the National Pistol matches. These will have separate trophies and probably will carry generous cash prizes in addition.

#### MARINES WIN ALL CONTESTS

In the first and second days' shoot at the competitions at Wakefield, Mass., the U. S. Marines won all matches they entered, as follows: Military Order World War match, won by Gunnery Sergt. Raymond O. Coulter. Ratingan match won by Private Paul E. Woods. Malley match won by Sergt. Major Leo P. Cartier. Nagle match won by Private Russell B. Seitzinger.

Army Ordnance match, won by Sergeants Eugene H. Odom and Albert S. French. Neider match, won by Sergt. Eugene H. Odom. Estabrook match, won by Private Russell H. Seitzinger with a score of 50, plus 16 bull's eyes. Cummings match, won by Private Russell H. Seitzinger.

#### U. S. M. C. APPOINTMENT RULING

An appointment as a temporary Second Lt., U. S. M. C., on September 17, 1917, was considered by the Comptroller as the first appointment of Capt. F. R. Armistead, U. S. M. C., to the permanent service in deciding against that officer's claim for the difference between pay of the third and pay of the second period from August 5, 1925, to January 31, 1926.

Capt. Armistead claimed that his appointment as First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps, March 21, 1921, was his first "permanent appointment in the permanent service." The Comptroller states that, in his opinion the law does not provide for the first "permanent appointment" but only for the first appointment in the permanent service and that the increase of the Marine Corps in 1917 and the addition of temporary officers was an increase in the "permanent service."

#### EXAMINATION OF NONCOMS

The first examination of noncommissioned officers preliminary to inscription on the eligible list for appointment as commissioned and warrant officers in the Marine Corps Reserve in case of war will be held on October 11, 1926.

Only those noncommissioned officers in whose cases recommendations have been received at Headquarters Marine Corps and have been submitted to the Examination Board for action by September 1, 1926, will be examined on October 11, 1926. Noncommissioned officers in whose cases recommendations are received after September 1, 1926, or are submitted to the Examining Board after that date will be examined at a later examination, the date of which will be announced at the proper time.

#### U. S. VETERANS' BUREAU

Gen. Frank T. Hines, director, United States Veterans' Bureau, has announced the establishment of a Legal Service, combining the former activities of the Guardianship Service and the Office of the General Counsel.

The amendment to the World War Veterans' Act, approved July 2, 1926, places additional duties and responsibility upon the Director of the Veteran's Bureau. (Continued on page 51)

## 4 out of 5 are victims

Whether you are a Marine or a civilian, your gums are the keys to health. Why pay the price of neglect? Keep your gums healthy and strong, then your teeth will not suffer the penalties of Pyorrhea.

Forhan's is a safe, efficient, pleasant tasting dentifrice and its daily use counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria.

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going regularly to the dentist and using Forhan's twice a day—it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps your mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

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More than a tooth paste  
—it checks Pyorrhea



#### NON-COM LIQUID POLISH

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Especially adapted to the needs of  
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# GRID SQUAD AT DURHAM, N. H.

## CORPS' ELEVEN STARTS TRAINING PERIOD

### Alternate Backfields Planned for This Year's Team

For the first time in the history of Marine Corps football, this year's grid squad will be assembled outside of Quantico for its pre-season training. On September 1, approximately forty men, under Head Coach Keady, will gather at Durham, New Hampshire, for three weeks of intensive training before the start of a pretentious schedule. Climatic conditions so greatly hindered the progress of last year's team in its training, that in order to avoid a recurrence this year, it was decided that the football squad should spend its training period in a cooler locality.

Among the large squad who have been ordered to report in September for training are many new faces, although the majority are veterans of last year's team. Coach Keady has decided to develop two or three complete backfields which he will use as the situation demands. These are tactics similar to those used by Rockne in previous years and which brought the Indiana College mentor fame. A heavy, well-balanced regular backfield will undoubtedly start each game to feel out the opposition, and where it is stiff, a substitute backfield will be thrown in around the second quarter to wear down the opposition, followed later by a fast "pony quartet" with speed and elusive qualities in carrying the ball. Conditions and developments met in training, however, may alter these plans. It will be remembered that from the start of the season up until the Catholic U. game last year, sickness, injury, and other unforeseen circumstances crippled the Marine backfield, with the result that the team suffered greatly in functioning. A well trained second and third reserve set of pigskin carriers will eliminate a possible repetition this year.

In the promising backfield material for this season are the veterans Jack McQuade, Ed Pugh, Bozo Duncan, of last year's team, and Ryckman of West Coast fame who is being brought East to strengthen this combination. Another, Woods, who shone brightly last year with Ryckman at Diego undoubtedly will be on hand for training. A new addition to the backfield this year will be Lieutenant Troxell, recently commissioned from the University of Maryland where he enjoyed an excellent reputation as a moleskin carrier. The first man whom Coach Keady has in mind as a member of his "light" backfield is "Whiz Bang" Levy of Parris Island. Levy is reputed to be extremely fast, a ball carrier who picks his holes and of untiring ability. His work on the Parris Island eleven last year created a sensation throughout the South. His cohorts behind the line will be named at a future date.

### Keady Leaves to Prepare Football Camp

IMMEDIATELY following the last game of the Service Baseball Championship games held at Philly the middle of August, Coach Tom Keady left for Durham, New Hampshire to make final preparations at the training camp of the Marine Corps grid team.

No stone has been left undone to arrange comfortable quarters for the squad during its stay at Durham and the squad will receive the best of attention during their training for the coming season. The latest equipment; the best of food and a wonderful climate will all aid in putting the marine gridders in tip-top shape for the first game.

This year's line will have an important vacancy caused by the absence of Lieutenant McHenry who has been transferred to San Diego to coach this year's eleven. The berth for center will be closely contested for by Lieutenant Bailey, Spalding, and Dahlgren, the latter a recent recruit who last year was all-scholastic center for California. Dahlgren, whose weight is around 175, is a heady player who can use his weight in the line to excellent advantage.

Two other linemen who may be called upon to qualify for regular berths are Lieutenants Walter Troxell and Pat Lanigan, both recently commissioned from the University of Maryland. Lanigan shown to a high degree last fall with the Old Liners and his style may appeal to Coach Keady, who is after a "light-heavy" line this season.

Jack McQuade is expected to have his greatest year with a Marine eleven. Injuries sustained early last season in a railroad wreck just outside of Quantico hindered the big half back the remainder of the season, although he stood out as a star in many of the late season games. With the loss of Johnny Groves last year, McQuade was called upon to do the booting and fared fairly well considering the fact that it was a little out of his specialty. A man with an educated toe is being sought by Keady who has always realized the necessity of a sweet kicker in tight places.

Ed Pugh, another Maryland man who has made good on a Leatherneck grid team, will be out for a regular berth in the backfield. Pugh's outstanding feat of last season was his eighty-yard run in the Georgetown game. His speed has always aided him in the past and pre-season rumors have it that he is in better shape this year.

Ryckman is being brought East to fill the vacancy caused by Henry's ineligibility to play. Under the three-year

(Continued on next page, Col. 1)

## SAN DIEGO LOSES FAMOUS ATHLETIC OFFICER

### Captain Lott Relieved by Captain Hunt—May Be Brought East

San Diego has lost many men this year from her baseball and football squads through transfer or discharges, but perhaps her biggest loss was sustained in losing Captain Charles McL. Lott as Athletic Officer. The famous mentor of athletics at the large West Coast has been relieved in his strenuous duties by Captain L. P. Hunt, well-known athlete, who is taking up the reins where Lott left them tied to high stepping teams.

The most outstanding feat in Captain Lott's tour of duty as mentor of sports at Diego was the pretentious schedule arranged for his 1925 grid team, which was coached by Lt. Johnny Beckett and made a great name in western circles. Practically every eleven of renown was listed during the season and the Marines lent color to many notable occasions. The baseball nines always fared well under his direction traveling the length of the Coast to play their schedules. It was Captain Lott who took such an intense interest in the Physical Training Tests recently instituted in the Corps with the result that the Base always stood high, many times highest, in general averages attained. An athlete himself, the Captain found the greatest pleasure in his duties and when the going got hard, the better he liked it and the rougher he fought to win.



Captain Lott

The Sports Department extends its thanks to Captain Lott for the many favors granted in the past and extends congratulations for the remarkable showing he made during his reign as Athletic Officer of one of the greatest athletic posts in the Corps. To Captain Hunt we extend our best wishes for success in his new duties.

### To Your Interest

If you are interested in athletics, get a copy of Marine Corps Order No. 10 and read it from cover to cover.



McQuade

ruling the big line smasher is out of the game and his presence will be missed many times during the coming year. The going was never too heavy for Henry, who could always be counted upon for a few yards through any line. Ryckman played in 1923 and on the Big Eleven, and created a great name up and down the East Coast. He was sent West last year to form the nucleus for Johnny Beckett's San Diego eleven. His activities in athletics go far beyond the gridiron embracing practically every sport but baseball. Ever since the Physical Tests were instigated



Henry



Ryckman

in the Corps, Ryck has been listed in with the topnotchers, following through by a great many wins on the cinder paths of track meets. Ryckman and Goettge formed one of the greatest duets ever seen in action, the former doing the light, fast work, while the latter crashed the opposition to one side in his plunging attacks. McQuade will find a great teammate in Ryckman and this hook-up should cause a tremor in football circles.

There appears to be no dearth of line material for this year's squad. Stock and Clements stand out as the most promising ends, although there are two or three dark horses who may push their way to regular berths over the veterans. Stock has always been a stumbling block to opposing backfields breaking up plays and smearing passes with the flash of a black panther. Clements stood out last year with the Stock in the Georgetown fray with their ability to get into the famous collegiate plays. Both were touted highly by sportswriters wherever they showed.

Wigmore, the heavy linesman, should show well this season and with Hunt, Burger, Zuber, Hough, Lanigan, Troxell, and other new material offer a formidable front to any team.

Other veterans who will constitute the squad are Bacon, Griffin, Zimmerman, Brunelle, Bethke, Willis, Mosley, Crowe, Brougner and Mitchell.

## BRAUNSTEIN LOSES TO JIMMY RYAN

### Cheslock Kayoes Tough Soldier In First Stanza

On August 3 in Washington Jimmy Ryan, lanky Navy southpaw, won a 10-round decision over Sammy Braunstein, lightweight title holder of the three services, by out-boxing the Marine slugger. This was the second meeting of the two lightweights. In their first Braunstein created a sensation by knocking Ryan out in one round during the service championship bouts in Philadelphia in June. Ever since he recovered from finding himself flat on his back after 36 seconds of fast going, Ryan has claimed that Braunstein put him away with a lucky punch and has clamored for a return meeting. Braunstein agreed to meet Ryan at Kenilworth and attempted to duplicate his feat but the Irish sailor crept into his shell and gave him a boxing lesson for 10 rounds.

The bout was not without many features which has classed it as one of the bitterest and goriest ever seen at Kenilworth. In the first round Braunstein rushed from his corner eager to get to Ryan with one of his hefty punches but ran flush into the Irishman's right mit which landed him in a sitting position on the canvas. A little dazed but undaunted he rose from the canvas and there followed a terrific exchange of punches. Ryan kept him away with his right for the remainder of the round, taking on the defense and letting Sammy do the leading.

The second stanza found Braunstein still as eager to reach Jimmy but the latter kept him away with the result that many of Braunstein's haymakers were turned into nothing but armless swings. The round could be considered a draw. In the third, Sammy became a little discouraged after his repeated efforts failed, and launched two terrific attacks on Ryan which had the sailor pretty shaky at one time, but Braunstein's failure to follow through lost him two splendid chances for a knockout. Both men appeared tired at the beginning of the fourth, although Ryan reached Braunstein's eye with a heavy left swing that opened a gash right about the Marine's cheekbone. Braunstein's lack of boxing ability showed to a great extent in this round as he was powerless to defend himself against the continued jabbing.

In the fifth a left from Ryan sat Braunstein flat on the canvas to the count of eight, but the Marine quickly recovered and dove into Ryan in an effort to even the round. The sixth, seventh, and eighth rounds were all Ryan's as he jabbed, cut, and punched Braunstein at will, unable, however, to put the Marine away. In the ninth, bloody, battered, and game, Braunstein led a valiant attack hitting Ryan with one of his famous haymakers which dropped the Irishman back on his heels, but at the critical moment failed to follow up who, after a few clinches, recovered enough to take care of himself. The attack of the previous round had left Braunstein weak and it was all he could do to weather the

tenth. The judges were unanimous in giving the decision to Jimmy Ryan.

"Consistent" Frankie Cheslock fought the semi-final of the Ryan-Braunstein card against Jack Cody of the 16th Field Artillery, knocking the latter out in the first round. This was their second encounter in two weeks. In the first Cody's head had smashed against Cheslock's opening a long gash over his eye and the bout was stopped by the referee.

So loud were the cries of the fans for another meeting between the Marine and the soldier, that they were matched two weeks later. Cody had always had a reputation of being able to take everything on the chin and come back for more, but Cheslock very quickly ruined his rep. With a rush at the bell Frankie met Cody with a right hook that jarred the hardy doughboy to the heels and followed it quickly with a double left that laid him down for a count of nine. Rising Cody attempted to mix it in an effort to slow Cheslock, but was met with another volley of clean punches that sent him sprawling for a nine-count. Pleading with the referee to stop the fight, Cheslock retired to his corner until Cody reached his feet and with the referee's refusal, walked over and crossed Cody with a right that finished the fray.

Amata and Alois, the comedian boxers, of Quanticco started the card and kept the crowd in an uproar for four rounds. Amata was given the decision.

### 'MEMBER THIS TRIO?



Above is pictured an old photograph of the "Big Three" coaching staff of the 1924 Marine Corps Eleven. They are from left to right, McCormick, Bezdek and Johnny Beckett. McCormick, at the time, was coaching Princeton; Bezdek was handling the destinies of Penn State on the gridiron and Beckett was putting the Marine team on the map. During their year the team was unbeaten and held the strong Vanderbilt eleven to a 13-13 tie after that team had beaten Minnesota, who had beaten Illinois. Lieutenant Beckett is this year assisting in coaching the Navy squad.

MARINE TEAMS LEAD IN MAJOR SERVICE SPORTS



# Marine Nine Wins Service World Series

Tom Keady's Men Assault Bobo, Navy Pride, In Final Game—Take Two of Three Games and Scuttle Navy Ship for Service Laurels—  
Levey, Vitek and Kidd Star in Series

By ED HAGENAH

## MARINES SCUTTLE BOBO IN FINAL GAME

Joe Vitek, Backed By Early Lead,  
Hurls Superb Ball.

The downfall of the Navy team in the final games of the Service Baseball Series at the Phillies Ball Park on August 17 by Tom Keady's Marine Corps baseball nine also marked the overthrow of Roy Bobo, pride of Navy moundsmen, and proved the Devil dog a better water hound than the Gob. The rain, which had delayed the final game from the previous Saturday, again made its appearance, but never phased the two teams which were determined to finish the games, and were cheered in their decision by several thousand spectators who witnessed the fray.

Bobo, a giant right-handed pitcher from Nashville, who beat the Marines in the opening game, was unable to lead his mates, and with everything at stake failed to get going until too late. An early lead of four runs piled up in the first inning, aided by Hall's double, was never relinquished by the Marines. Just opposite to the fate of the Navy hurler was the one dealt Joe Vitek, who was Keady's choice to start in the box for the Leathernecks. Joe got off to a flying start and with the exception of a bad break in the eighth inning, had a great day for over seven and two-thirds frames. This break cost Joe a shut-out game, but when he later weakened the game was already on ice.

Tom Keady's choice in using Vitek was unquestionably the wisest move made by either coach in the series. Joe had plenty on the ball from the start and retired the gobs in fast order. After Bobo had recovered from the attack launched on him in the opening inning the game developed into a pitching duel until the eighth. However, when Vitek did start to fall away he was relieved by Jesse Kidd, of Parris Island fame, who kidded the sailors into submission.

### The Big First

From the start the Marines got next to Bobo. Chenoweth led off and singled to center. Zeke Bailey grounded out and Bozo Duncan, the Babe Ruth of Marine ball, received a pass to first. Pee Wee Hall came to the plate and surprised all by a long double to center field, which scored Chenoweth and Duncan.

The only flare-up from the Navy came in the eighth and was the only fireworks furnished from Eddie Milner's lads during the game and didn't last long. Bradley hit to left for a single. Bobo followed Bradley, and although the gobs

(Continued on page 46, Col. 1)

### SECOND GAME

Fighting to victory under a scorching sun which beat down the players of both teams, Tom Keady's Marine nine beat Eddie Winer's sailor team 7-3 and evened the count in the second game of the Service World's Series. Neither the heat or the blazing sun could lower the attendance recorded in the first game and thousands of service men rooted their teams to further efforts.

Off to an early lead in the first frame the Leathernecks outthrew and fielded their sea mates throughout the nine innings. Human endurance was tested to the nth power on the hurriers of both nines and it was practically an impossibility for a pitcher to last any length of time. As a result both sides used three moundsmen in an effort to gain a triumph. The Corps' pitching staff showed superior to those offered by the Navy.

With a haze of heat hanging over the field and the players gasping for breath at all times, a Marine player stepped to the fore and showed himself a past master with the bat. This was no other than Jimmy Levey, of Parris Island. Levey's fielding and hitting undoubtedly won the game for the Leathernecks, starring at all times. "Whiz Bang," as he is known to the islanders, socked the horsehide for three telling hits and speared the spear from center field at impossible times. Two wonderful stops made by Levey has tucked his name deep in the hearts of his team mates forever. In the seventh Whiz Bang made of those catches only mentioned in series games. Racing from deep center, where he had been laying for Mulkey, he rushed in to spear a high, hard to judge fly just back of second base. How he reached there is still a mystery to the majority who wildly applauded the feat.

Joe Vitek was Coach Keady's choice for the day but lasted only four innings. His card for the time was good and he might have gone further had Keady not felt he would wilt under the sun. Five hits and two runs were taken from him during his stay. Jim Balis, of no-hit-no-run fame, relieved Joe and lasted until the eighth, when he in turn was relieved by Captain Sam Freeny, stellar first baseman.

Bill Mayo started for the sailors and had a rough road to hoe during his stay. Welde and Clark found the going just as tough when they took their turn in the Navy box. The Marines were out to win and many doubt if Bobo in the box would have made any difference.

### First Inning

Marines—Stock led off with a walk. Hall sacrificed, driving Stock to second

(Continued on page 46, Col. 1)

### FIRST GAME

Allowing seven hits and fanning the same amount, Mr. Roy Bobo, of the Navy, turned in a 6-4 victory over the Marine Corps baseball team in the first game of the Service World's Series played on August 12 at the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia. By socking the pill in three inning intervals his teammates aiding greatly to Bobo's victory. Amid the cheers of several thousand spectators the two teams took the field after opening ceremonies held under a blistering sun.

Bobo, who was suddenly brought to strengthen the Navy team, by Coach Eddie Milner.

Bobo, who was suddenly imported by Coach Eddie Milner to strengthen the Navy team, fulfilled all expectations and immediately started to tuck the Marine batsmen away by delivering his smoke ball to each in turn. Another last moment importation of Milner's, Mulkey from the West Coast, lived up to his reputation by taking a long triple and two bingles off two Leatherneck hurriers.

Tom Stolle started on the mound for the Marines, but it was far from his day and he was pulled in the first and Jesse Kidd went in until the eighth when he was relieved by Buckaway. Duncan tallied two hits during the day and was the only man who stood out with the stick on the gyreene squad. Stock, Chenoweth, Freeny, Maddes and Hudson each grabbed off one hit, but things were poor in that line against Bobo.

Both nines scored two runs in the opening frame, but tallied goose eggs in the second. After Milner had fled out to Maddes in the last of the third, Mulkey singled through short. Bickhan followed the heavy Navy slugger to the plate and with two strikes on him Mulkey attempted to steal second and was caught by a beautiful throw from home by Bailey. Bickhan grounded out.

### Fourth Inning

Marines—Freeny grounded to third, but beat the throw out. Duncan fled out. With Hrisko at bat Freeny steals second. Hrisko strikes out as Freeny steals second by a wide margin. Maddes grounded to third, but was thrown out at first.

Navy—Waldrop strikes out. Davis follows suit. With two down, Foran hit to between second and first and the ball was fumbled by Hall. Hanson hit a hot grounder to Maddes, who jumbled the play and Foran went to second while Hanson was safe at first. Foran stole third while Bobo hit to right, scoring the two men. Young fled out to Kidd. Two runs.

(Continued on page 47, Col. 1)

## Sidelights on the Service Baseball Series

The climatic conditions under which the Service Baseball Championship Series were played between the Marines and the Navy at the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium on August 12, 13 and 17, were the worst that has ever been witnessed by any of the veterans of both teams. And take it for granted that the most of them have played in practically every land the country's flag has ever flown.

The first two games were started at 3 P. M., which is really 2 o'clock, as the Quaker City lives by Daylight Saving Time. At this time of day there wasn't a bit of shade the players could rest under as they came in off the field, with the result that towards the end of the game many of them suffered slight touches of sun stroke.

The day of the final game broke beautifully clear with the sun high in the sky. This lasted until game time, when black clouds appeared and rain threatened to end the game. This is just what happened when in the first inning the clouds opened up and flooded the diamond. It was a case of one extreme to the other.

Roy Bobo, six-foot "surprise" pulled on Keady's nine, certainly kept the Marines on their toes in the first game of the series. His smoke ball burnt the chest protector off his catcher and singed many a Leatherneck batter's beard as they came sizzling over the plate. The second time Bobo worked he didn't fair so well as the Marines "landed" on him from the start and had the situation well in hand.

Bobo's trip to Philly netted him a slip of paper which gives him a try with Ty Cobb's Tigers next season.

A splendid bit of gameness was shown in the second game by Captain Sam Freeny when he was knocked cold by a pitched ball that caught him flush in the stomach. Instead of taking the bench he insisted on running and later stole second with a burst of speed that looked like a streak of lightning crossing the field. With the wind-

up of the inning he went back in the box and finished the game. They don't come much gamer than the lanky veteran.

This is Captain Freeny's last year of active ball with the Big Nine and his presence will be greatly missed in the future. He is judged one of the "headiest" players in the game.

"Zeke" Bailey was another who saved many a play by quick thinking, played a pretty game behind the plate in every game. The ruling stating that only one officer shall be in the game at a time forced Freeny and Bailey to alternate throughout the series.



Bailey

Bob Stock featured in a little oddity in the second game by acting as lead-off man in five of the nine innings. From observation it is seen that Stock doesn't care for this place on the batting order and from performances it certainly looks as if he would fare better down the line-up.

Jimmy "Whiz Bang" Levey, who was called up from Parris Island where he has had a great season, certainly takes the ear-muffs as the outstanding star of the second game. His fielding and hitting shown out in practically every feature of the game. He's as fast as they come in service teams and has the eye of a hawk when in the field. He should be a lulu next season.

Another player Parris Island contributed to the series was Jesse Kidd, veteran pitcher in marine baseball. Kidd still has many tricks left in his bag and uncorked a few during the series. He took Stolle's place in the first game and gave one free pass in eight innings and in the last game took over the reins from Vitek finishing up in fine shape.

## SOUTHPAW ADDITION TO CORPS' HURLING STAFF



LT. P. P. SCHRIDER

Recently commissioned from the University of Maryland where he was a sterling left-handed moundsman. Schrider was the mainstay of the Old Liners this year and will be seen in action with the Marines next spring.

office in the afternoon as they had to leave before the ceremonies to catch a train to join the Marine Corps team at Philadelphia. They were: "Cy" Young, "Whiz Bang" Levey, "Jesse" Kidd and "The Great" Eddie Derr.

## PARRIS ISLAND VARSITY NINE RECEIVE AWARDS

The Parris Island Baseball team of 1926, after closing a very successful season, were accorded a great ovation from their followers and received their letter and sweater awards from Brigadier General Harry Lee on August 9.

Every man-jack who could squeeze into the Gym was present the night of the presentation. After introducing the team formally to the audience, Lt.

Swede Larson presented General Lee who made a short address in which he thanked the players for their efforts which had brought such success to the team. He then presented them with their sweaters and in doing so called each man by a nick-name.

The players awarded were "Mike" Wetja, "Buttons" Miller, "Babe" Hollingsworth, "Musical" Harre, "Geechie" Bishop, "Songbird" Pierce, "Mary" Maringer, "Rube" Seaton, "Over" Surface, "Swede" Larson. The following men were given their awards in the General's

# SOCKO

**Braunstein Loses  
Cheslock "Consistent" Fighter**

**Ryan Too Clever  
Captain Gover Active in Cuba**

**SAMMY BRAUNSTEIN**, the Corps' battling lightweight champ and title holder of the three services, took on Jimmy Ryan, of the Navy, in a return meeting and lost on a decision to the rangy southpaw gob after one of the most bitter fights ever seen in Washington. Ryan, it will be remembered, was the boxer Sammy knocked cold in Philly and went through to the Title. The sailor always claimed it was a lucky punch that ruined his chances and begged for a return match with Braunstein. After a showing in Washington in which he kayoed a good boy named Billy West, in the first stanza, Braunstein consented to again meet Ryan. They were matched for the main-go over the ten-round route August 3, before a capacity house.

The title of Lightweight Champion of the Services, won by Sammy Braunstein at the Service Boxing Tournaments in Philadelphia last June, was not at stake in this fight with Jimmy Ryan. And, although his prestige as champ received a severe jolting, he still retains his crown.

If ever a willing, game fighter deserved to win from a display of sheer grit and stamina, it was Braunstein. However, Ryan was too CLEVER for the Marine and fearful of being caught with another one of those haymakers that laid him out before, he covered his chin and proceeded to outbox Sam.

Although an account of this fight appears in another section, this Column would like to mince a little on the affair. A battle in which a man, knocked cold in 36 seconds a few months previous, comes back and beats his opponent by using the finer points of boxing called "science," while his foe fought, blessed with the rudiments of the game, generally termed—a fighting heart—is worth-while chatter.

To start with, Braunstein was, and is handicapped by being a "title holder." That is an old statement but never-the-less a fact. Previous to his going to Philly, Sam had everything to win and nothing to lose. He could meet anyone he wanted, if he took the count, too bad, if not, he used the victory in getting another fight. Climbing through the ropes against Jimmy Ryan in the semi-finals at Philly, he was an "unknown" to practically everyone. Ryan had a reputation, which, although not famous, gave him the edge before the fight started. Sammy knew how he was going to fight and with the bell started to do just what he planned. He had heard Ryan was a

southpaw who could box, and, with this in mind, knew he must get to him quick. He did. In less time than you can draw a bayonet, Ryan was laying flat on his back, cold.

In the finals, Sam was matched with a lad from the Army, by the name of Masonis. Masonis had won a decision over Walter Vance in the preliminaries. He was nothing wonderful to look at, but could handle himself. He showed this in the first round after Sam sent him sprawling. Slowly recovering himself the doughboy decided to BOX Sam for the rest of the way and to keep away from the Marine's right. And, for six rounds while Sam grew tired, Masonis kept backing away which lost him the fight but saved a knock-out. Returning victorious to Quantico, Braunstein worked out with many of the boys around the Post but did not fight until his meeting against West, who has seen better days.

Braunstein, in the opinion of this Column, is one of the gamest fighters that ever pulled on a glove, but cannot expect to hold his way against boxers while he remains a "one-punch" fighter. He has got to learn to box with his man until he gets the chance to put over a sleep ticket and not take everything the other fellow wants to give him while he is waiting for the big chance. There are two ways to win and lose every fight. One is by a knock-out and the other by decision.

Sammy Braunstein has the heart. He has stamina and he packs a punch. With a knowledge of boxing added to these assets he will be one of the greatest boxers ever developed in the Corps.

On the same card with Braunstein was Frankie Cheslock, welterweight champ of the Corps, veteran of service rings and the most "consistent" fighter in the game.

In the latter part of July, Cheslock was matched with Jack Cody, well-known battler from the 16th Field Artillery. Cody had a rep of being the toughest fighter ever seen on the East Coast. That rep is all shot now.

In their first meeting the boys went at it fast and furious bringing the house to their feet. The harder Cody drove home his punches, the faster Frank returned them. Mixing it with heads close in a neutral corner Cody smashed his head against Cheslock's eye laying the flesh open to the bone. With blood pouring from the open wound Cheslock fought on until the referee stopped the fight. Three stitches had to be taken in the cut.

So loud were the cries for a return meeting that the two men were matched in the semi-final on the Braunstein-Ryan card. Cheslock started from his corner eager to end the affair without risking

his newly healed cut and fulfilled his desire early in the first round. Catching Cody flush on the chin he sent the soldier sprawling for the count of nine. Dizzy as he rose Cody sought to slug, believing it would help his chances, but Frank stood well out of danger while he floored the soldier with another blow for another nine count. Game to the core, Cody dragged himself to his feet, while Cheslock pleaded with the referee to stop the fight, but Cody refused to stop, planted a right hook to his jaw that crashed him out for good.

To say Cheslock is "Consistent" is just the way this Column feels about this boxer. It has seen him go in practically every fight for the past two years, with the exception of the time he was in Cuba. He has always been the same willing, game, plugging, never-tiring boxer using the same style win or lose. Frank is always in the pink of condition. People who knew him out West and in China years ago say he has been in constant training for at least nine years. Not over-trained, but always, right always "fit." He has never been heard to kick, complain or crab regarding a fight, or duty, with the result that he is one of the best liked boxers in the service. Here's to "CONSISTENT" FRANKIE CHESLOCK.

Captain L. D. Gover, the man responsible for the revival of boxing in Quantico, is still keeping in touch with his favorite sport while on duty in Cuba. Only recently he acted as a judge at a smoker staged in Quantico. If a man, who knows and loves the sport as Captain Gover does, were stationed in every post, we would have the greatest crowd of boxers in the country.

On the card judged by Captain Gover fought H. V. McNeal, better known as "Mc," to the fans at Quantico. He beat a fellow named Stajduhar from Fish Point.

"Mc" was one of the first men to ever box Hugh Sweeny in the Corps. These two used to go it hot and heavy at Quantico, and, although Sweeny could step longer and faster, he could never get "Mc" to say "enough." There are mighty few who can boast of that.

This column heard from a good source the other day that there was a fellow boxing in the Corps by the name of Andy Shogroot. This may not be the correct way to spell his name, but will give our readers an idea as to who we mean. If anyone knows of his whereabouts will they kindly drop us a line. If Andy himself reads this will he please do the same. We hear you know your oats Andy, and would like to know more about you.



# When the Marine Lands—Goodnight!

By FEG MURRAY

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By FEG MURRAY

WHAT about this Gene Tunney, who knocked out Tom Gibbons, whom Dempsey couldn't knock out, and Bartley Madden, whom Harry Wills couldn't put away? What are his chances against a heavy-weight champion who hasn't put on a glove in defense of his title for three years? How do his youthful strength, boxing skill, and punching ability stack up against the long idle "Tiger of the Ring?"

The Tunney-Dempsey fight, to be held on September 16, can, of course, end in one of seven ways. A victory for either by a knockout, by a foul, or on points, or a draw decision. Eliminate the fouls, and, for the sake of the cash customers, the draw decision, and agreeing that the possibility of the former man-killer of the ring attaining his Toledo form is so slight as to be an impossibility, there remains the chance of another Shelby affair, as far as the challenger lasting the limit goes, and of Tunney winning the title by outboxing Dempsey or by knocking him out.

"I'll knock him out, sure as fate," says Gene, "and then I'll go after Wills and beat him, too." Which, kind reader, is no idle boast on the part of the ex-marine, for the clean-cut, intelligent fighter firmly believes that he is destined to wear the heavyweight crown. All of which would be a great thing for the fight game, for it could stand a few more champs of the caliber of Fidel La Barba, Pete Latzo, and Gene Tunney, the shade of the boi-



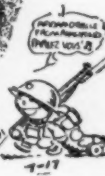
HE IS BIG, STRONG AND YOUNG—A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT FOR ANY MAN LIVING.



GENE TUNNEY OF THE U.S. MARINES —OUR NAVY



BUT—CAN HE TAKE IT? SUPPOSING DEMPSEY HIT HIM THE WAY HE HIT WILLARD AT TOLEDO! WHAT THEN?



trous "John L." to the contrary notwithstanding.

Gene Tunney, whose real initials preceding his family name are J. J.—which makes him eligible for the royal mantle worn by those other J's, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, James J. Jeffries,

Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, and Jack Dempsey—was a fighter with the Marines at Belleau Wood and in the Argonne. If he doesn't lick this man who ran to the shipyards instead of enlisting, there is no justice left in this world.

## CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY TO TRAIN AT NORFOLK

The Marine Barracks at Norfolk, Va., will act as hosts this year to the football squad of Catholic University, who, for the first time in their history, will spend their training period out of the city of Washington. Catholic University will be remembered to Marine grid fans as an old foe of Marine Corps teams and will oppose our eleven on October 23.

The heavy schedule arranged for the C. U. team this year caused Director Charlie Moran to make an early start in drilling his squad in a locality where they will benefit by salt air and healthy surroundings. Coach McAuliffe will handle the reins this year and expects much from his men this season as his loses are very few from the strong eleven of last year. The squad will leave for Norfolk around September 1.

## ROHANNA BEATS SAILOR

Georgie Rohanna, of Norfolk, took another into his fold when he severely beat Sailor Criscuolo over the six-round route at Norfolk a few weeks ago. Rohanna showed class and ability over the gob and easily won the judge's decision. This is the first fight Rohanna has shown in since his defeat at the hands of Frankie Cheslock at Quantico. Rohanna is rapidly rounding into shape for a return meeting with the Quantico Mauler, which may be arranged later in the summer.

The Marines are Now  
Grid and Diamond  
Champs of the Services.

## PARRIS ISLANDER GREAT SWIMMER

Parris Island is now housing a future aquatic star in the person of Private Eurist, who shows well to make a name for himself and the Corps in water events. Eurist is a splendid exponent of back stroke, breast stroke swimming and a beauty on a board. Another who is following in Eurist's wake is Moizo, a recent "find" on the island.

## LIGHTWEIGHT ARRIVES IN STATES

Johnny Corbett, lightweight champ of Haiti, recently arrived in Norfolk from his tour of duty in the tropics and was transferred to Dover, N. J. Reports say Johnny looks fine and is anxious to meet Sammy Braunstein for the corps' title.

## THIRD GAME

(Continued from page 42, Col. 1)

implored him for a hit, he fell down in the pinch by hitting into a double play, Vitek to Hrisko to Hudson. Clouds that appeared to look bad for Vitek cleared suddenly, but turned out to only be a mirage. Fenno followed with a single to right and then Mulkey, the Navy's brilliant, heavy hitting shortstop, advanced to the plate and popped out a fly. The ball rose high and cleared the infield, appearing to be an easy out. Hannah, who has sparked at third for the Marines, cupped his hands as he chased the pill. In the meantime Hrisko, the shortstop, had advanced nearer, but made no move to snatch the ball. Suddenly Hannah must have taken a mental ride, for he stopped and the ball dropped harmlessly to the ground, putting two men on the bases.

Had Hannah caught the ball as he was expected the inning, and probably the entire game, would have gone without a score by the sailors. The play apparently unnerved Vitek as the next two men up singled, driving in two runs and Keady was forced to pull the stocky little pitcher.

Marines:	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf.....	1	1	4	0	0
Bailey, c.....	0	0	4	0	0
Duncan, lf.....	2	1	2	0	1
Hall, 2b.....	1	1	2	0	0
Hannah, 3b.....	1	1	2	2	0
Hrizler, ss.....	0	0	1	6	0
Hudson, 1s.....	0	1	11	0	0
Levy, rf.....	0	1	1	0	0
Vitek, p.....	0	1	0	5	0
Kidd, p.....	0	0	0	0	0

Totals..... 5 7 27 13 1

Navy:	R	H	O	A	E
Fenno, cf.....	1	1	5	0	0
Mulkey, ss.....	1	1	2	2	0
B'ham, 1b.....	0	1	5	0	0
W'drop, lf.....	0	2	1	0	0
Davis, rf.....	0	2	1	0	0
Foran, 3b.....	0	1	1	0	0
Byrne, 2b.....	0	1	2	2	1
Hanson, c.....	0	0	2	0	0
Bobo, p.....	0	0	1	1	1
Bradley, c.....	0	1	7	1	0
*Young.....	0	0	0	0	0
**Meyers.....	0	0	0	0	0

Totals..... 2 10 27 6 2

\*Batted for Byrne in ninth.

\*\*Batted for Bradley in ninth.

Marines..... 4 0 0 0 0 1 0-5  
Navy..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0-2

Two-base hits—Hall, Waldron. Home run—Duncan. Stolen bases—Hall, 2; Hannah. Double play—Vitek to Hriszko to Hudson. Base on balls—Off Bobo, 2. Struck out—By Bobo, 9; by Vitek, 1; by Kidd, 2. Wild pitch—Bobo. Umpires—Wasper, Coogan.

## SECOND GAME

(Continued from page 42, Col. 2)

while Duncan reached first on a walk. Bailey walked. Hunky Hrisko fanned with the bases full. Hannah popped safe over the pitcher's box, scoring Stock. Montieth was walked, forcing Duncan home. Levey singled, bringing in Bailey. Vitek struck out. Three runs.

Navy—Young flied out to Levey. Fenno hit a long grounder to Levey for a single.

## RAIN HINDERS SERIES

Following the terrific heat which marked the playing of the first two games in the Service Baseball Series at Philadelphia on August 12-13, the elements changed from bad to worse when it deluged the diamond in the first inning of the third game.

So hard was the short down-pour that deep puddles settled over the field in the Municipal Stadium, making further play impossible and the game was called by Umpire Coogan. Previous arrangements prevented the Sesqui authorities from granting the stadium after Saturday the 14th, so the officials decided to schedule the play-off for the following Tuesday at the Phillies Ball Park.

Mulkey hit into Hall's hands, Fenno out at second. Bickham grounded out.

## Second Inning

Marines—Stock was walked. Hall at bat when Mayo (Navy pitcher) was pulled. Hall sacrificed. Stock to second. Duncan hit to center, driving Stock home. Bailey flied out. Hrisko flied out to Young. One run.

Navy—Waldrop flied out. Davis singled. Forhan walked. Hanson flied out to Duncan. Davis scored on wild throw and Welde flied out. One run.

## Third Inning

Marines—Hannah struck out. Montieth reached first on error. Levey flied out on long foul. Vitek grounded to short stop, who caught Montieth at second.

Navy—Young out at first. Fenno out at first. Mulkey was walked and Bickham flied out.

## Fourth Inning

Marines—Stock walked. Hall again sacrificed Stock to second. Duncan was walked. Bailey flied out on long hit to center. Hrisko hit to short, which caught at second.

Navy—Waldrop flied out to Levey. Davis singled. Forhan drove out a long hit to Duncan, who relayed it via Hall to Bailey, catching Davis at plate. Hanson singled over Hrisko's head and Forhan scored. Welde grounded to Hall, who caught Hanson at second. One run.

## Fifth Inning

Marines—Hannah grounded out. Montieth flied out to catcher. Levey doubled to deep right. Cavanaugh hitting for Vitek, struck out.

Navy—(Baylis pitching for Marines). Young walked on four straight balls. Fenno struck out. Young was caught off first by Bailey. Mulkey went to first on a walk. Bickham hit for a double. Waldrop grounded out to Hrisko.

## Sixth Inning

Marines—Stock grounded out to Foran. Hall flied out. Duncan fanned out.

Navy—Davis out on a hot liner to Baylis. Forhan grounded out to Hrisko. Hanson struck out.

## Seventh Inning

Marines—Bailey flied out to Fenno. Hrisko walked. Hannah singled. Montieth grounded out to Young. Hannah on second. Levey singled over third, driving in Hrisko and Hannah. Baylis struck out. Two runs.

Navy—Bobo hitting for Welde laid out a single through Montieth. Young grounded down to second where Hrisko caught Bobo. Fenno fanned out. Mulkey hit out to Levey, who speared it on wonder catch.

## Eighth Inning

Marines—Stock grounded out to Mulkey. Hall was walked. Bozo Duncan doubled, scoring Hall. Bailey grounded out to Young. Hrisko walked. Hannah hit out to Fenno. One run.

Navy—Bickham was walked. Waldrop also got a free pass to first. (Sam Freeny went in to relieve Baylis. Hudson catching as Bailey is automatically out of game on one officer ruling.) Davis struck out. Forhan out on hot liner speared by Freeny. Hanson struck out.

## Ninth Inning

Marines—Montieth flied out to Young. Levey lined out to Foran. Freeny at bat was hit by pitched ball in the pit of the stomach and knocked cold. The game veteran insisted on taking his base and stole second. Stock grounded out to Young.

Navy—Welde grounded out to Montieth. Young hit to Hall, who fumbled and allowed runner to reach first safe. Young stole second and third and came home on wild throw. Fenno grounded out. Mulkey flied out to Levey. One run.

Marines:	R	H	O	A	E
Stock, rf.....	2	0	1	0	0
Hall, 2b.....	1	0	4	1	1
Duncan, lf.....	1	2	1	1	0
Bailey, c.....	1	0	4	1	0
Hriszko, ss.....	1	0	0	4	0
Hannah, 3b.....	1	3	0	4	0
Montieth, 1b.....	0	0	11	0	1
Levy, cf.....	0	3	4	0	0
Vitek, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
*Cavanaugh.....	0	0	0	0	0
Bolis, p.....	0	0	0	1	0
Freeny, p.....	0	0	1	1	0
Hudson, c.....	0	0	1	0	0

Totals..... 7 8 27 15 2

Navy:	R	H	O	A	E
Young, 2b.....	1	0	4	3	0
Fenno, cf.....	0	1	2	0	0
Mulkey, ss.....	0	0	1	4	0
B'ham, 1b.....	0	1	8	0	1
Waldrop, lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, rf.....	1	2	2	0	0
Foran, 3b.....	1	1	2	0	0
Hanson, c.....	0	1	7	0	0
Mayo, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Welde, p.....	0	0	0	4	0
Meyers, cf.....	0	0	0	1	0
**Bobo.....	0	1	0	0	0
Clark, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Bradley, c.....	0	0	1	0	0
***Milner.....	0	0	0	0	0

Totals..... 3 7 27 12 1

\*Batted for Vitels in fifth.

\*\*Batted for Welde in seventh.

\*\*\*Batted for Fenno in ninth.

Marines..... 3 1 0 0 0 2 1 0-7  
Navy..... 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1-3

Two-base hits—Levy, Bickham. Three-hit. Foran. Stolen base—Freeny. Sacrifices—Hull, Bailey. Base on balls Mayo, 5; Vitels, 2; Welde, 3; Bolis, 4; Clark, 2. Struck out—By Mayo, 2; by Welde, 3; by Bolis, 3; by Freeny, 1. Hit by pitcher—Clark, Freeny. Passed ball—Hudson. Umpires—Coogan and Wasner.

## FIRST GAME—Continued from page 42, Col. 3

## Fifth Inning

Marines—Hudson singled over second. Kidd fanned. Stock followed with a hit to right, which was fumbled and Hudson went to third. Hall grounded to first. Stock out at second, but Hall beat out attempted double play. With two men on Chenoweth fled out to right field.

Navy—Fenno started off with a hit liner to Kidd, who, although he fumbled it, got his man at first. Mulkey thrown out on slow grounder to Maddes. Bickham singled, but Waldrop fled out on foul to Maddes.

## Sixth Inning

Marines—Frenny fled out in left on long hit that Fenno grabbed in a spectacular play. Duncan grounded out on a dud to shortstop. Hrisko walked, while Maddes fanned.

Navy—Davis grounded out. Foran reached first after a poor throw by Hrisko. With Hanson at bat, Foran stole second. Hanson fanned out. Bobo struck out.

## Seventh Inning

Marines—Hudson out at first on grounder to third. Kidd out on same play. Stock made it three in a row.

Navy—Young grounded out at first. Fenno singled over Duncan's head. With Fenno on Mulkey hit a three bagger, driving Fenno home. Bickham fled out to Chenoweth. Mulkey scored. Waldrop fled out to Stock. Two runs.

## Eighth Inning

Marines—Hall struck out. Chenoweth walked. Frenny out on fielder's choice. With Duncan at bat Chenoweth stole second and later came home on Duncan's hit. Hrisko walked. (Hudson, who had been catching, was switched to third base and Bailey put into the game. This automatically threw Frenny out of the game as only one officer can play at a time. Montieth took Frenny's place at first). Hudson was walked. With two on base, Bailey grounded out. Two runs.

Navy—Davis out on fly to Hrisko.

Foran walked. (Buckaway here relieved Kidd). Hanson hit to Hrisko, who caught Foran at second. Hanson safe at first. Bobo fled out to Stock.

## Ninth Inning

Marines—Hannah struck out. Harbourn, pinch hitting for Buckaway, fled out. Stock fled out to Foran.

Marines:	R	H	O	A	E
Stock, rf.....	1	1	3	0	0
Hall, 2b.....	1	0	3	1	1
Chenoweth, cf.....	1	1	2	0	0
Frenny, 1b.....	0	1	8	0	0
Duncan, lf.....	1	2	1	0	0
Hrisko, ss.....	0	0	0	2	1
Maddes, 3b.....	0	1	2	2	0
Hudson, c, 3b.....	0	1	4	1	0
Stolle, p.....	0	0	0	0	1
Kidd, p.....	0	0	1	3	0
Buckaway, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
**Bailey, c.....	0	0	0	0	0

Totals..... 4 7 24 9 3

Navy:	R	H	O	A	E
Young, 2b.....	0	1	2	5	0
Milner, ss.....	0	0	0	2	0
Mulkey, 1b, ss.....	2	3	4	1	0
B'ohn, lf, ss.....	1	1	8	1	0
Waldorf, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, rf.....	0	1	1	0	0
Foran, 3b.....	1	0	3	3	0
Hanson, c.....	1	1	0	2	0
Bobo, p.....	0	1	0	2	0
*Fenno, lf.....	1	1	1	0	0

Totals..... 6 9 27 16 0

\*Batted for Milner in third.

\*\*Batted for Maddies in eighth.

Marines ..... 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—4  
Navy ..... 2 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 x—6

Two base hits—Davis, Maddis, Hanson. Three-base hit—Mulkey. Stolen bases—Chenoweth, Frenny, 2. Sacrifices—Hall, Harrison, Bickhorn. Double plays—Hall to Frenny. Base on balls—Bobo, 5; Stolle, 1; Kidd, 1. Struck out—By Bobo, 7; by Kidd, 3. Passed ball—Hudson. Umpires—Wasner, Coogan. Time of game—2:12.

## RECEIVING BARRACKS WINS INTER-POST CHAMPIONSHIP AT PARRIS ISLAND

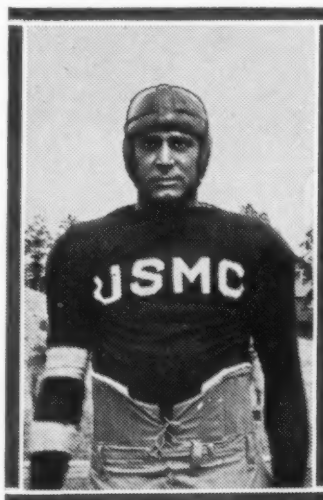
Taking nine games out of ten played in the Inter-Post Baseball League, the nine from the Receiving Barracks won the championship hands down. The Main Station nine took second place by winning seven out of ten and the Naval Prison team cinched third with a fifty-fifty break.

An excellent brand of ball around a well-balanced nine gave the "Receivers" an early lead in the League which they never relinquished during the race. Captain Fogg and Lt. Jim Brennan's men marred their record by losing one game to the Naval Prison, but the defeat never daunted their spirits and their come-back was stronger than ever. Kykedal starred for the winning team and it is this veteran's playing which aided them most in the pinches.

## Standing of Teams

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Receiving Barracks...	9	1	.900
Main Station.....	7	3	.700
Naval Prison.....	5	5	.500
Naval Hospital.....	4	6	.250
Training Station....	4	6	.250
F. M. D.....	1	9	.100

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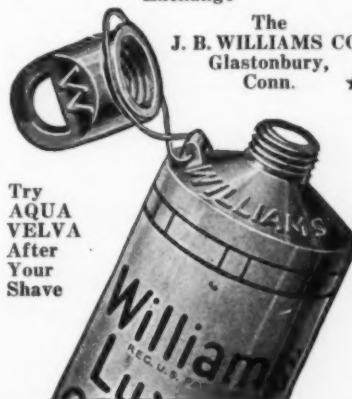
1. The new Hinge-Cap is "on even when it's off." It can't slip from your fingers down the drain-pipe or onto the floor.

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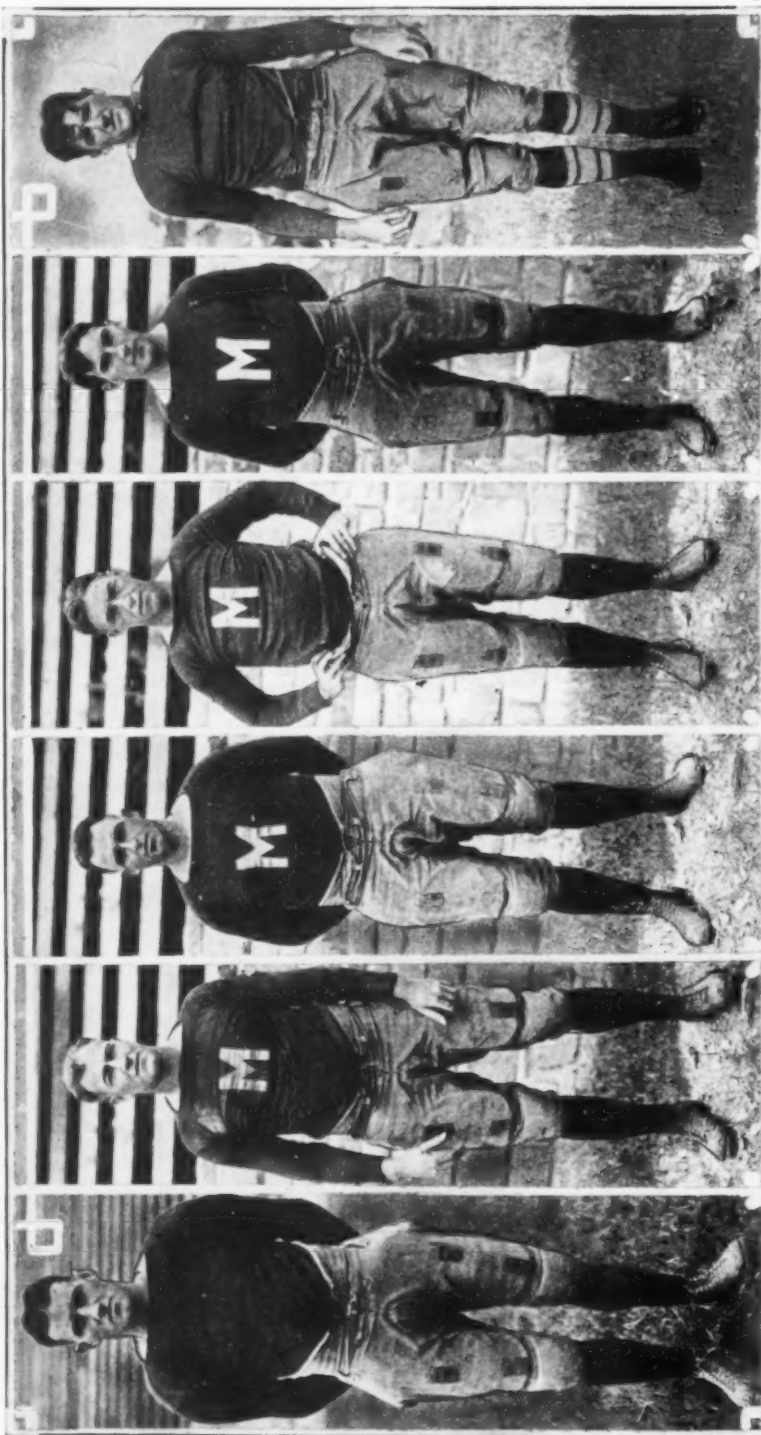


Try  
AQUA  
VELVA  
After  
Your  
Shave

Former University of California star and for years the mainstay of the Marine Corps' eleven, will again assist Head Coach Keady this season. Liverseedge developed last year's line, which was one of the strongest the Marines have ever presented.



# SIX TOWERS OF STRENGTH IN MARINE CORPS FOOTBALL



Goettge

McQuade

Burger

McHenry

Hunt

Pugh

## HALF A DOZEN OFFICERS FAMOUS ON THE GRID

With the first game of the season scarcely three weeks off, the above officers, with two exceptions, are rapidly rounding into shape preparatory to a strenuous season. The two exceptions are Lieut. McHenry, former Marine Corps linesman and Captain of last year's eleven, who is now coaching the San Diego line, and Lieut. Goettge, the Corps' colorful backfield star, who will assist Head Coach Keady in handling this year's back team. The others, from left to right, are Pugh, backfield; Hunt, linesman; Berger, linesman, and Jack McQuade, backfield.



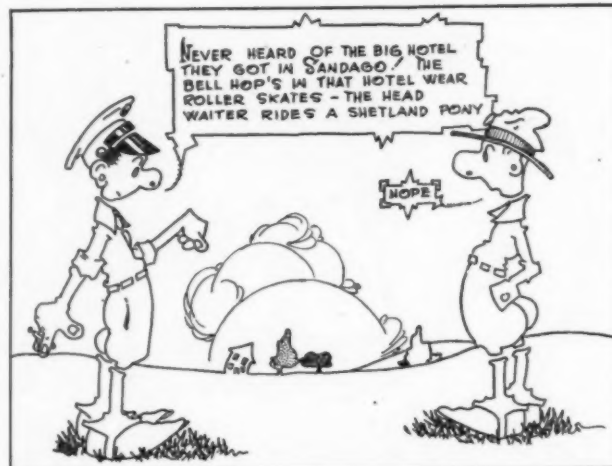
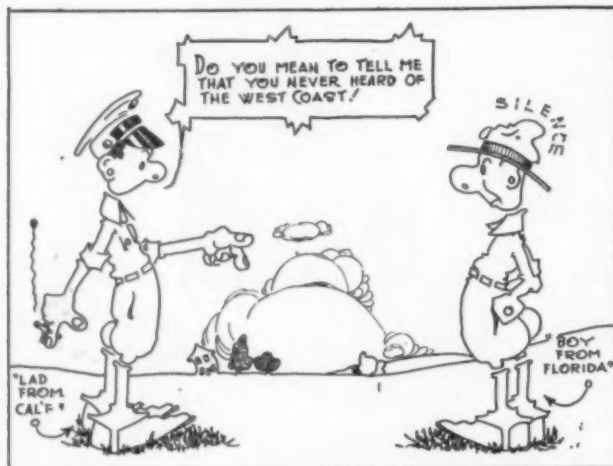
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CHARLES DANA GIBSON



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## What of the Future?

Young Man! Now is the time to prepare for your future business career. No matter what trade or line of industry you intend to follow, there is one essential tool needed—Capital.

Capital is accumulated Savings—something you take out of your earnings today and lay by to increase your earnings later on. Some day your opportunity will come. Prepare for it now by opening a savings account here where your money will receive 3 per cent interest.

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Post News—continued

SERGEANT MAJOR JIGGS RECOVERS

Sergeant Major Jiggs, U. S. M. C., has been released from a Washington veterinary hospital, where he underwent several days' treatment for intestinal indigestion. The seven-year old English bull dog became ill from over-eating at Quantico, and was rushed to the hospital by airplane. Three or four days on malted milk and eggs brought him to a weight slightly less than his usual seventy-five pounds, but completely cured the ferocious looking Devil Dog mascot. He has gone to Philadelphia to join the baseball team for its schedule there.

Jiggs enlisted as a private when but a puppy, was quickly advanced to the grade of sergeant and was further advanced to the grade of sergeant major by former Secretary of the Navy Denby, who reviewed his record and had it filed away with those of Sergeant Jiggs' buddies. Jiggs is completing his second enlistment in the Marine Corps. His traveling has been unusually extensive and his handsome face is known from coast to coast.

THE CLERICAL SCHOOL

What do you want, you men of the Corps who are ambitious for clerical work? Are you looking for jobs as clerks, using the hunt and peck system of typing and wondering when you will get ahead?

The hit or miss system is alright in its place. But its place is not in the Corps nor in the minds of men who are anxious to get ahead and willing to work to accomplish a worthy end.

The school curriculum includes Gregg shorthand, touch-typing, Marine Corps correspondence, Marine Corps forms, muster rolls, payrolls, business English, including commercial correspondence, and spelling. In addition to this the next class will also receive instruction in repair and maintenance of Underwood and L. C. Smith typewriters at the Philadelphia branches of these two firms.

Quite an imposing array of subjects, isn't it? A man who will apply himself diligently to his studies can easily learn them all.

With a thorough knowledge of the curriculum as taught in the clerical school, we can see no reason for any man not making headway in or out of the service. Don't think for a moment that the purpose of the school is to turn out company clerks. We aim higher than that. Men who are capable are usually recommended for positions as stenographers and a number of other desirable positions.

If you are ambitious, if you mean business, if you are willing to work and study, for your own welfare put in for the school. It will be the best move you ever made. If you are not keep away, you will only find trouble and disappointment. Don't procrastinate. The new class takes up the work shortly. See your first sergeant and make the necessary arrangements.

The present class is well in advance of schedule. The last periodic report showed no change in the class standing of the first five men. For the rest of the class some advanced, some remained stationary, and some fell back. All are frantically striving for the top of the list on the last report. Good luck to 'em all.

WHERE IS?

Mr. J. Bohnenkamper, 7 Twenty-first St., Clifton, Ky., would like to correspond with Trumpeter John McEwen, or any other of his friends who served with him in the Fourth Company, Tenth Regiment.

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

If you desire information concerning Parris Island—or, in fact, any kind of information—ask any member of the Military Patrol, who do their stuff at the four corners of the Island, but especially at the docks. These saviors of the peace will answer any question. When Who's Who, or the Post Bulletins fail, ask the Military Cop.

When in doubt about anything, be it the question of a bridge from Parris Island to the mainland, abolition of reveille, why is beauty clay, or where do flies go in the winter, the Military Cop is unusual as an information bureau in his dual role as keeper of the peace and encyclopedia.

To prove it, here's some of the questions which they have been asked during the past month by the many who have to pass through their clutches before leaving the docks.

Where is the Marine Building?

I used to have relatives on Parris Island. Can you tell me where they have moved?

What was the score?

What does Leatherneck mean?

Is there a five and ten cent store here?

Do you have to be a Marine to get information?

Where will this street take me?

What's the quickest way to get off this island?

If I take a bus at the Rifle Range at nine o'clock in the morning, will I get to the Main Station in time for the movies tonight?

Can I park in front of the Guard House?

How can I get to Parris Island from here?

I'm a stranger here. Do I have to enlist to get room and board for a week?

I haven't done duty here in three years. Can you tell me who the new Commandant is, and why they changed?

Where is the library offhanded?

What's playing at the Lyceum?

I want to get rid of an old Ford, but everybody wants me to give it away. Can you tell me of someone who would give me \$11 for it?

Why ain't there any horses on Horse Island?

Can you tell me what the weather will be next Friday? I'm shooting for record.

Say, guy, what's the best way to get out of this man's army? (Answer: Jump in the bay.)

Is a private allowed to fish from the docks, and if so, what's the best bait?

Where do I request weeping slips? I'm on the guard sheet for tonight, and I gotta date.

Am I allowed to make a date with an officer's daughter while in Boot training? IS THAT SO?

The Commissary overcharged me for my fish today. What'll I do about it?

And so on. An M. P. leads a great life!

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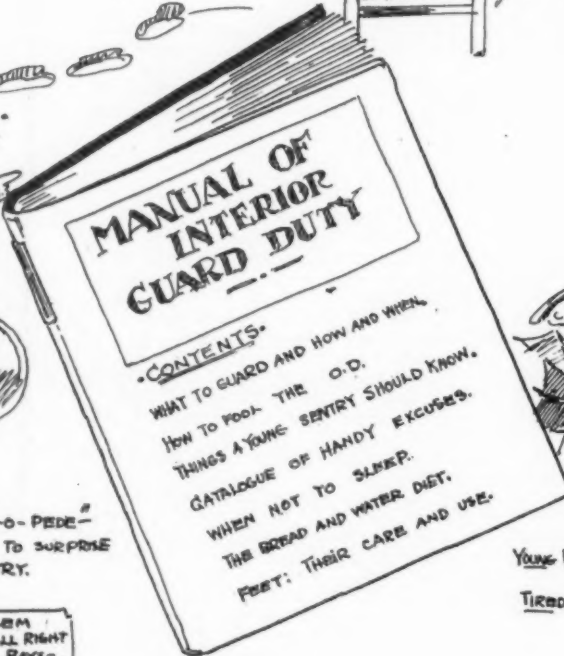
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1926



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OF THE DAY ON HIS SNEEK-O-PEDE -  
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THE UNWARY SENTRY.



YOUNG HOPEFUL: "HEY POP, WOT DOES  
"M.R." STAND FOR?"  
TIRED PARENT: "NAMA LOVE PAPA."



GIMME THEM BONES - ALL RIGHT  
PAID ME BOYS!  
C'MON SEVEN!  
-AND UP JUMPED  
THE DEVIL!!

SOUNDS  
S-PICIOUS!

-AND ANY SUS-  
PICIOUS NOISES  
MADE BY THE  
PRISONERS WILL  
BE IMMEDIATELY  
REPORTED TO THE  
CORPORAL OF  
THE GUARD.



SAYS FELIX:

THE GOVT  
CAN TRUST  
ME TO GIVE  
UP MY LIFE  
IF NECESSARY  
IN DEFENSE  
OF ITS  
PROPERTY.

DANGER! EXPLOSIVES!

## THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,  
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. John C. Beaumont.  
Lt. Col. Walter N. Hill.  
Maj. Harry K. Pickett.  
Capt. John D. Lockburner.  
1st Lt. James M. Smith.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. J. C. Beaumont  
Lt. Col. W. N. Hill  
Maj. H. L. Larson  
Capt. F. S. Robillard  
1st Lt. H. C. Busbey

## MARINE CORPS ORDERS

July 8, 1926

Lt. Col. E. R. Beadle, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. E. P. McCauley, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

2nd Lt. C. J. Chappell, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MD, USS FLORIDA.

July 9, 1926

Capt. E. P. McCauley, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective August 1, 1926.

Pay Clerk C. A. Phillips, appointed a pay clerk and assigned to duty in the Office of the APM, San Francisco, Calif.

July 10, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 12, 1926

Capt. J. E. Brewster, detached Office of the Judge Advocate General, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

July 13, 1926

Capt. M. C. Gregory, detached Rectg. District of Omaha, Omaha, Nebr., to the Army QM Corps Subsistence School, Chicago, Ill.

Capt. J. L. Perkins, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Rectg. District of Omaha, Omaha, Nebr.

July 14, 1926

Major S. W. Bogan, detached MD, NP, Nyd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Major P. C. Marmion, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NP, Nyd, Portsmouth, N. H.

July 15, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 16, 1926

Major M. B. Humphrey, detached Staff of Comdr. Naval Forces, Europe, to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Capt. R. E. Williams, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

2nd Lt. E. C. Ferguson, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

July 17, 1926

Major R. W. Voeth, relieved from detail as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. B. H. Clarke, died on July 10, 1926, and remains identified on July 14, 1926.

1st Lt. J. C. Clausing, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

The following named have been appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and assigned to the stations indicated:

To MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Griebel, J. H. Troxell, W. H.  
McDowell, R. H. Schrider, P. P.  
Levie, M. G. Shoup, D. M.  
McFarland, T. G. Loomis, F. B.  
Saunders, W. D., Jr. Chapel, C. E.  
Lanigan, J. R. Arnold, C. H.  
Coffman, J. H. Ryan, E. B.  
Hopper, R. E. Thompson, W.

To MB, Nyd, Boston, Mass.  
Streicher, F.

July 19, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 20, 1926

Capt. G. B. Erskine, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga.

July 21, 1926

Capt. J. L. Underhill, AQM, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. R. A. Boone, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. F. B. Reed, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. G. M. Britt, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. A. V. Gerard, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. T. C. Green, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. W. R. Hughes, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. S. H. Williamson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. W. W. Conway, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. H. C. Busbey, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. S. S. Ballentine, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. L. R. Dewine, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. C. L. Pike, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

July 22, 1926

Capt. G. B. Erskine, relieved from detail as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. C. P. Gilchrist, retired as of July 15, 1926.

1st Lt. D. D. Spangler, retired as of July 15, 1926.

July 23, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 24, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 26, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 27, 1926

Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

Capt. E. C. Nicholas, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. J. P. Brown, detached MB, USS PITTSBURGH, to MB, Nyd, Boston, Mass.

Mar. Gnr. J. W. Lattin, detached MB, Nyd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, NS, Guam.

Mar. Gnr. J. E. Stamper, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NS, Guam.

July 28, 1926

Major L. A. Clapp, detached USS NEW YORK to Headquarters Marine Corps.

2nd Lt. T. D. Marks, appointed a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa.

July 29, 1926

Major M. B. Humphrey, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. F. Streicher, did not accept commission as a second lieutenant.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Col. Hugh Matthews, AQM.

Lt. Col. Lauren S. Willis.

Capt. Hu H. Phipps.

July 30, 1926

No orders were announced.

July 31, 1926

Capt. C. S. Baker, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective Aug. 15, 1926.

Capt. G. M. Sturgis, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

Capt. W. Sweet, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAD, Lake Denmark, Dover, N. J.

Capt. J. L. Underhill, relieved from detail as an Assistant Quartermaster.

2nd Lt. R. B. DeWitt, detached MB, NSB, New London, Conn., to MB, NAD, Lake Denmark, Dover, N. J.

August 2, 1926

No orders were announced.

August 3, 1926

Col. C. H. Lyman, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Capt. A. E. Creesy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti.

Capt. O. T. Pfeiffer, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to MD, USS HURON.

Pay Clk. H. J. Gerhard, died on Aug. 1, 1926, aboard the USS KITTY in route to Hampton Roads, Va.

August 4, 1926

No orders were announced.

Capt. F. C. Myers, MCR, on Aug. 22, 1926, assigned to active duty at MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., and on Sept. 5, 1926, relieved from active duty.

August 5, 1926

Capt. C. M. Ruffner, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

Capt. C. F. Kienast, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. H. B. Enyart, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. H. N. Stent, upon arrival West Coast from Asiatic Station, ordered to proceed to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty.

1st Lt. F. W. Hanlon, upon arrival West Coast from Asiatic Station, ordered to proceed to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty.

Pay Clerk C. A. Phillips, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, to Headquarters Marine Corps.

August 6, 1926

1st Lt. E. A. Fellowes, detached MD, RS, Nyd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pay Clerk J. W. Lytle, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Pay Clerk G. Parrish, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Pay Clerk J. J. Reidy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

August 7, 1926

No orders were announced.

August 9, 1926

No orders were announced.

August 10, 1926

Lt. Col. T. E. Backstrom, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C.

Maj. J. A. Rossell, detached MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

The following named Second Lieutenants relieved from special temporary aviation duty at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., and assigned to the stations indicated, to report not later than the dates shown opposite their names:

VIA RIFLE RANGE, SEA GIRT, N. J.

Gulick, R. M., MB, Washington, D. C., October 9th.

Young, J. S. E., MB, Nyd, Boston, Mass., October 9th.

Wadbrook, C. G., MB, Nyd, New York, N. Y., October 6th.

Butler, A. G., MB, Nyd, New York, N. Y., about September 18th.

Graham, C. B., MB, Nyd, Portsmouth, N. H., October 9th.

Crawford, M. S., MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., October 6th.

Silard, C. D., MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., October 6th.

Jordan, T. B., MB, Nyd, Norfolk, Va., October 6th.

DIRECT

Davis, E. S., MB, Nyd, Norfolk, Va., September 23rd.

Ashton, E. J., MB, Parris Island, S. C., September 23rd.

Wornham, T. A., MB, Parris Island, S. C., September 23rd.

Nelson, N. H., MB, NSB, New London, Conn., September 23rd.

Henderson, L. R., MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., September 26th.

Salzman, E. H., NB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., September 26th.

Kaiser, B. S., MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., September 23rd.

Wolfe, J. L., MB, Nyd, Norfolk, Va., September 23rd.

Dickey, W. E., MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., September 18th.

Burr, R. S., MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., September 18th.

Withers, H. J., MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., September 18th.

Benner, K. W., MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., September 18th.

Snedeker, E. W., MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., September 18th.

August 11, 1926

Maj. N. C. Bates, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. C. A. Larkin, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. C. McL. Lott, detached MCP, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. L. H. Miller, detached Recruiting District of Seattle, Seattle, Wash., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

1st Lt. M. D. Smith, detached MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE ORDERS

Capt. R. L. Dineley, MCR, on August 14, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., and on August 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. G. Lewis, MCR, on July 15, 1926, assigned to active duty with the 307th



Company, and ordered to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for active duty for training, and on July 23, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. L. O. Gates, MCR, on July 15, 1926, assigned to active duty with the 307th Company, and ordered to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for active duty for training, and on July 29, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. T. A. Nubson, MCR, on August 16, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Farris Island, S. C., and on August 30, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. W. D. O'Brien, MCR, on July 18, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on August 1, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. J. H. Layne, MCR, on July 18, 1926, assigned to active duty for training with Scouting Fleet, Marine Battalion, Maryland State Rifle Range, Glen Burnie, Md., and on August 1, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. C. E. Baldwin, MCR, on August 16, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Wash., and on August 30, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. J. S. Egan, MCR, on July 18, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on August 1, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. W. R. Williams, MCR, on July 18, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on August 1, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. R. R. Day, MCR, on September 3, 1926, relieved from active duty at Headquarters Southern Reserve Area, New Orleans, La.

2nd Lt. H. B. West, MCR, on September 1, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., and on September 15, 1926, relieved from active duty.

#### RESERVE COMMISSIONS

The following named officers were recently commissioned in the Marine Corps Reserve to the ranks set over their names:

##### Captains

Peter P. Wood.

##### First Lieutenants

Carlton A. Fisher; Conrad S. Grove, 3rd.

##### Second Lieutenants

John H. Baldwin; George V. Buchanan; Harold B. West; William R. Williams; John S. Egan; Paul B. Williamson; Cecil C. Phelps; George F. Doyle; James C. Bell; Kenneth G. Hutchison; John J. Jesse.

##### Marine Gunners

John L. Clayton.

#### DEPARTMENT OF STATE

The following appointments, transfers, promotions, retirements under the Foreign Service Reorganization Act, and resignations have occurred in the Diplomatic Branch of the American Foreign Service since June 14, 1926:

Randolph F. Carroll, of Virginia, Consul detailed to Rotterdam, commissioned a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service and assigned Consul and Third Secretary Bangkok.

Samuel S. Dickson, of New Mexico, Third Secretary Bangkok, assigned Third Secretary San Salvador.

Henry I. Dockweiler, of California, Second Secretary Madrid, resigned.

Winthrop S. Greene, of Massachusetts, assigned Third Secretary Santiago, Chile. Assignment as Third Secretary Madrid cancelled.

John N. Hamlin, of Oregon, Third Secretary Tirana, assigned Third Secretary Madrid.

Frederick P. Hibbard, of Texas, Second Secretary London, assigned Second Secretary Mexico City.

Robert O'D. Hinckley, of District of Columbia, Third Secretary Bucharest, assigned Third Secretary Mexico City.

Gordon Paddock, of New York, First Secretary Belgrade, assigned First Secretary Copenhagen.

Frederick F. A. Pearson, of Rhode Island, Second Secretary Prague, assigned Second Secretary Santiago.

Willys R. Peck, of California, Chinese Secretary Peking, detailed to Department.

Laurence E. Salisbury, of Illinois, Consul detailed to Kobe, commissioned a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service and assigned as Assistant Japanese Secretary Tokyo.

L. Lanier Winslow, of New York, First Secretary Santiago, assigned First Secretary Havana.

The following appointments, promotions, transfers, retirements under the

Foreign Service Reorganization Act, and resignations have occurred in the Consular Branch of the American Foreign Service since June 14, 1926.

#### CAREER SERVICE

Charles H. Albrecht, of Pennsylvania, Consul at Bangkok, assigned Consul Nairobi.

Norman L. Anderson, of Wisconsin, Consul detailed to Melbourne, resigned.

John H. Bruins, of New York, Vice Consul Riga, assigned Vice Consul Singapore.

Herbert S. Bursley, of District of Columbia, Consul detailed to Belgrade, detailed to Sault Ste. Marie temporarily.

Harry E. Carlson, of Illinois, Consul at Kovno, assigned Consul Tallinn.

Randolph F. Carroll, of Virginia, Consul detailed to Rotterdam, commissioned a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service and assigned Consul and Third Secretary Bangkok.

Harold D. Clum, of New York, Consul at Konigsberg, assigned Consul Guayaquil.

Harold M. Collins, of Virginia, now detailed to Dublin, assigned Consul Nantes.

Fred C. Eastin, of Missouri, now assigned Vice Consul Manaoas temporarily, assigned Vice Consul Rio de Janeiro.

Augustin W. Ferrin, of New York, Consul at Madrid, assigned Consul Tabriz.

Fred D. Fisher, of Oregon, Consul at Nantes, assigned Consul Santos.

Arthur Garrels, of Missouri, Consul General at Athens, assigned Consul General Melbourne.

Joseph G. Groeninger, of Maryland, Consul at Tallinn, detailed to Rotterdam.

Robert W. Heingartner, of Ohio, now detailed to Vienna, assigned Consul Kovno.

George N. Ifft, of Idaho, Consul at Nancy, assigned Consul Ghent.

Joseph E. Jacobs, of South Carolina, now detailed to Shanghai, detailed to Yunnanfu temporarily.

Tracy Lay, of Alabama, now detailed to Department, assigned Consul General Buenos Aires.

Clinton E. MacEachran, of Massachusetts, Consul at Ghent, assigned Consul Madrid.

William F. Nason, of Massachusetts, now assigned Vice Consul Dairen, assigned Vice Consul Kobe.

Laurence E. Salisbury, of Illinois, Consul detailed at Kobe, commissioned a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service and assigned Assistant Japanese Secretary Tokyo.

Arthur F. Tower, of New York, Vice Consul Warsaw, assigned Vice Consul Danzig temporarily.

Avra M. Warren, of Maryland, Consul at Nairobi, assigned Consul St. John's, N. F.

Charles D. Westcott, of Pennsylvania, Consul detailed to Paris, assigned Consul Para.

#### NON-CAREER SERVICE

Bernard F. Heller, of Massachusetts, clerk Palermo, appointed Vice Consul there.

Fred H. Houck, of District of Columbia, Vice Consul and Clerk Ghent, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Cherbourg.

Henry G. Krause, of Texas, Vice Consul and Clerk Matamoros, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk San Luis Potosi temporarily.

Camden L. McLain, of Virginia, Vice Consul and Clerk Arica temporarily, reappointed Vice Consul and Clerk Valparaiso.

George C. Minor, of West Virginia, clerk in the Legation at Tirana, appointed Vice Consul there.

Edward S. Parker, of South Carolina, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Cologne. Commission as Vice Consul Berlin cancelled.

Helmut L. Ripperger, of New York, Vice Consul and Clerk Bremen, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Bremerhaven temporarily.

Walter H. Hittcher, of Wisconsin, Vice Consul and Clerk Beirut, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Damascus temporarily.

George W. Strong, of Maryland, Vice Consul and Clerk Amoy, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Shanghai.

Paul D. Thompson, of California, Vice Consul and Clerk Cherbourg, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Tananarive temporarily.

George L. Tolman, of Colorado, Vice Consul and Clerk Bergen, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Helsingfors temporarily.

Henry W. Ward, of Ohio, Clerk Buenos Aires, appointed Vice Consul there.

Frederick S. Weaver, of Washington, Vice Consul and Clerk Corinto, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Vancouver.

Archer Woodford, of Kentucky, Vice Consul and Clerk Sao Paulo, appointed Vice Consul and Clerk Santos temporarily.

#### RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Pvt. (1st Class) Frederick L. Boudreau, Jr.—Complete Automobile Course.

Corp. Aden Banks—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Sgt. Lester Westerfelder—Complete Commercial Law Course.

Qm. Clk. Harry S. Young—Complete Commercial Law Course.

Pvt. (1st Class) Barney Rickard—Complete Commercial Law Course.

Corp. Anthony J. Lotozo, Jr.—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Trumpeter Porter O. Welsh—Building Contractors' Course.

Pvt. (1st Class) Charles R. Abbott—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Capt. William G. Hawthorne—Book-keeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

Pvt. Peter Kondik—Civil Service Post Office Course.

Pvt. Frank A. Bargas—Special Poultry Course.

Sgt. Marshal E. O'Shields—Building Foreman's Course.

Pvt. (1st Class) John R. Brown—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. (1st Class) Reeder Nichols—Radio Operator's Course.

Pvt. Clarence G. Cooper—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Mr. Philip Luzzi—Practical Electrician's Course.

Pvt. Theodore A. Musall—Practical Telephony Course.

Pvt. Friedrich Nebenzahl—Aeroplane Engines Course.

Pvt. Frank L. Banks—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Ernest A. Pike—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Staff Sgt. Joseph P. Herron—Warrant Officer's Preparatory Course.

Pvt. George A. Clark—Farm Business Management Course.

Gunnery Sergeant Douglas T. Willard—Coastwise Navigation Course.

Sgt. Leo J. Werner—Advertising and Trading with Latin America Course.

Pvt. Ira D. Schubert—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Walter A. Lane—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Herman Most—Short Plumbing Course.

Pvt. John H. Mains—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. (1st Class) Joseph W. Fleck—Radio Course.

Corp. Carl E. Coder—Radio Operator's Course.

Sgt. Shedrick H. Ashe—Poultry Farming Course.

Pvt. Ferdinand J. Bergman—Short Mechanical Drawing Course.

Pvt. (1st Class) Edward L. Hudson—Soil Improvement Course.

Gunnery Sgt. Frank J. Van—Complete Gas Engines Course.

Trumpeter Sidney L. Farmer—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private David Engleman—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private Raymond Townsend—Soil Improvement Course.

Corp. James Monroe—Short Concrete Construction Course.

Pvt. James J. Minarchik—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Pvt. John Adams—Forging Course.

#### REENLISTMENTS

Griffin, LeRoy A., at Boston, 7-30-26, for HR, West Coast.

Hunnicut, Alvin A., at Tulsa, 7-27-26 for MB, San Diego.

Hunnicut, Charlie C., at Tulsa, 7-28-26, for MB, San Diego.

Bambalero, John, at New Orleans, 7-29-26, for MB, New Orleans.

White, William L., at New Orleans, 7-21-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Marts, Albert C., at Oakland, 7-27-26, for MB, Mare Island.

Sperling, William F., at San Diego, 7-15-26, for MB, San Diego.

Terwilliger, Earl E., at Seattle, 7-22-26, for MB, Puget Sound.

Chapman, Phillip, at Norfolk, 7-31-26, for MB, Norfolk.

Chandler, Arthur, at Chicago, 7-31-26, for Recruiting, Chicago.

Peakin, Michael, at Chicago, 7-20-26, for Recruiting, Chicago.

Hood, Paul H., at Greenville, 8-3-26, for HR, West Coast.  
 Roberts, Carl B., at Norfolk, 8-3-26, for MB, Norfolk.

Byrd, Adam L., at Memphis, 7-28-26, for MB, Parris Island.  
 Heard, Harold A., at Washington, 7-31-26, for Marine Band.  
 Pederson, Sofus, at Sioux City, 7-31-26, for MB, San Diego.

Box, Allen, at Denver, 7-24-26, for MB, San Diego.

Jimmerson, William H., at Boston, 7-23-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Baker, Fex, at Memphis, 7-21-26, for MB, Quantico.

Gooch, Paul M., at Nashville, 7-21-26, for MB, NP, Portsmouth.

Hoffmaster, Frank W., at Philadelphia, 7-29-26, for Depot, Philadelphia.

Paskevich, Adolph, at New York, 7-29-26, for MB, Quantico.

Rostick, Earl, at Indianapolis, 7-28-26, for Recruiting, Fort Wayne.

Lentz, John, at Spokane, 7-21-26, for MB, New York.

Kubit, John, at Pittsburgh, 7-28-26, for West Coast.

Payne, Carle E., at Fairmont, 7-27-26, for MB, Philadelphia.

King, Edward I., at Kansas City, 7-26-26, for MB, San Diego.

Kuntz, Willard S., Chicago, 7-21-26, for HR, West Coast.

Marnell, Thomas A., at Minneapolis, 7-27-26, for MB, Quantico.

McKinney, Howard D., at Quantico, 7-27-26, for MB, Quantico.

Gurnsey, Orlando A., at New Orleans, 7-26-26, for MB, Pensacola.

Brown, John W., at Kansas City, 7-21-26, for MB, Mare Island.

Palmiter, John A., at Chicago, 7-22-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Peterson, Martin P., at Omaha, 7-22-26, for MB, San Diego.

Adams, Marion A., at Dallas, 7-22-26, for MB, Pensacola.

Harrell, Lewis D., at Birmingham, 7-23-26, for Recruiting, Atlanta.

Kilpatrick, Benjamin F., at Salt Lake City, 7-16-26, for MB, San Diego.

Konecny, Jerry V., at Salt Lake City, 7-17-26, for MB, San Diego.

Riggs, Charles L., at Philadelphia, 7-21-26, for Depot, Philadelphia.

Evans, Burr A., at Oklahoma City, 7-21-26, for MB, San Diego.

Hatfield, Glen R., at Wichita, 7-20-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Jackson, Albert E., at Cincinnati, 7-20-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Forst, Louis K., at New Orleans, 7-19-26, for MB, New Orleans.

Brown, Elmer B., at New York, 7-20-26, for Recruiting, Philadelphia.

Hockman, Joseph L., at Quantico, 7-17-26, for MB, Quantico.

Carico, Richard H., at New York, 7-19-26, for HR, West Coast.

Knapp, Theodore, at Kansas City, 6-21-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Marvin, Milton C., at New York, 7-15-26, for HR, West Coast.

Agee, Cecil C., at Kansas City, 7-12-26, for MB, Mare Island.

Hall, James W., at St. Louis, 7-15-26, for MB, Quantico.

Fromman, Hugo H., at Los Angeles, 7-9-26, for MB, Mare Island.

Larson, Homer O., at Portland, 7-7-26, for MB, San Diego.

Wallace, Bruce, at San Francisco, 7-10-26, for MB, San Diego.

Beaulieu, Alfred J., at Quantico, 7-15-26, for MB, Quantico.

Jasman, Abraham A., at New York, 7-12-26, for HR, West Coast.

McIntire, Earle C., at San Diego, 7-5-26, for MB, San Diego.

Connlee, Ignatius, at St. Paul, 7-9-26, for MB, Washington.

Kline, Howard G., at Wichita, 7-9-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Sutherland, Ross, at Minneapolis, 7-9-26, for MB, San Diego.

Wenc, Robert, at Detroit, 7-8-26, for MFF, Quantico.

Mulligan, Edward F., at Los Angeles, 7-3-26, for MB, San Diego.

Nutter, George J., at Los Angeles, 7-1-26, for MB, San Diego.

Yates, Daniel M., at San Francisco, 7-3-26, for MB, San Diego.

Larimore, Corey E., at Washington, 7-9-26, for Headquarters, Washington.

Boyd, Cecil J., at Philadelphia, 7-13-26, for MB, Philadelphia.

Danhart, Lawrence H., at Pittsburgh, 7-12-26, for Recruiting, Pittsburgh.

Davis, Joseph H., at New York, 7-14-26, for Recruiting, New York.

## DEATHS

CLARKE, Burwell H., Captain, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Marion S. Clarke, wife, 2200 Gaines St., Little Rock, Ark. WALKER, Littleton W. T., Major General, retired, died July 13, 1926, at Atlantic City, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. L. W. T. Walker, wife, 2500 S. 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALFSON, Orlando M., Private, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mr. Oscar A. Alfson, father, Farmington, Minn.

BARKER, Virgle C., Private, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Lou Barker, mother, R. F. D. No. 5, Sterling, Ky.

BLAIR, Fred M., Private, died July 8, 1926, at Newport, R. I. Next of kin: Mrs. Bertha M. Blair mother, 177 Edward St., Houghton, Mich.

COLLINS, George S., Sergeant, died July 22, 1926, of disease at Peking, China. Next of kin: Mr. John P. Collins, brother, 2103 Madison St., Chester, Pa.

EIDSON, Mason D., Tpr., killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mr. Charles J. Eidson, father, 613 East Maryland St., Evansville, Ind.

FITZGERALD, Charles E., Private, died July 9, 1926, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. John N. Frees, mother, 2164 West 80th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

GILMORE, Frank N., Sergeant, died June 29, 1926, of disease at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Myrtle C. Gilmore, wife, 1957-69th Ave., Oakland, Calif.

GRAHAM, Ralph V. P., Private, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Marie V. Graham, mother, Box 182, Sylvania Branch, Fort Worth, Texas.

HARDAKER, Maurice R., Private, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Alice Hardaker, mother, Galloway, Fla.

MACKERT, Henry D., Private (first class), killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Henry and Frances Mackert, parents, 10772 111th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

MAHONEY, James E., Colonel, retired, died June 9, 1926, of disease, at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: William H. Mahoney, nephew, O'Shea Building, Peabody, Mass.

MITCHELL, Dan V., Private, accidentally killed July 13, 1926, by a falling rock, at Kenscoff, Haiti. Next of kin: Mr. William E. Mitchell, father, 220 1/2 First Ave., Pratt City, Ala.

MOCK, Charles M., Corporal, died June 20, 1926, of disease at Peking, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Katie E. Harrison, sister, Nanty Glo, Pa.

MONROE, John Wilson, Private, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Ogy H. Sheppard, aunt, 311 Louisiana St., Richmond, Va.

NAVARRE, Harvey Lawrence, Quartermaster Sergeant, died June 18, 1926, of disease at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Marian L. Navarre, wife, 1424 Master St., Philadelphia, Pa.

POWELL, Ernest, Private, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Julia Powell, mother, Station No. 1, Hamilton, Ohio.

QUINN, Matthew C., Private, died July 8, 1926, of disease at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Mr. John Quinn, father, 4746 Patterson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WEBER, Frank C., Private, killed July 10, 1926, in explosions at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, N. J. Next of kin: Mr. William Weber, father, 9222 Raymond Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

REID, James T., Major, died June 10, 1926, at Parris Island, S. C. Next of kin: Mrs. James T. Reid, wife, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.

SCHALDNAGLE, Louis, Gy. Sgt., F.M.C.R., inactive, died May 30, 1926, of disease at Cleveland, Ohio. Next of kin: Miss Rose Schaldnagle, sister, 637 E. Walnut St., Massillon, Ohio.

SIMOND, Reynolds J., First Sergeant, died May 30, 1926, of disease at Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Miss Marie E. Racicot, friend, 115 Charles St., Boston, Mass.

THIES, Merton N., Private, accidentally killed May 31, 1926, by an automobile, near Camden, N. J. Next of kin: Mr. Nicholas Thies, father, 1855 Monroe St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

## NAVAL TRANSPORTS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Honolulu 7 August. Scheduled to leave Honolulu 12 August, arrive San Francisco 18 August. On 31 August will sail from San Francisco for Hampton Roads and return to San Francisco on the following itinerary—Arrive Canal Zone 10 Sept., leave 11 Sept., arrive Guantanamo 14 Sept., leave 14 Sept., arrive Hampton Roads 18 Sept., leave 26 Sept., arrive Cedar Point (Potomac River) 27 Sept., leave 27 Sept., arrive Annapolis 27 Sept., leave 29 Sept., arrive Charleston, S. C. 2 Oct., leave 2 Oct., arrive Guantanamo 6 Oct., leave 5 Oct., arrive Canal Zone 8 Oct., leave 11 Oct., arrive San Pedro 21 Oct., leave 22 Oct., arrive San Francisco 23 Oct.

HENDERSON—Sailed Honolulu 30 July for Shanghai. Due Shanghai 14 August, leave 20 August, arrive Manila 24 August, leave 10 Sept., arrive Guam 15 Sept., leave 17 Sept., arrive San Diego 12 Oct., leave 29 Oct., arrive Panama 8 Nov., leave 12 Nov., arrive Hampton Roads 19 Nov.

KITTERY—Arrived Norfolk Yard 5 August. Will sail from Hampton Roads 9 September for the West Indies.

NITRO—Arrived Hampton Roads 1 August. Will sail from Hampton Roads 20 August for Boston, Iona Island Yorktown and Hampton Roads on the following tentative itinerary—Arrive Boston 22 August, leave 1 Sept., arrive Iona Island 2 Sept., leave 7 Sept., arrive Yorktown 8 Sept., leave 21 Sept. for Hampton Roads.

RAMAPO—Sailed Cristobal 1 August for San Pedro. Due San Pedro 12 August. Will leave San Pedro 26 August for Guantanamo via the Canal Zone and return on the following itinerary—Arrive Canal Zone 7 Sept., leave 9 Sept., arrive Guantanamo 12 Sept., leave 16 Sept., arrive Canal Zone 19 Sept., leave 21 Sept., arrive San Pedro 3 Oct.

SALINAS—Placed in commission at Navy Yard Norfolk on 12 June, 1926. Being conditioned for service. Date of completion indefinite.

SAPELO—Arrived Newport 28 July. Will leave Narragansett Bay 12 August for Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul. Date of completion of repairs 30 Sept., 1926.

SIRIUS—Sailed San Diego 2 August for Balboa. Balboa 13 Aug., leave 14 Aug., arrive Coco Solo 14 Aug., leave 17 Aug., arrive Hampton Roads 24 Aug., leave 3 Sept., arrive S. Brooklyn 13 Sept.

VEGA—Arrived St. Paul 5 Aug. Will proceed to St. George and return to Puget Sound. Will leave Puget Sound 28 August for the East Coast on the following itinerary—Arrive Mare Island 1 Sept., leave 7 Sept., arrive San Pedro 8 Sept., leave 8 Sept., arrive San Diego 9 Sept., leave 10 Sept., arrive Canal Zone 21 Sept., leave 23 Sept., arrive Hampton Roads 30 Sept.

BRAZOS—Left Colon 28 July for Bremerton towing Crane Ship No. 1. Due Bremerton 23 August. Will proceed to Guantanamo via San Pedro and Canal Zone.

BRIDGE—Arrived New York 14 May.

ARCTIC—Arrived Port Angeles 28 July.

CUYAMA—Sailed Port Angeles 5 August for San Francisco. Will leave San Francisco 12 August for San Pedro to load a cargo of fuel oil then proceed to San Francisco, arriving San Francisco 19 August.

KANAWHA—Arrived Port Angeles 1 August.

NECHES—Sailed Port Angeles 4 August for Bremerton.

PECOS—Arrived Tsingtao 4 August.

## TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—From Hampton Roads to West Coast 26 Sept.

CHAUMONT—From Annapolis to West Coast 29 Sept.

VEGA—From Puget Sound to East Coast 28 August.

CHAUMONT—From San Francisco to East Coast 31 August.

HENDERSON—From San Diego to East Coast 29 October.

HENDERSON—From Manila to San Diego 10 September.

KITTERY—From Hampton Roads to West Indies 9 September.

KITTERY—From Hampton Roads to West Indies 14 October.

RAMAPO—From San Pedro to Guantanamo 26 August.

SAPELO—From Narragansett to Norfolk Yard 12 August.



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## THE PROPHET OF CRIME—(Continued)

not know what lies before us. I have tried to go against God's wishes. Yes, I knew something would happen on the river tonight. My helplessness was driving me mad, so I came down to see if you could help me. But as to how those people were killed, or why, I have not the slightest idea."

Kane laid his arm comfortingly about Worcester's shoulder.

"Don't worry about it. There was nothing you could do. I suggest that you make a plain statement to the chief of police, and offer to turn the machine over to him, at least for a trial. That will clear your mind of it. And now I'll have to be getting back. Someone must fly down to the 'Mayflower' by seven o'clock, and I guess I'm slated. I'll keep track of things, and let you know about tonight's affair. Of course the motive is everything—once that is found it ought to be easy to—"

At the suddenly startled look that came into his eyes Worcester jumped up.

"What is it?" he whispered anxiously.

"Good Lord—why didn't I think of that!" exclaimed the younger man.

"That must be it—"

He seized his cap and hurried toward the door.

"If I'm right we've struck the biggest thing in years," he said hastily. "And there's no time to waste. I'll call you later."

The next second he was gone, leaving Worcester staring after him.

"Almost midnight," said Worcester in a strained voice. "How much longer do we have to stand this, Kane?"

Kane mopped his perspiring brow before answering.

"Not much longer, I hope," he replied fervently. "I never knew a submarine could be so confounded hot. If there was more room in the conning tower we'd go up there and be cooler."

"And if I knew what it was all about I'd feel better, too," complained Worcester.

Kane grinned.

"Wait a little longer. I'm under orders you know. I had a hard enough time getting permission to bring you along."

"You people certainly go about things in queer ways," said the other. "But I'll have to admit you're efficient. How you ever made the newspapers swallow that story of ptomaine poisoning on the 'Celeste' I can't understand. It's a wonder you're plane crew hasn't talked."

"They haven't had a chance," explained Kane. "The whole station is restricted. Orders from high up."

A sudden exclamation at the door of the tiny messroom ended the conversation abruptly.

"Come up quick," whispered a dunger-clad figure. "You were right, Kane. Lord—what a night!"

From the conning tower hatch a wide stretch of the Potomac was visible. Though the submarine was well hidden by the darkness of the night, the area a few hundred yards distant was clearly illuminated by the lights of a vessel at anchor.

"Why, it's the 'Celeste!' exclaimed Worcester. "I thought she was—"

Kane seized his arm in a viselike grip. "Look!" he cried in a tense voice.

"No—beyond the ship—up!"

Heralded only by a muffled rumble, a strange object was sweeping down from the sky toward the ship. A seaplane with wings and hull so black that they merged with the night, while from the trailing edges eddied and swirled a greenish mist that dropped heavily downward, spreading out in a vast billowy cloud.

In the instant that the strange craft leveled off to pass above the anchored vessel there came a rapid order from the commander of the submarine. A bluish-white beam of light shot across the water, swerving upward to outline two figures in the bow of the plane. A second beam, from a different point, spread out into a fan that lit up the entire area. For a second the plane flashed on, the green mist hissing steadily downward and almost hiding the ship. Then, like a trapped animal, it swerved wildly in a desperate attempt to escape from the tenacious searchlight rays, but hardly had it banked for that steep turn than there came the furious roar of hidden batteries. Almost from the water's edge leaped sheets of flame. Half drowned by the anti-aircraft sounded the rat-a-tat of machine guns. The doomed plane dipped violently on one black wing, hung for an instant a hundred feet above the river, and plunged headlong into the murky depths with a crash that dwarfed all other sound. The unseen guns ceased their roar, and silence settled like a pall for a moment. The submarine commander was the first to speak.

"Get Quantico by radio," he directed one of the shadowy figures upon the runway. "Tell them the direction to go. We don't want the rest of that bloody outfit to get away."

"It will be easy to land them," said Kane. "Their base must be on that side of the river, and there isn't any road leading out of there that can't be plugged. Then when daylight comes a few planes can pick them out, or spot places where they might be hiding."

"But those people on board," whispered Worcester, pointing a trembling finger at the ship, from which the green veil was slowly drifting away. "They must be dead, Kane. God—what a horrible thing!"

"No one is dead," Kane assured him. "Those are only dummies. We had to make it look right. But the President and his party and the crew have been in the subs for two hours."

"The President!" exclaimed Worcester in astonishment. "Why, what was he—then that isn't the 'Celeste.' It's—"

"The 'Mayflower,' finished Kane calmly. "Yes, that's the President's ship."

"I see it now," said Worcester quickly. "It was the 'Mayflower' they were after last Saturday. And they got the 'Celeste' by mistake. But how did you know who they were and how they did it?"

"I didn't know," admitted Kane. "The Secret Service men thought it sounded like Communists—and we'll know for certain when we round up the rest of them—but we weren't particular about who they were, so long as we got them. So we laid this trap, got ready for them on, under, or above water, and that's all there was to it."



THE UNITED STATES MARINE  
CORPS RESERVE

(Continued)

Class VI, who have had training in the above branches except those who are required for the regiments.

To the Third Platoon of this company are assigned Class II men except those who are fitted by their previous experience for service in the specialties listed in the Second Platoon.

**Reserve Companies:** Reserve Companies (Uniformed) are composed of Class I officers and Class I and VI enlisted men.

Colonel David D. Porter, U. S. Marine Corps, inspected the 305th Company commanded by First Lieutenant John D. Marine, USMC., and the 307th Company commanded by First Lieutenant Windsor B. W. Stroup, USMCR., at their Armory M. B., in the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Thursday evening, July 29th. Both of these companies had a large attendance and the inspection served to straighten out several matters and enthused the members of these units to greater effort.

The Examining Board of the 301st Company, Boston, commanded by Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR., has recommended for promotion Private First Class Arthur L. Andrews to Gunnery Sergeant, Privates Joseph F. Buckley, Edward G. Hotchkiss, Jr., and Thomas Nicholson to Sergeant and Privates William M. Donough, Charles W. Stackhouse, Frederick E. Broderick, Alfred F. Hutchings and Samuel Levey to Corporal. In accordance with the recommendation, these promotions have been made by Headquarters Marine Corps.

The officers of the 7th Regiment, New York, will hold their regular monthly dinner in the Roof Garden of the Hotel McAlphin, Thursday evening, August 12th. The custom of holding these monthly "Get-together Affairs" was started sometime ago and a great deal of interest is being taken in them by the officers.

First Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, who is Editor of the Northwestern Booster, Chicago, Ill., is recruiting a Marine Corps Reserve Company to be composed of Class VI men. This company is being recruited in the northwestern section of Chicago and a great deal of enthusiasm has already been created among the prospective members.

The monthly luncheons held by the officers of the 3rd Regiment, Marine Corps Reserve, residing in the vicinity of San Francisco, show greatly increased interest is being taken in these affairs by the officers. These luncheons have proven very valuable in permitting the officers of the regular service and the reserve stationed in and around San Francisco to become acquainted with one another. Each month sees a larger number of officers attending. Major General Wendell C. Neville, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, was a guest at one of their recent luncheons.

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## WHERE THE BUZZARDS FLY

(Continued from page 7)

tion and the enlightenment of your shipmates, I'll be adding this bit of truth: If those disarmament delegates, when they met in Washington and wrecked the American Navy, had only agreed to stop using Missouri mules in their wars, there couldn't and wouldn't be any more wars. The United States would have saved all those new battleships and battle cruisers that we were induced to scrap, and we'd be ready now any time anybody wanted to start something. I have great respect for the police—what we need is more of them.

"Instead of repeating jingle rhymes as Mr. Mark Twain said he did when he went from somewhere to Boston, I sat there on the front end of the front flat car, going from Altata to somewhere, with my feet resting on the drawhead, my rifle across my knees for a steady rest, saying over and over to myself every time we hit a rail joint, 'in orders and under orders—in orders and under orders'—in clickety clack time. Psychologically it was my mental chewing gum."

There was a dramatic pause—the Corporal was acting on the theory that big words are most impressive when opportunity permits of their being deliberately absorbed. "Because," and he resumed his story, "in those days we didn't carry chewing gum in the ship's store; it was tobacco, the rag, or nothing."

"The details may be interesting; all railway trips are, but I must push on to what the writer folks call the big knot of my story:—tie everything up tight and let the hero save the girl."

"We stopped the train where the rails were torn up. The Major making a quick decision, give the word to disembark; 'de-train', I think it was he said—he was always a great one for jollyng the crowd along when the going didn't look good ahead."

"I drew a scout detail; spread out my squad and started into the brush, Indian fashion. Under the circumstances, with me ahead, there wasn't much for the rest of the battalion to do, but to come along cautious like behind us, damning the cactus, and speaking scornful of the barefooted insurrectos who were probably stowed away comfortable, ready to usher in a surprise party in our honor."

"You've got to campaign in that country before you can appreciate its roughness—and as for a thirst; why parts of land dried up right after the flood, and hasn't touched a drop of anything since. It used to be the custom down there long before the Spaniards came,—so a Texan told me when we were holding Vera Cruz,—for the natives, instead of going out prospecting for oil wells, to put on their war paint, call in a few congenial spirits, and go hunt for a suitable building site for a new temple for some one of their war gods. They were always hunting for a spot, so the Texan said, where a prickly pear cactus was growing on a rock, and perched on its branches was an eagle holding a snake. That was their good luck sign, a feng-shui joss like the Chinaman always wants. You'll be seeing a picture of that snake-eating eagle on the old Mex dollars if you ever go out to the China Station."

"We passed a likely looking lot of first-class temple sights, and plenty of

cactus, but the eagles all looked like buzzards, and the snakes had run away."

"There was some little shooting on both sides, as we went through the brush—salutes to the war gods,—but mostly the insurrectos withdrew hurried like."

"I don't recall just how far we did go, but there in front of us when we got there, was a rambling dobe building, that from the looks of it you'd have thought had been through a Chinese smallpox epidemic. It was that full of bullet holes—high shooting most of it."

"The rule in those days was to sort of keep a running tally as you advanced—to check up, counting heads by squads and watching the sky tactics of the buzzards; they help you find a fellow if you have to go back and hunt for him when he's still. We'd come forward, as I told you, on the jump, through a lot of stray shooting, and accidents will happen,—you can break a leg by stepping in a gopher's hole—and anyway a wounded man gets mighty nervous if you leave him out there too long alone, wondering whether the stretcher men will get to him before the machete men come sneaking around to disfigure him for life."

"By my last count, there was a casualty in my squad—one file missing—or at least it seemed as though there was. But! Have you ever seen a dignified father dog being beset by his first litter of puppies?—puppies falling all over him, stepping on his feet, so glad to know him—and him that disgusted he can't hide his embarrassment? Well, that's the way my casualty came in. He had six of them at his heels—not puppies—insurrectos—or they had him, as he came lumbering into sight. They were calling him 'hombre' and 'amigo.' I heard the Major say—anybody within half a mile of him could have heard the words—'Where the H— . . .' and I heard the casualty—my casualty—making answer 'I thought you wanted us to catch them.' Yes, you're right, it was Montmorency—thinking again!"

"And then the big front doors of that dobe building swung open and interrupted what I knew was bound to be an unpleasant bit of conversation. Out of the doorway she came—I mean the woman, the one that we were up there to save. Man but she was wonderful, and calm-like as she stood there looking around."

"The Major spotted her, and went forward on the double. I went with him thinking he might want me to translate for him; when to my surprise and the Major's, we heard her say in a laughing voice in that good old American that we could both understand: 'I'm certainly glad to see you boys up here! I'm the Mother Superior of the Convent here at Calican. We've been expecting you!'"

"That Montmorency boy in his attempt at thinking before we left the ship, had just turned it around—'Superior Mother?' He had the words alright, but they meant nothing to him."

"That's all; but you know now why I was telling you not to give the Lieutenant these 'I think' answers. He's young, like you are, and he might not know that you didn't know—and besides it's dangerous. In this outfit you've got to know, or get out!"

The Lieutenant felt—and knew—that he had listened in too long.

## IT'S UP TO THE MARINES

The National Rifle Association of America, through its official publication, The American Rifleman, fondly known to marksmen as the "Shooter's Bible," has announced that the Swiss already have picked their team for the International Matches at Rome, Italy, in the fall of 1926 or early in 1927.

Since there will be no National Matches this year, it is probable that the leading civilian shots will not have opportunity to make the tryouts and get in the training necessary to qualify them for places on an International Team; so the job seems to be up to the Marines, admittedly the best marksmen among the services. It was a Marine sergeant, Morris Fisher, who smashed the world's record and won the world's championship in 1924, and the shooting of the Marines in the recent matches and qualification shoots indicates that there are many of them of International Team calibre.

Incidentally, the International Team men owe a debt to the National Rifle Association of America, which brought about the development of the Springfield Match Rifle, with set triggers, as well as the improvement of the service arm from a fairly effective musket to its present position of the most accurate rifle in existence. The first improvements in the service arm were begun when the civilian shooters of the National Rifle Association became interested in it. These men, expert marksmen by experience, learned the defects of the early models and, by experiment, found how to correct them. Most of their discoveries were already known to the services, but popular civilian demand was heeded where little attention was paid to the service complaints.

Early international teams were compelled to shoot the service arm with its heavy trigger pull, light barrel and comparatively slow lock time against the set triggers and heavy match barrels of the Swiss—the only Europeans who have been serious rivals of the American marksmen. The National Rifle Association got busy. Result—today there is available for the Marine who shoots for the honor of his country a heavy barrel Springfield, with a speeded-up action, set triggers and all the refinements necessary for competition on even terms with the best Martini actions of Europe. The Association has gone farther. It has made it possible for the enlisted men of the services who shoot on major teams to win substantial prizes, and has provided a reasonable amount of expense money for those traveling on N. R. A. teams abroad.

Originally a simon-pure civilian organization, the National Rifle Association now welcomes the members of the services and offers many advantages in the way of record shooting, medals and other prizes. More and more members of the Marine Corps and other branches of the services are finding it to their advantage to affiliate with the National Rifle Association. Shooters generally, whether affiliated or not, find priceless shooting dope in the Association's official publication, the American Rifleman. The headquarters of the Association are at 1108 Woodward building, Washington, D. C., and those seeking information may obtain it by writing to the Secretary, National Rifle Association of America, at that address.



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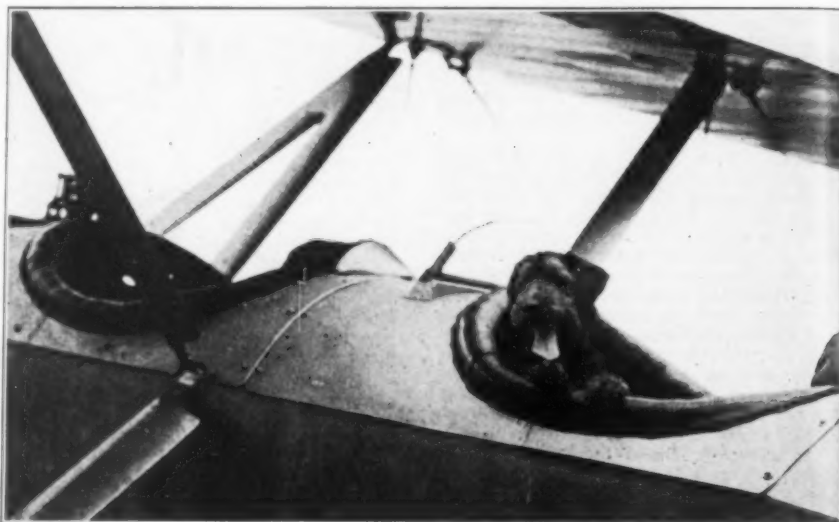
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## THE FIRST AVIATION GROUP MASCOT



CONTACT, the F. A. G. mascot is shown here all set for a "hop." She is apparently happy by her smile while awaiting the motor to be tuned up preparatory to flying.

Contact, a registered Airedale terrier, the mascot of the First Aviation Group of Brown Field, is in the strictest literal sense of the word an "Airdale!" With barely more than four months in the service, the pup has already "piled-up" six hours and thirty minutes in the air and is a studious devotee of aviation.

The dog is the property of First Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt. While at Langley Field, Virginia, in the first week in May during the aerial gunnery maneuvers with the army, the little pup was given to Mr. Schilt by Major Lutz of the Marine Corps who was a student in the Air Service Technical School at the army field at that time. On the return to the field the little pup was given a seat in the front cockpit of the Martin Bomber along with her sister Booster, that was killed by an automobile shortly after her arrival at Brown Field.

The name Contact was given the dog by one of the members of the gunnery maneuvers due to her lively disposition and her constant preparedness to give battle to anybody who crossed her path. The word "contact" used by the man who pulls the propeller and repeated by the man in the cockpit of the ship, in starting airplane motors is the signal that the switches are on and the electric charge is ready to be charged through the wires to the plugs that fire the motor cylinders. Contact's nature compares favorably with the sequence that takes place in the starting of the motor and her wire hair seems to vibrate in her many cat battles about the field. So on the registration papers the name of "Contact the 1st" has been written.

A special miniature hangar has been constructed by a member of the bomber hangar crew for her quarters and a temporary log of her flying time has been recorded pending her designation as C. O. (canine observer).

Contact's flying time has been all cross country thus far in the "C" flight bomber with Lieut. Schilt, pilot. She flies in the front cockpit in the bow of the plane and during the first few minutes in the air she busily "sights in" at the ground below. After a few vigilant moments she curls up and sleeps until the plane lands. Her two flights have been a cross country from Langley to Brown Field and a return to Langley Field and the Naval Air Station at Hampton Roads.

Contact springs from a family of flyers. Her mother, the property of Major Lutz, has been in the Marine Aviation for three years. Her father is a popular member of the Hampton Roads Naval base and her brother is taking instructions, it is understood, at Hampton roads, the property of a Naval officer at that station.

## MARINE CORPS AVIATOR HAS SPLENDID RECORD

A report has just been received from the Naval Air Station, San Diego, California, to the effect that a splendid record has been made by one of the Marine Corps aviators.

Captain H. D. Campbell, U. S. Marine Corps, has been selected as a candidate for the Herbert Schiff Memorial trophy, for the greatest number of hours in the air without a serious accident.

This trophy, it will be recalled, was donated by the family of Herbert Schiff, United States Reserve Corps, who was killed through accident while flying about three years ago. It is a beautiful engraved cup which is contested for annually by the Navy and Marine Corps aviation personnel, with the name of the winner engraved thereon.

Captain Campbell's flying time, without accident, for the year ending 30 June, 1926, amounted to 839 hours and 50 minutes.

This officer, over a period of about five years, has a total of 2,404 hours and 10 minutes in the air without having had a crash or even a damaged landing gear.

## MORGANCI, FINANCIER

(Continued)

would renounce now and forever both for himself and his heirs, all claim or claims upon their city. He further produced a black bag and brought forth from it (to substantiate his statements) fifteen crisp one thousand dollar bills.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Claiborne, "you forgot to change Toups' thousand. You know he could only afford the five hundred."

"True," said Mr. Sayre. "But undoubtedly Mr. Morganci can give us a check for the difference in case he accepts our proposition."

"And what is the alternative?" queried Morganci, blowing smoke rings with a nonchalance that belied the trip hammer action of his heart."

"We'll fight your claim in every court in this land, sir," exclaimed Mr. Claiborne, with decision.

"And, in addition, we believe that Mr. Toups is going to file some suit against you, as we understand you have been trifling with the affections of his daughter."

Without a suggestion of hurry or emotion Morganci reached over the foot of the low iron bed and drew his check book toward him. He carefully adjusted his fountain pen before he asked who the check for the five hundred was to be made to.

"Hebert Toups," replied Sayre, counting out the fifteen new bills, and extending a legal looking document of several pages, finely and closely written. At this Morganci glanced casually, and affixed his signature in the proper place. It was duly witnessed by two of the gentlemen present, and Mr. Sayre, having carefully looked at the check placed it in his bill fold and followed Mr. Claiborne and the other two gentlemen from the room. No sooner were they gone than Mr. Morganci sprang into action. Humming beneath his breath snatches from the "Rose of Old Broadway" he shaved, got into his pearl gray suit and tumbled his things into his grip in a surprisingly short length of time. The fifteen bills he had fitted neatly into a belt which he buckled carefully about his body beneath his shirt. He paid his bill, airily gathered a bud from the rambler rose vine above the door and inserted in his button hole while the porter was in search of a car to drive him to the depot. With a through ticket to New York he climbed aboard the Pullman. "Good-bye, hick town. Farewell, Fair Mary," he sighed as he tapped his cigarette upon the back of his hand, "I'm on my way to God's country."

As the train pulled out the group of four citizens who had called upon Mr. Morganci that morning, and which had been augmented now by Mr. Hebert Toups, heaved a sigh of relief, severally and collectively, as they watched the departure through the windows of the post office.

"He's gone," said Sayre, "but when he tries to spend one o' them thousand dollar bills I'm glad I won't be there."

"Well, he was aching to be shore," said Mr. Toups, shifting his chewing tobacco from one jaw to the other, "and we each got a hundred for doing it. Suppose we all go over to the crusher and see how that new shovel's working they just put in over there."

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## MORE ABOUT THE DUTIES OF A RECRUITER

(Continued)

the addresses of his friends; then write to them; doing this, the Recruiter may procure one out of twenty . . . even this average pays. On rainy days when it is impracticable to work outside, his time can be made to pay by sending pamphlets and placards to the different postmasters in the various small towns. Write to the newspapers on anything pertaining to the Marine Corps. Country newspapers are always pleased with anything like this.

A Recruiting Station can be of value to the civil populace by helping in civic matters, public functions, etc. A good Recruiter will not stay in his office and await such a call . . . he must often invite himself into such functions and, invariably, he is welcomed. His uniform is a sufficient advertisement . . . and all advertisements help to the ultimate end.

He will attempt to form friendships and procure moral support from the better classes of people.

(By this I do not infer that he should plunge into the society of his locality; his pay does not permit that). The saying well goes in this instance, "ahow me your friends and I'll tell you who you are." Probably as old as the hills, nevertheless true. Small town narrowmindedness does not permit him to associate with any one and then expect to be taken in by the better classes of people. It is my personal experience that once the Recruiter becomes acquainted in the small town in which he is situated he can do nothing that the whole town does not know about in a few hours after its actual occurrence. "Radio has nothing on these small town people, underground channels and otherwise . . . they get the dope." "Something to talk about on their front porches . . . is all that is desired." The Recruiter makes a fair target for their broadsides. Why this is so I do not know. A civilian can get away with almost anything . . . but a Recruiter cannot without losing his prestige in the community and the possibility of being ostracised.

A few Recruiters seem to have an obsession for getting into debts, which they cannot without personal inconvenience, liquidate. There is no necessity for that; a Recruiter can live within his means and have a surplus. A Recruiter of this kind gives the Marine Corps a bad name and makes it fairly uncomfortable for his successors. The small town judges all by one. Some Recruiters will attempt to live on their incomes in the best hotels in town and suffer the consequences of being broke throughout the month. A good respectable boarding house should be good enough . . . but they must have the best. "Blooie!" Sixty-one, ninety-five. Then they sit down and await the other semi-monthly.

Some, again, seem to have an obsession to plunge into matrimony. Some make good in this line and some don't . . . the majority DO NOT. They fail to consider that these overnight weddings are as binding as the long contemplated ones. "An entangling alliance, hard to get out of." "How they learn a girl in two dates I do not know." This is not a reflection on those that are happily married; but even they tell you on inquiry: "I have the best little wife in the world, I wouldn't take a million dol-

lars for her, and wouldn't buy another one like her for a dime. Of course, they talk from experience; whether I should extend sympathy or not, I do not know. It is my personal opinion that it is great to marry, but know who you are marrying; for you may find that you had been terribly infatuated when the question was popped . . . but after you may find your love only as an infatuation. A kind of fever and illness, a delirium from which one does not emerge without scars.

One can understand why Recruiters fall in love . . . infatuation, or, call it what you like. The girls generally like the brass and Recruiters are something different from these small effeminate things that swipe their sisters skirts for the evening and parade up and down the Main Street, howlin' "Sweet Mamma" to all and kindred. Small town sheiks . . . mostly shrieks, and one can understand, sometimes, why when a girl meets an honest-to-goodness HE MAN with all the sincere intentions of the old time institution of matrimony, she gives him the answer of: "Gwan . . . I heard your line before." One cannot blame the girls because these sheiks, or shrieks, predominate to the sorrow of good men. Why women marry these shrieks I do not know. I do not blame them for aspiring to recruiters for life partners.

For an example, take these "Phonograph record and needle" girls . . . they match well with this effeminate brand. Give the pair of them a record and a needle and it is safe to say they'll arrange some contraption for music and jig the night away. They are hard to stop when they get started. They call that a good time. A Piedmont cigarette would kill most of them. They are the flappers of the day and end up being . . . floppers. These lounge lizards, after they are tired, retire from the scene and another one takes his place. The world moves on. He pays for his emotions materially . . . the dollar he borrowed from his older brother.

Now this shrieking piece of humanity had filled this flapper's head with all kinds of romantic ideas and left her. She might meet her haven in a recruiter . . . and Recruiters are not hard to convince, romantically. In the line they met with few women . . . and their respect for them are profound. Small town shrieks fling a wonderful line but, due to their dormant spirit, it is getting old. The Recruiter is different . . . he has a brand new line and sometimes they hang clothes on it . . . to their sorrow or not. I personally know of one erstwhile Recruiter who probably married under the circumstances outlined above, and who had a wonderful line with the women and had the nerve to get engaged . . . with a wife living elsewhere. When the girl found out . . . he was just out one diamond ring. No sympathy can be extended there.

The writer of this does not presume to be an expert in the Recruiting Business. He is merely one of the struggling kind, plugging along to keep from receiving a Government Request for Transportation back to the line, from which he came. The above are merely his personal opinions and his observations while on the Recruiting Force. He, too, had aspired to be a Star Recruiter.



## THE BLACK PHANTOM

By Don Hyde

(Continued)

the assembled natives wildly ran to seek shelter in the protecting jungle.

Shaken but uninjured, Lane rose to his feet. His plan had succeeded. Nothing remained of the vaulted passage and its chambers but a great, gaping crater. Of the natives, not one remained.

Then he turned to the prostrate figure in the black robe. The man lay where he had fallen, writhing in apparent agony. Lane's first impulse was to remove the mask and he bent over for that purpose.

"Mon Dieu, the pain, the pain," cried the stricken man in Creole, "for the love of God raise me up—I will be gone soon—Sacre Vergie—the pain."

Lane placed his hands beneath the man's shoulders and raised him up. With the quick, lithe movement of a snake, a black-gloved hand in which was a gleam of metal, was thrust against Lane's side.

A single muffled report. A look of amazement on Lane's face. He reeled back and clasped his hand to his side—it came away wet with blood. An overpowering drowsiness was upon him. He looked at the still form of "The Black Phantom;" he looked at the deep smoking hole where had been the store-house. With dimming eyes he looked to the south—towards St. Marc.

"Results!" he gasped. "McFarlen, you wanted results! I—have—got—you—results." Then he pitched forward on his face and lay still.

It was there that McFarlen found him in the cool hour just before the dawn. There was a strange dimness in McFarlen's eyes as he ripped open the blood-stained shirt and felt the feeble heart beat. He opened the pallid lips and poured a little brandy down the throat.

Lane gasped as the fiery liquid coursed through him. He opened his eyes and seemed to recognize McFarlen. "I tried, Captain, I tried. I—hope—you—are satisfied."

McFarlen felt the muscles in his throat tighten and he frankly blinked his eyes. "Boy, you've come through with flying colors," he said in husky voice. "You'll receive the Medaille Militaire for this."

With an effort, Lane spoke again. "Captain, I killed the 'Black Phantom.' He is right over there," feebly pointing, "take off—the—mask."

With a satisfied look in his eyes and a smile on his lips, Lane drowsed off, while tender hands lifted him up and bore him away.

McFarlen made an exhaustive search, but found no trace of the "Black Phantom." Even the black covering of the throne had been removed, but of this McFarlen knew nothing.

As he mounted his horse to return to St. Marc, he came to the conclusion that Lane must have been delirious and that therein lay the explanation of his reference to "le Fantome noir."

Don Hyde has written a series of three stories involving the "Black Phantom." Number II is entitled "The Phantom Speaks," and will appear in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

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